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Cōmēt Judas air le poir de iauine.
Des juys arrez pos le pechie des deus.
Du roi demeur. XVI
De la mort iasie, XVII
Du songe le machabeu et de la mort
nichanor. XVIII

Il suit qui tout e ierlm
en la ircgion de judee mā
deuc aus juys leur fre
res qui sont par egypte
salut et bonne pais, Dieu
vous face bien et il luy souuiengne
de son testament que il promit a

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O

ORTON, James, an American physicist and explorer; born at Seneca Falls, N. Y., April 21, 1830; died at Lake Titicaca, Peru, September 25, 1877. He was graduated from Williams College in 1855, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1858. After traveling in Europe he entered the Congregational ministry; but in 1866 he was made Instructor in Natural Science at Rochester University; in 1869 Professor of Natural Philosophy at Vassar College. In 1867 he headed a scientific expedition to South America, going first to Quito, thence descending the Amazon to its mouth, thus crossing the continent from west to east, nearly upon the line of the equator. In 1873 he headed a similar expedition, crossing the continent from east to west. In 1876 he undertook an exploration of the River Beni, by which the great Andean Lake Titicaca discharges its waters into the Amazon; but died while crossing that lake. His works are *Miners' Guide* (1849); *The Proverbialist and the Poet* (1852); *The Andes and the Amazon* (1870); *Underground Treasures* (1872); *Liberal Education of Women* (1873); *Comparative Zoölogy* (1875).

THE GENESIS OF THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.

Three cycles ago an island rose from the sea where now expands the vast continent of South America. It was the culminating point of the highland of Guiana. For ages this granite peak was the sole representative of dry land south of the Canada hills. In process of time a cluster of islands rose above the thermal waters. They were the small beginnings of the future mountains of Brazil. Long-protracted æons elapsed without adding a page to the geology of South America. All the great mountain-chains were at this time slumbering beneath the ocean. The city of New York was sure of its site, but huge dinotheri wallowed in the mire where now stand the palaces of Paris, London, and Vienna.

At length the morning breaks upon the last Day of Creation, and the fiat goes forth that the proud waves of the Pacific, which have so long washed the table-lands of Guiana and Brazil, shall be stayed. Far away toward the setting sun the white surf beats in long lines of foam against the low, winding archipelago — the western outline of the Western Continent. Fierce is the fight for the mastery between sea and land, between the denuding power of the waves and the volcanic forces underneath. But slowly — very slowly, yet surely — rises the long chain of islands by a double process. The submarine crust of the earth is cooling, and the rocks are folded up as it shrivels; while the molten material from within, pushed out through the crevices, overflows, and helps to build up the sea-defiant wall. A man's life would be too short to count even the centuries consumed in this operation. The coast of Peru has risen eighty feet since it felt the tread of Pizarro. Suppose the Andes to have risen at this rate uniformly and without interruption, 70,000 years must have elapsed before they reached their present altitude. But when we consider that, in fact, it was an intermitted movement — alternate upheaval and subsidence — we must add an unknown number of millenia.

Three times the Andes sank hundreds of feet beneath the ocean level, and again were slowly brought up to

their present height. The suns of uncounted ages have risen and set upon these sculptured forms, though geologically recent, casting the same line of shadows century after century. A long succession of brute races roamed over the mountains and plains of South America, and died out ere man was created. In those pre-Adamite times, long before the Incas ruled, the mastodon and the megatherium, the horse and the tapir, dwelt in the high valley of Quito; yet all these passed away before the arrival of the aborigines. The wild horses now feeding on the pampas of Buenos Ayres were imported three hundred and thirty years ago.

And now the Andes stand complete in their present gigantic proportions, one of the grandest and most symmetrical mountain-chains in the world. Starting from the Land of Fire, it stretches northward, and mounts upward, until it enters the Isthmus of Panama, where it bows gracefully to either ocean; but soon resumes, under another name, its former majesty, and loses its magnificence only where the trappers chase the fur-bearing animals over the Arctic plains. Nowhere else does Nature present such a continuous and lofty chain of mountains, unbroken for 8,000 miles, save where it is rent asunder by the Magellanic Straits and proudly tosses up a thousand pinnacles into the region of eternal snow. . . .

The moment the Andes rose, the great continental valley of the Amazon was stretched out and moulded in its lap. The tidal waves of the Atlantic were dashing against the Cordilleras, and a legion of rivulets were busily ploughing up the sides into deep ravines; the sediment, by this incessant wear and tear, was carried eastward, and spread out, stratum by stratum, till the shallow sea between the Andes and the islands of Guiana and Brazil was filled up with sand and clay. Huge glaciers (thinks Agassiz) afterward descending moved over the inclined plane, and ground the loose rock to powder. Eddies and currents, throwing up sand-banks as they do now, gradually defined the limits of the tributary streams, and directed them into one main trunk, which worked for itself a wide, deep bed, capable of containing the accumu-

lated flood. Then and thus was created the Amazon. — *The Andes and the Amazon.*

OSBOURNE, Lloyd, an American novelist; born at San Francisco, Cal., April 7, 1860. He was educated at Edinburgh University, traveled extensively and was at one time United States consul at Samoa. He wrote in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson: *The Wrong Box* (1889); *The Ebb Tide* (1894), and *The Wrecker.* Among his own works are: *The Renegade; The Queen vs. Billy* (1900); *Love the Fiddler* (1903); *The Motormaniacs* (1904), and *Baby Bullet* (1905).

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE BO.

He stood five feet nothing in his stocking-feet, a muscular, sandy little fellow, with a shock of red hair, a pair of watery blue eyes and a beard of a tawny, sunburned hue, the color of fried carrots. I could not see myself that he was beautiful, and might have lived with him a year and never found it out, though he assured me, with a giggle of something like embarrassment, that he was no less a person than the Beautiful Man of Pingalap. Such at least was his name among the natives, who had admired him so persistently, and had talked of him so much, that even the whites had come to call him by that familiar appellation.

"You see," he said, in his whining cockney accent that no combination of letters can adequately render, "it tykes a ruddy-complected man to please them Kanakers; and if he once gains their respeck and has a wy with him, sort of jolly and careless-like, there's nothing on their blooming island he carn't have for the arsking."

I gathered, however, as I talked with him in the shadow

of the old boathouse at Majuro in which we both lived together like a pair of tramps, that he, Henry Hinton, had not presumed to ask for much in those isles from which he had so recently arrived. Indeed, except for a camphorwood chest, a decayed valise, a monkey, a parrot, and a young lady named Bo, my friend owned no more in the world than the window-curtain pajamas in which he stood.

"It ain't much, is it," he said, with a sigh, "to show for eight long years on the Line? Sixty dollars and wot you see before you! Though the monkey is maybe worth a trifle, and a waler captain once offered me a meelodion for the bird."

"And the girl?" I asked.

"Who'd tyke her?" he replied, with a drop of his lip. "Did you ever see an uglier one in all your life?"

"What are you going to do with her?" I asked, knowing that the firm had promised him a passage to Sydney in the "Ransom," and wondering what would become of the unfortunate Bo, for whom I could not help feeling something of a pang.

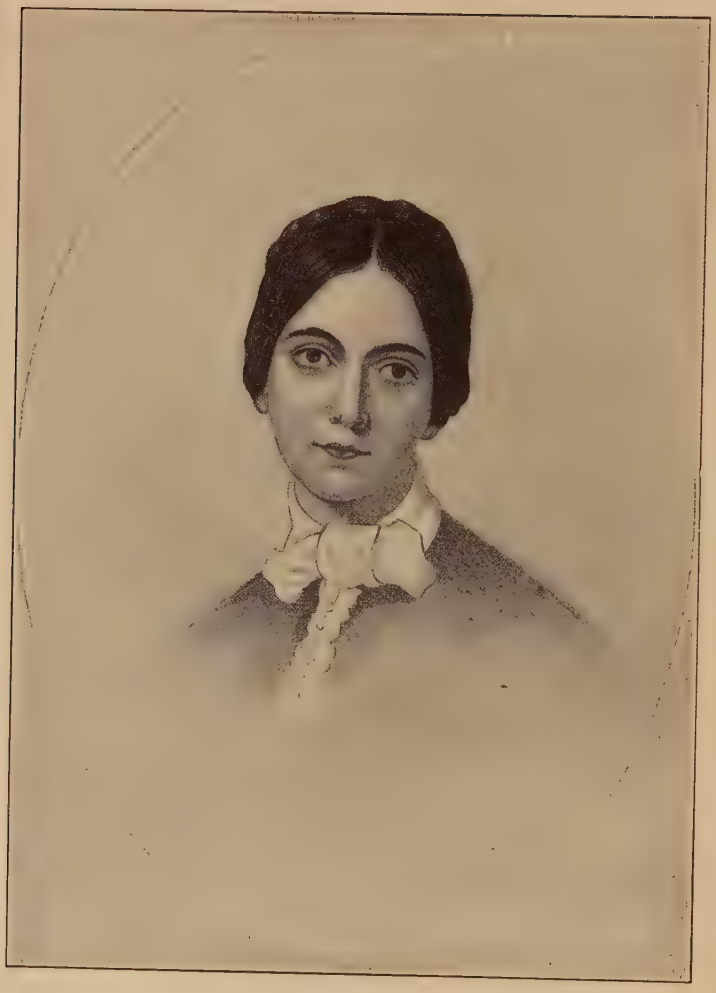
"You don't think I'm agoing to abandon that girl, do you?" he said, looking at me with truculent suspicion. "My word!" he exclaimed, "after having taught her to byke bread and regularly broke her in to all kinds of work, it ain't likely I'll leave her here to be snapped up by the first feller as comes along! The man as gets her will find himself in clover, and might lay in bed all day and never turn his hand to nothink, as I've done myself, time and time again in Pingalap, while she'd make breakfast and tend store. It would tyke several years to bring a new girl up to her mark, and then, maybe, she mightn't have it in her after all — not all of them has — and so your pains and lickings would be clean wasted."

"Lickings!" I said. "Is that the way you taught Bo?"

"I'd like to know any other," he returned. "My word! a man has to master a woman. With some you can do it with love and kindness, but with the most it's just the whip and plenty of it. That little Bo, wy, I've held her down and lashed her till my arm was sore, and there ain't a single part of me she ain't bit, one time or another.

See this ear now! I thought as I was booked for hydrophobier that morning, for it swelled up awful, and I was that weak with loss of blood that wen I had laid her head open with a fancy trade lamp, I just keeled over in a dead faint. But there was never no nasty malice in Bo, and if we had a turn-up now and then, she always played to the rules and never bit a feller wen he was down. She was as quick with the pain-killer as with her teeth, and she never hurt me but what she cried her eyes out afterwards, and sometimes she'd even bring me a whip and downright ask me to whip her for her badness. My word, I'd lay it on to her then, for I could use both hands and had nothing to be afraid of. Of course, all that was long ago wen she was half-trained like. I don't recollect having laid my hand to her since the *Belle Brandon* went ashore on Fourteen Island Group, and that's all of two years."

Having gone so deeply into the history of Bo's subjection, the Beautiful Man could not resist showing me a proof of her docility, and whistled to her, accordingly, to come to him. This she did obediently enough, her ugly face wrinkling into smiles at the sight of him. She was a wizened little creature of an indeterminable age, with an expression midway between that of a Japanese and a monkey. Of all things in the world, her greatest pleasure was in clothes, of which she seemed to possess an inordinate quantity, for to my knowledge she made three separate toilets a day and seemed seldom to repeat the same costume. She usually wore a tight-fitting jacket embroidered with beads, with a skirt of some bright cotton, and occupied herself incessantly in remaking and adding to her stock, so that half the day her little claws were busy with needle and beads, plastering fresh bodices with Red Indian patterns, while the monkey played about her and pilfered, and the parrot screamed whole sentences of the Pingalap language.—*From The Beautiful Man of Pingalap, in The Cosmopolitan Magazine.*



FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

OSGOOD, Frances Sargent Locke, an American poet; born at Boston, June 18, 1811; died at Hingham, Mass., May 12, 1850. Her poetic talent was early recognized by Lydia Maria Child, who was editor of *Juvenile Miscellany*. She published *Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry* (1841); *Poems* (1846); *The Floral Offering* (1847), and an illustrated volume of *Poems* (1849). A complete edition of her poems was published in 1850. She also wrote a play, *The Happy Release, or The Triumphs of Love*.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Labor is Rest — from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from the world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow;
Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow.
  Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is Health: Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  Free as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides.
Labor is Wealth: In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
  Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee,
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
  Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
  Let thy great deeds be thy prayer tc thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
  Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is Worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is Worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
  Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark clouds flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower:
  Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Labor is Life: 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is Glory: The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark Future brightens;
  Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM, an American poet; born at Fryeburg, Me., in 1841. She is best known by her poem *Driving Home the Cows,* which was published in *Harper's Magazine* in March, 1865. This was widely copied, and was one of the few poems of worth suggested by the Civil War.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate
He saw them coming, one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass —
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue,
And worn and pale from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

OUT OF PRISON.

From crowds that scorn the mounting wings,
The happy heights of souls serene,
I wander where the blackbird sings,
And over bubbling, shady springs,
The beech-leaves cluster, young and green.

I know the forest's changeful tongue,
That talketh all the day with me.
I trill in every bobolink's song,

And every brooklet bears along
My greeting to the chainless sea!

The loud wind laughs, the low wind broods;
There is no sorrow in the strain!
Of all the voices of the woods,
That haunt these houseless solitudes,
Not one has any tone of pain.

In merry round my days run free,
With slender thought for worldly things:
A little toil sufficeth me;
I live the life of bird and bee;
Nor fret for what the morrow brings.

Nor care, nor age, nor grief have I,
Only a measureless content!
So time may creep, or time may fly;
I reck not how the years go by,
With Nature's youth forever blent.

They beckon me by day, by night,
The bodiless elves that round me play!
I soar and sail from height to height;
No mortal, but a thing of light,
As free from earthly clog as they.

But when my feet, unwilling, tread
The crowded walks of busy men,
Their walls that close above my head
Beat down my buoyant wings outspread,
And I am but a man again.

My pulses spurn the narrow bound!
The cold, hard glances give me pain!
I long for wild, unmeasured ground,
Free winds that wake the leaves to sound,
Low rustles of the summer rain!

My senses loathe their living death —
The coffined garb the city wears!

I draw through sighs my heavy breath,
And pine till lengths of wood and heath
Blow over me their endless airs.

OSSOLI, Sarah Margaret Fuller, Marchioness d', an American critic and essayist; born at Cambridgeport, Mass., May 23, 1810; died at sea, July 19, 1850. Her early education was conducted by her father, and she was taught Latin and Greek at an early age. Her father dying suddenly in 1835, she undertook the maintenance of her younger brothers and sisters, which she accomplished by teaching in schools, and subsequently by taking private pupils. In 1840 *The Dial,* a transcendental magazine, was established, of which she was for two years the editor. Near the close of 1844 she became literary critic of the New York *Tribune.* In 1846 she accompanied a party of her friends to Europe, taking up her residence the next year at Rome. In December, 1847, she was married to the Marquis d'Ossoli, a young Italian nobleman of a somewhat impoverished family. During the siege of Rome by the French she devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. The city having surrendered in June, 1849, she, with her husband and child, made her way to a village in the Abruzzi, and subsequently to Florence and Leghorn. At Leghorn, on May 17, 1850, the Ossolis took passage for the United States on board a small sailing-vessel, there being in all only five passengers. After a voyage of ten weeks they were off the coast of Long Island. A violent storm

sprang up, and the vessel was driven on the low sandy shore of Fire Island. She and her husband and child were drowned; and in the wreck was lost the manuscript of a work on *The Roman Republic.* Her writings include *Summer on the Lakes* (1843); *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1844), and *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846).

THE HEROIC IN THE ROMAN CHARACTER.

In accordance with this discipline in heroic commonsense was the influence of those great Romans whose thoughts and lives were my daily food during those plastic years. The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the touch of Thought to show its lineaments, so marble-strong they gleamed in every light. Who that has lived with these men but admires the plain force of Fact, of Thought passed into Action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you — no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man, and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will; by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression.

Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled; and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excited. They did not grow; they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator.

The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to Heaven; if he is defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more. The names which end in *-us* seem to speak with lyric cadence. That measured cadence, that tramp and march, which are not stilted, because they indicate real force, yet which seem so when compared with any other

language, make Latin a study in itself of mighty influence. The language alone, without the literature, would give one the *thought* of Rome. Man present in nature, commanding nature too sternly to be inspired by it; standing like the rock amid the sea, or moving like fire over the land, either impassive or irresistible; knowing not the soft mediums or fine flights of life; but by the force which he expresses, piercing to the centre.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

ROMAN MANFULNESS.

We are never better understood than when we speak of a "Roman Virtue," a "Roman Outline." There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat unfulfilled in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but *Rome!* it stands by itself, a clear Word. The power of Will, the dignity of a fixed Purpose, is what it utters. Every Roman was an Emperor. It is well that the Infallible Church should have been founded on this Rock; that the presumptuous Peter should hold the keys, as the conquering Jove did, before his thunder-bolts, to be seen of all the world. Apollo tends flocks with Admetus; Christ teaches by the lonely lake, or plucks wheat as He wanders through the fields some Sabbath morning. They never came to this stronghold; they could not have breathed freely where all became stone as soon as spoken; where divine youth found no horizon for its all-promising glance; but every Thought put on, before it dared to issue to the day in Action, its *toga virilis.* Suckled by this wolf, man gains a different complexion from that which is fed by the Greek honey. He takes a noble bronze in camps and battle-fields; the wrinkles of councils well beseem his brow, and the eye cuts its way like a sword. The Eagle should never have been used as a symbol by any other nation; it belonged to Rome.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF ROME.

The History of Rome abides in the mind, of course, more than the literature. It was degeneracy for a Roman to use his pen; his life was in the day. The "Vaunting" of Rome, like that of the North American Indians, is her proper literature. A man rises; he tells us who he is and what he has done; he speaks of his country and her brave men; he knows that a conquering God is there whose agent is his own right hand; and he should end like the Indian, "I have no more to say." It never shocks us that the Roman is self-conscious. One wants no universal truths from him, no philosophy, no creation, but only his life — his Roman life — felt in every pulse, realized in every gesture. The universal heaven takes in the Roman only to make us feel his individuality the more. The Will, the Resolve of Man! — it has been expressed — fully expressed.

I steadily loved this ideal in my childhood; and this is probably the cause why I have always felt that man must know how to stand firm on the ground before he can fly. In vain for me are men more, if they are less, than Romans. Dante was far greater than any Roman; yet I feel he was right to make the Mantaun his guide through Hell, and to Heaven.—*Papers on Literature and Art.*

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.
Then fear not thou to wind the horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn,
Ask for the castle's king and queen —
Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
In the dark beset thee round —

Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home;
So shalt thou see what few have seen,
The palace home of King and Queen.

ORPHEUS.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
For only thus the Poet can be wise,
Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;
Again his love must lose through too much love,
Must lose his life by living too true,
For what he sought below has passed above,
Already done is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
Must search all nature with his own soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

OTIS, JAMES, an American patriot and statesman; born at Barnstable, Mass., February 5, 1725; died at Andover, Mass., May 23, 1783. He was graduated from Harvard in 1743, studied law, and in 1748 commenced practice at Plymouth. Two years afterward he removed to Boston, and soon rose to the first rank in his profession. His public career began about 1761, when he held the lucrative office of Advocate-General for the Crown. He resigned this position when called upon to defend certain royal revenue officers; and, declining to receive any fee, became counsel for the merchants of Boston

who protested against the revenue-writs. In his plea, which was quite as much a political speech as a legal argument, Otis took the broad ground that the American people were not bound to yield obedience to laws in the making of which they had no share. John Adams, who heard this speech, afterward declared that on that day "the child Independence was born." In 1764 Otis published a bulky pamphlet entitled *The Rights of the Colonies Asserted and Proved,* which evinces how moderate were the demands of the most advanced Colonies, ten years before the outbreak of the Revolution, in which Otis himself was prevented from taking any prominent part. In 1760 he published *Rudiments of Latin Prosody,* which was used as a text-book at Harvard. He also wrote a work on *Greek Prosody,* which was never published. *The Life of James Otis* was written by William Tudor (1823).

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION AND THE COLONIES.

The sum of my argument is: that civil government is of God; that the administrators of it were originally the whole people; that they might have developed it on whom they pleased; that this devolution is fiduciary, for the good of the whole; that by the British Constitution this devolution is on the King, Lords, and Commons, the supreme, sacred, and uncontrollable legislative power, not only in the realm, but through the dominions; that by the abdication of King James II. the original compact was broken to pieces; that by the Revolution of 1688 it was renewed, and more firmly established, and the rights and liberties of the subject, in all parts of the dominions, more fully explained and confirmed; that in consequence of this establishment and the Acts of Succession and Union, his Majesty George III. is rightful King and Sovereign, and, with his Parliament,

the supreme legislative of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

That this Constitution is the most free one, and by far the best now existing upon earth; that by this Constitution every man in the dominions is a free man; that no part of his Majesty's dominions can be taxed without their consent; that every part has a right to be represented in the supreme or some subordinate legislature; that the refusal of this would seem to be a contradiction in practice to the theory of the Constitution; that the colonies are subordinate dominions, and are now in such a state as to make it best for the good of the whole that they should not only be continued in the enjoyment of subordinate legislation, but be also represented in some proportion to their numbers and estates, in the grand legislature of the nation; that this would firmly unite all parts of the British empire in the greatest peace and prosperity, and render it invulnerable and perpetual.—*Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved.*

THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

No good reason can, however, be given in any country why every man of a sound mind should not have his vote in the election of a representative. If a man has but little property to protect and defend, yet his life and liberty are things of some importance. Mr. J——s argues only from the vile abuses of power, to the continuance and increase of such abuses. This, it must be confessed, is the common logic of modern politicians and vote sellers. To what purpose is it to ring everlasting changes to the colonists on the cases of Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, which return no members? If those, now so considerable, places are not represented, they ought to be.—*Considerations on Behalf of the Colonists.*

OTWAY, THOMAS, an English poet and dramatist; born at Trotton, Sussex, March 3, 1652; died at Tower Hill, London, April 14, 1685. He was the son of a clergyman, and was sent to Oxford; but left the university without taking a degree, and went to London. In 1672 he made an unsuccessful appearance upon the stage. During the next five years he produced several dramas which met with considerable success. The only work of his which deserves remembrance is the tragedy of *Venice Preserved* (produced in 1682), which ranks high among dramas of the second class, and still holds a place on the stage.

PIERRE (*in prison*) AND JAFFIER.

Pierre.— What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat?
That wouldst encroach on my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not!
Jaf.— Not know me, Pierre!
Pierre.— No; know thee not! What are thou?
Jaf.— Jaffier, thy friend; thy once loved, valued friend!
Though now deservedly scorned and used most hardly.
Pierre.— Thou Jaffier! thou my once loved, valued friend!
By heavens, thou liest! The man so called my friend
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant;
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart;
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor in thy soul, and loathsome in thy aspect!
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee, avoid; no longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful that my nature's chilled at.

Jaf.— I have not wronged thee; by these tears I have not.
Pierre.— Hast thou not wronged me? Darest thou call thyself
Jaffier — that once loved, valued friend of mine;
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonor but from thee, thou false one?
Jaf.— All's true. Yet grant me one thing, and I've done asking.
Pierre.— What's that?
Jaf.— To take thy life on such conditions
The council have proposed. Thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pierre.— Life! ask my life; confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer;
To lose it, maybe, at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No; this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.
Jaf.— By all that's just ——
Pierre.— Swear by some other power,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath already.
Jaf.— Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.
Pierre.— Not leave me!
Jaf.— No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head: I'll bear it all with patience;
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
Pierre.— Are thou not ——

Jaf.— What?
Pierre.— A traitor?
Jaf.— Yes.
Pierre.— A villain?
Jaf.— Granted.
Pierre.— A coward, a most scandalous coward·
Spiritless, void of honor; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?
Jaf.— All, all, and more; my faults are numberless.
Pierre.— And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false ——
Jaf.— No. To me that's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pierre.— I scorn it more because preserved by thee;
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortune, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thee from thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
All I received, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it — farewell — for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaf.— Say thou wilt live, then.
Pierre.— For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt; because 'tis what I'm tired with.
Jaf.— O Pierre!
Pierre.— No more!
Jaf.— My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.
Pierre.— Leave me! Nay, then, thus I throw thee from me;

And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee!
—*Venice Preserved.*

In Otway's poems are some pretty passages of description. Here is one:

A MORNING IN SPRING.

Wished Morning's come; and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
Of healthful viands which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weathered out the cold, bleak night, are up;
And, looking toward the neighboring pasture, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

PARTING.

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst Enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part forever,

Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
—*The Orphan.*

OVERBURY, Sir Thomas, an English poet and essayist; born at Compton-Scorpion, Warwickshire, in 1581; died at London, September 15, 1613. He was a friend and adviser of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterward Earl of Somerset, the favorite of James I. He earnestly opposed the projected marriage of Rochester with the infamous Countess of Essex, who procured, his committal, on a trumped-up charge, to the Tower, where he was secretly poisoned. The whole affair forms one of the most scandalous episodes in English history. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, *The Wife* and *The Choice of a Wife,* and several prose pieces, the best of which are *Characters,* being "Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons." In 1715 was printed a book named *Crumms Fal'n from King James' Table,* which was accredited to Overbury. Hallam considers "The Fair and Happy Milkmaid," which is often quoted, the best of his *Characters.*

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

She is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of sight. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently as if they had stolen upon her without knowledge. The

lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoils of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence — a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she riseth, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year round, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers — but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they had not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dares tell them. Only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is that she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.—*Characters.*

A FRANKLIN.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms with the best gentlemen, and

never fee the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, "Go to field," but, "Let us go"; and with his own eyes doth fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by Nature to be contented with a little. His own fold yields him both food and raiment. He is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feel the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospects; they are indeed his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs, nor uses cruelty but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety but when he setteth snares for the snipes, or pitfalls for the blackbirds; nor oppression but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the church-yard after evensong. Rock Monday and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hokey, or seed-cake — these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after the news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding of an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and profitable. He is lord-paramount within himself, though he holds by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he need not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in Heaven.— *Characters.*

OVID (Publius Ovidius Naso), a Roman poet; born at Sulmo, in 43 B.C.; died at Tomi, in 18 A.D. His father, a man of noble descent but moderate fortune, sent Ovid, with a brother just a year older than himself, to Rome, to fit them for the profession of advocate.

Ovid applied himself fairly well to his legal studies; but the bent of his mind was toward poetry. He studied for a while at Athens, traveled for a year in Asia Minor and Sicily, and then returned to Rome. He held some minor official posts, and on reaching his twenty-fourth year became eligible to the quæstorship, the lowest grade in the magistracy. He declined to become a candidate, and entered upon his literary career.

His early poems — most of which he subsequently destroyed — were censured for their immorality. Several works which Ovid mentions as having been written by him are lost, among which is the tragedy of Medea. His extant works are *The Epistles of Heroides; The Loves; The Remedies for Love; The Epistles from Pontus; The Art of Love; The Metamorphoses; The Fasti,* and *The Tristia.* Only the four last of these call for special mention.

The *Fasti* may be designated as a sort of Handbook of the Roman Calendar, as a poetical Almanac, or as a Ritual in verse. It gives the seasons of every special religious worship and the reasons therefor. As we have it, it consists of six books, one for each of the six months from January to June. It is said, though not upon unquestionable authority, that there were six more books, one for each of the remaining

months. If so, it is not easy to account for the loss of these, for the poem was undoubtedly a popular one, and must have had a "very wide circulation." Interspersed throughout the Calendar proper are numerous episodes which relieve the necessary dry details. Thus, under the month of January, the ancient god Janus is made to tell why his temple was open in time of war, and was closed when Rome was at peace with all the rest of the world — an event which is said to have occurred only three times during the Commonwealth, and which now occurred, as here recorded, about the time of the birth of Christ.

THE CLOSING OF THE TEMPLE OF JANUS.

"In war, all bolts drawn back, my portals stand,
Open for hosts that seek their native land;
In peace fast closed they bar the outward way,
And still shall bar it under Cæsar's sway,"
He spake. Before, behind, his double gaze
All that the world contained at once surveys,
And all was peace; for now with conquered wave
The Rhine, Germanicus, thy triumph gave.
Peace, and the friends of peace immortal make,
Nor let the lord of earth his work forsake.

—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

The Metamorphoses is the longest of the poems of Ovid, and is upon the whole his best. The general scope of the poem is to tell of human forms changed into animals, plants, or lifeless shapes, as narrated in myth and legend. He tells how, in a fit of vexation, he undertook to destroy the whole poem. "As for the verses," he writes from Tomi, "which told of changed forms — an unlucky work which its author's banishment interrupted — these in the hour of my departure I put, sorrowing, as I put many other of my

good things, into the flames with my own hands; but," he added, "as they did not perish altogether, but still exist, I suppose there were several copies of them." A considerable portion of the *Metamorphoses* has been translated by Dryden in his best manner. The poem opens with an account of the primeval chaos, and its reduction to form.

THE PRIMEVAL CHAOS.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy which covers all,
Once was the face of Nature — if a face —
Rather a rude and undigested mass,
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor poised did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shore their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were as one.
Thus all was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was imprest;
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest;
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.

But God or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air and seas from earth were driven,
And grosser air sunk from æthereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace,
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next the fire,
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.

Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coast unruly waters war,
And, rising in a ridge, insult the shore.

Thus when the God — whatever God was he —
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portion might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some parts in earth are swallowed up; the most
In ample oceans disembogued, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rock mountains and extended plains.

—*Translation of* DRYDEN.

After all other living creatures had been formed, Man — the ruler of all — comes into being.

THE ADVENT OF MAN.

Something yet lacked — some higher being, dowered
With lofty soul, and capable of rule
And governance of all besides; and Man
At last had birth, whether from seed divine
Of Him, the Artificer of all things, and Cause
Of the amended world; or whether earth,
Yet new, and late from æther separate, still
Retained some lingering germs of kindred heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the plastic aid
Of water borrowed from the neighboring stream,
Formed in the likeness of the all-ordering Gods;
And, while all other creatures sought the ground,
With downward aspect grovelling, gave to Man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.

And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted, took the novel form of Man.
—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

Ovid goes on to picture the four ages — the Golden, the Silver, the Brass, and the Iron — which successively ensued.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first, which, uncompeld,
And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,
As then there was no punishment nor fear,
Nor threatening laws in brass prescribèd were;
Nor suppliant, crouching prisoners shook to see
Their angrie judge. . . .

In firm content
And harmless ease their happy days were spent;
The yet-free earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Nature's unenforcèd food,
They gather wildings, strawberries of the wood,
Sour cornels what upon the brambles grow,
And acorns which Jove's spreading oaks bestow;
'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly blew
On smiling flowers which, without setting grew.
Forthwith the earth corn unmanured bears,
And every year renews her golden ears;
With milk and nectar were the rivers fill'd
And yellow honey from green elms distill'd.
—*Translation of* GEORGE SANDYS.

The translation of the *Metamorphoses* from which the foregoing passage is taken has a special interest as being the first book written in the North American colonies. It was printed in London in 1665, in a large folio dedicated to King Charles I. Captain John Smith's *True Relation* and his *Descrip-*

tion of New England were indeed printed some years earlier; but they are hardly more than pamphlets, and were probably written in England. George Sandys, born in 1561, died in 1629, was an English gentleman who had won high reputation by his travels in the Levant and the Holy Land. In 1621 he came to Virginia as treasurer of the colony. In the dedication of the translation of the *Metamorphoses* he says that his work was "limned by that imperfect light that was snatched from the hours of night and repose; and was produced among wars and tumults. Dryden, long afterward, said that Sandys was the "best versifier of his age."

One of the best-told transformations in the *Metamorphoses* is that of Arachne into a spider. Arachne — so runs the legend — was a Lycian maiden, famous for her deftness in spinning, weaving, and embroidery. Some who see her handiwork aver that Pallas must have been her instructor; but she disdains such compliment, boasts that her skill is all her own, and only wishes that Pallas herself would enter into trial with her. Pallas, thus challenged, appears in the form of an aged woman, and warns the maiden to be content with excelling all mortal competitors, but to beware of entering into a trial of skill with the immortal gods. Arachne scouts at the kindly warning, and repeats her challenge. Whereupon the goddess resumes her proper shape, and the contest begins.

PALLAS AND ARACHNE AT THE LOOM.

The looms were set, the webs were hung;
Beneath their fingers, nimbly plied,
The subtle fabrics grew; and warp and woof,

Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact,
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil
Itself was pleasure to the skilful hands
That knew so well their task. With Tyrian hue
Of purple blushed the texture, and all shades
Of color, blending imperceptibly
Each into each. So, when the wondrous bow —
What time some dashing shower hath dashed the sun —
Spans with its mighty arch the vault of heaven,
A thousand colors deck it, different all,
Yet all so subtly interfused that each
Seems one with that which joins it, and the eye
But by the contrast of the extremes perceives
The intermediate change. And, last, with thread
Of gold embroidery pictured on the web,
Lifelike expressed, some antique fable glowed.

—*Translation of* Alfred Church.

Pallas had taken for the subject of her tapestry-picture her own contest with Neptune as to which should be the name-giver of the fair town which was to be forever known as Athens, from one of her appellations. Arachne, in scornful mood, had chosen to depict the immortal gods in their lowest sensual performances. Her work, however, was so perfect that Pallas herself could detect no imperfection, any more than in her own. Doubly enraged, at her own failure to surpass Arachne and at the gross insult that had been given to all the celestial hierarchy, Pallas smote her competitor over and over again full in the face. Arachne, stung beyond endurance by this ignominy, tried to hang herself. The result of all is thus told by Ovid:

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARACHNE.

The high-souled maid
Such insult not endured, and round her neck
Indignant twined the suicidal noose,
And so had died. But, as she hung, some ruth
Stirred in the breast of Pallas. The pendant form
She raised, and "Live!" she said; "but hang thou still
Forever, wretch; and through all future time,
Even to thy latest race bequeath thy doom!"
And as she parted sprinkled her with juice
Of aconite. With venom of that drug
Infected, dropped her tresses; nose and ear
Were lost; her form, to smallest bulk compressed,
A head minutest crowned; to slenderest legs,
Jointed on either side her fingers changed;
Her body but a bag, whence still she draws
Her filmy threads, and with her ancient art
Weaves the fine meshes of her Spider's web.

—*Translation of* ALFRED CHURCH.

OWEN, SIR RICHARD, an English anatomist; born at Lancaster, July 20, 1804; died at London, December 18, 1892. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and Paris, and in 1826 commenced general practice at London; but having been appointed Assistant Curator of the Hunterian Museum, he devoted himself exclusively to the study of comparative anatomy. He rendered important service to palæontology, and exhibited remarkable skill in the anatomy and reconstruction of extinct animals. He discovered the dinoris, a gigantic fossil bird.

He was one of the first to use the microscope in the investigation of the structure of animals, and was

the first who used the word homology or homologue in comparative anatomy. He admitted the mutability of species, but opposed the Darwinian theory of natural selection, for which he substituted his hypothesis of derivation. He says: "Every species changes in time, by virtue of inherent tendencies thereto. Natural selection holds that no such change can take place without the influence of altered external circumstances educing or selecting such change." Humboldt considered him the greatest anatomist of his age. In 1836 he succeeded Sir Charles Bell as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons; he resigned this position in 1856, on being appointed Superintendent of the Natural History Department in the British Museum. He has been especially active in all the great sanitary movements of his time. His numerous works in his special department of study include: *Odontography* (1840); *History of British Fossils* (1846); *History of British Fossil Reptiles* (1849–51); *Principles of Comparative Osteology* (1855); *On the Anatomy of Vertebrates* (1866); *The Fossil Reptilia of South Africa* (1876); *The Fossil Mammals of Australia,* and *The Extinct Marsupials of Great Britain* (1877). Besides these are numerous monographs upon various scientific subjects.

THE BRITISH MAMMOTH.

Most of the largest and best preserved tusks of the British mammoth have been dredged up from the submerged drift near the coasts. In 1827 an enormous tusk was landed at Ramsgate; although the hollow implanted base was wanting, it still measured nine feet in length, and its greatest diameter was eight inches. The outer crust was decomposed into thin layers, and the interior portion had been reduced to a soft substance resembling

putty. A tusk dredged up from the Goodwin Sands, which measured six feet six inches in length, and twelve inches in greatest circumference, probably belonged to a female mammoth. Captain Martin, in whose possession it is, describes its curvature as being equal to a semi-circle turning outward on its line of projection. This tusk was sent to a cutler, by whom it was sawn into five sections; but the interior was found to be fossilized, and unfit for use. But the tusks of the extinct elephant which have thus reposed for thousands of years in the bed of the ocean which washes the shore of Britain are not always so altered by time and the action of surrounding influences as to be unfit for the purposes to which recent ivory is applied. . . .

Mr. Robert Bald has described a portion of a mammoth tusk, thirty-nine inches long and thirteen inches in circumference, which was found imbedded in diluvial clay at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk, fifteen or twenty feet from the present surface. Two other tusks of nearly the same size have been discovered at Kilmains in Ayrshire, at the depth of seventeen and a half feet from the surface, in diluvial clay. The state of preservation of these tusks was nearly equal to that of the fossil ivory of Siberia. The tusks of the mammoth found in England are usually more decayed; but Dr. Buckland alludes to a tusk from argillaceous diluvium on the Yorkshire coast, which was hard enough to be used by the ivory-turners.

The tusks of the mammoth are so well-preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce. In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago in the *Philosophical Transactions,* tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things; being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather or heat. From that time to the present there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants of a former world.—*History of British Fossils.*

OWEN, Robert Dale, an American social reformer; born at Glasgow, Scotland, November 9, 1801; died near Lake George, N. Y., June 17, 1877. He was the son of Robert Owen, the social reformer, with whom he came to America in 1823, and soon afterward took up his residence at New Harmony, Ind. In 1835 he was elected to the Indiana Legislature, and in 1843 to Congress. In 1845 he introduced the bill organizing the Smithsonian Institution, of which he was made one of the regents, and chairman of its building committee. In 1853 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Naples, and 1855 was made Minister there. He wrote several books relating to education and social reforms; and became a believer in the doctrines of Spiritualism. His principal works relating to this subject are *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* (1860); *The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next* (1872); *Threading My Way,* an autobiography (1874).

His *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* is a collection of so-called spiritual manifestations; that is, of incidents and phenomena supposed to prove the existence around us of a spiritual world that occasionally reveals itself to our senses. He was a strong advocate of the credibility of spiritualism, and a clear and able writer. His last work was a novel, *Beyond the Breakers.*

ANTECEDENT PROBABILITY OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

If some Leverrier of Spiritual Science had taken note twenty-five years ago of certain perturbing agencies of

which the effects were visible throughout the religious world, he might have made a prediction more important than that of the French astronomer in regard to the as yet undiscovered planet Uranus. For even then it could have been discovered — what, however, is much more evident to-day — that an old belief was about to disappear from civilized society: a change which brings momentous results in its train. This change is from belief in the Exceptional and the Miraculous to a settled conviction that it does not enter into God's economy, as manifested in His works, to deal except mediately through the instrumentality of Natural Laws; or to suspend or change those laws on special occasions, or — as men do — to make temporary laws for a certain age of the world, and discontinue these through a succeeding generation. In other words, the civilized world is gradually settling down to the assurance that the Natural Law is universal, invariable, persistent. If Natural Law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed to Christ and His disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles. If they were not performed, then Christ lent Himself to deception. This theory disparages His person, and discredits His teachings. But if they were performed under Natural Law, and if Natural Laws endure from generation to generation, then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these signs and wonders occurred must exist still, we may expect somewhat similar phenomena at any time.

But an acute observer, looking over the whole ground, might have detected more than this. He would have found two antagonistic schools of religious opinion; the one, basing spiritual truth on the Miraculous and the Infallible, chiefly represented in a Church of vast power, fifteen hundred years old; the other, dating back three hundred and fifty years only, with less imposing antecedents, with fewer adherents, and, alas! weakened in influence by a large admixture of Indifferentism, and still more weakened in influence by intestine dissensions on questions of vital moment, even on the religious *Shibboleth* of the day — the question of Uniform Rule of Miracle; many of the latter Church still holding to the

opinion that to abandon the doctrine of the Miraculous is to deny the works of Christ. Apparently a very unequal contest — the outlook discouraging. Yet if our observer had abiding faith in the ultimate prevalence alike of the doctrine of Christianity and of Natural Law, he might have come upon a practical solution.

History would inform him that the works of Christ and his disciples, mistaken by the Jews for miracles, effectively arrested the attention of a semi-barbarous age, incapable of appreciating the intrinsic value and the moral beauty of the doctrines taught. An analogy might suggest to him that if phenomena more or less resembling these could be witnessed at the present day, and if they were not weighted down by claims to the miraculous, they might produce on modern indifference a somewhat similar impression. . . .

Guided by such premises as these, our supposed observer of twenty-five years since, though living at a time when the terms "Medium" and "Manifestation" (in their modern sense) had not yet come up, might have predicted the speedy appearance and recognition among us of Spiritual Phenomena resembling those which attended Christ's ministry and the Apostles' labors. . . .

The occurence among us of Spiritual Phenomena under Law not only tends to reconcile Scripture and sound philosophy; not only helps to attest the doctrine of the universal reign of law; not only explains and confirms the general accuracy of the Gospel narrative — but it does much more than this. It supplies to a struggling religious minority, greatly in want of aid, the means of bringing to light even before unbelievers in Scripture, the great truth of Immortality; and it furnishes to that same minority, contending against greatly superior numbers, other powerful argumentative weapons urgently needed in society.—*The Debatable Land.*

OXENFORD, John, an English critic and dramatist; born at Camberwell, near London, in 1812; died at London, February 21, 1877. He was admitted to the bar in 1833, and devoted much time to dramatic criticism. He translated poems and wrote songs, which have been set to music. Among his works for the stage are *My Fellow Clerk* (1835); *A Day Well Spent* (1836); *Porter's Knot* (1869), and *£456 11s 3d* (1874). He published translations of the *Autobiography of Goethe;* the *Conversations of Eckermann with Goethe* (1850); the *Hellas of Jacob* (1855), and a collection of songs from the French entitled *The Illustrated Book of French Songs* (1855).

A CONVERSATION WITH GOETHE.

To-day, after dinner, Goethe read me the first scene of the second act of "Faust." The effect was great, and gave me a high satisfaction. We are once more transported into Faust's study, where Mephistopheles finds all just as he had left it. He takes from the hook Faust's old study-gown, and a thousand moths and insects flutter out from it. By the directions of Mephistopheles as to where these are to settle down, the locality is brought very clearly before our eyes. He puts on the gown while Faust lies behind the curtain, in a state of paralysis, intending to play the doctor's part once more. He pulls the bell, which gives such an awful tone among the solitary convent-halls that the doors spring open and the walls tremble. The servant rushes in, and finds in Faust's seat Mephistopheles, whom he does not recognize, but for whom he has respect. In answer to inquiries he gives news of Wagner, who has now become a celebrated man, and is hoping for the return of his master. He is, we hear, at this moment deeply occupied in his laboratory, seeking to produce a Homunculus. The

servant retires and the Bachelor enters — the same whom we knew some years before as a shy young student, when Mephistopheles (in Faust's gown) made game of him. He is now become a man, and is so full of conceit that even Mephistopheles can do nothing with him, but moves his chair farther and farther, and at last addresses the pit.

Goethe read the scene quite to the end. I was pleased with his youthful productive strength and with the closeness of the whole. "As the conception," said Goethe, "is so old — for I have had it in my mind for fifty years — the materials have accumulated to such a degree that the difficult operation is to separate and reject. The invention of the whole second part is really as old as I say; but it may be an advantage that I have not written it down until now, when my knowledge of the world is so much clearer. I am like one who in his youth has a great deal of small silver and copper money, which in the course of his life he constantly changes for the better, so that at last the property of his youth stands before him pieces of pure gold."

We spoke about the character of the Bachelor. "Is he not meant," said I, "to represent a certain class of ideal philosophers?"

"No," said Goethe, "the arrogance which is peculiar to youth, and of which we had such striking examples after our war for freedom, is personified in him. Indeed, everyone believes in his youth that the world really began with him, and that all merely exists for his sake. Thus in the East there was actually a man who every morning collected his people about him, and would not go to work until he commanded the sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command until the sun of its own accord was really on the point of appearing." Goethe remained awhile absorbed in silent thought; then he began as follows:

"When one is old one thinks of worldly matters otherwise than when he is young. Thus I cannot but think that the demons, to tease and make sport with men, have placed among them simple figures which are so alluring that everyone strives after them, and so great that nobody

reaches them. Thus they set up Raffaelle, with whom thought and act were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have approached him, but none have equalled him. Thus, too, they set up Mozart as something unattainable in music; and thus Shakespeare in poetry. I know what you can say against this thought, but I only mean natural character, the great innate qualities. Thus, too, Napoleon is unattainable. That the Russians were so moderate as not to go to Constantinople is indeed very great; but we find a similar trait in Napoleon, for he had the moderation not to go to Rome."

Much was associated with this copious theme; I thought to myself in silence that the demons had intended something of the kind with Goethe, inasmuch as he is a form too alluring not to be striven after, and too great to be reached.—*The Conversations of Eckermann with Goethe.*

OXENHAM, Henry Nutcombe, an English clergyman; born in 1829; died in 1888. His father was one of the masters at Harrow School, where the boy was prepared for the University. He took his degree of M.A. at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1854, and in the same year entered the Anglican priesthood, which he left in 1857 for that of Rome. He was later a professor in St. Edmund's College, Ware, and master in the Oratory School at Birmingham. Among his works are *Poems* (1854); *Church Parties* (1857); *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement* (1865), enlarged and revised in 1881; *Recollections of Ober Ammergau* (1872); *Moral and Religious Estimate of Vivisection* (1879); *Short Studies, Ethical and Religious* (1888). He translated from the German, Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the*

Church and *Lectures on Reunion of the Churches,* and Bishop Hefele's *History of the Councils of the Church,* and contributed to the Edinburgh *Review; Contemporary; Church Quarterly; Academy,* and other English periodicals.

THE LAW OF HONOR.

Hallam tells us in the concluding chapter of his *State of Europe During the Middle Ages,* that "there are three powerful spirits which have from time to time moved over the surface of the waters, and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments of mankind. These are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and of honor." He goes on to say that "it was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three," and that the results of the other two have at least been "equalled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved." And then he adds that, as the institution passed away, "the spirit of chivalry left behind it a more valuable successor. The character of knight gradually subsided into that of gentleman." And a scrupulous regard for the law of honor, it need hardly be observed, is supposed to constitute, if not the whole duty, the distinctive excellence of a gentleman as such.

There are, however, besides the law of honor, three distinct standards, always separable in idea, though often not separated in fact, by some one or more of which men ordinarily endeavor to regulate their conduct; that is, of course, men who acknowledge some rule of life other than that of mere selfish inclination. These are the law of the land, the law of right or of conscience, and the precepts of a religion claiming to have divine authority. . . .

Now it is plain at a glance that the law of honor differs essentially in kind from all these three. Each of them affects to enjoin within its own limits a complete standard of duty, and, though civil legislation cannot include all moral obligations, it must at least sanction nothing immoral. But the law of honor enjoins at best certain duties only, arbitrarily selected, and belonging

to a particular class; it may even prescribe as duties, and certainly often condones as blameless, what religion, or conscience, or the State, or all of them, condemns as vices. And thus we read of Sir Lancelot:

> His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
> And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.

It constitutes, as was said before, the code of "a gentleman," while moral obligation holds good equally of a gentleman and a chimney-sweep. Truthfulness and courage, again, are the principal virtues which the law of honor requires of a man, chastity of a woman; but conscience and religion demand truthfulness and chastity of both sexes alike. Or, in a wider sense, honor is the standard of a class, and thus there may be many diverse and incongruous standards of honor, as there is said to be "honor among thieves." And thus again there is a recognized standard of school-boy honor, which varies more or less at different times, and even in different schools; according to which, *e. g.*, formerly veracity was a duty owed to a school-fellow, but not to a master, some kinds of bullying were held legitimate, and fighting was obligatory under certain circumstances, as duelling was, till recently, held obligatory among men. Not, indeed, that a fight at school is at all the same thing morally as a duel, or open to the same condemnation on moral or religious grounds; far from it. It involves, generally speaking, no serious danger to the combatants, and neither implies nor engenders malice; boys shake hands before standing up to fight, and are all the better friends afterward. Still there is a certain analogy. In a word, the law of honor is not only imperfect, but sectional; and, according to the dominant spirit of the particular class concerned, it may become positively vicious, just as, not so very long ago, it prescribed duelling, and still prescribes it in some countries, though in this respect we have revised the code during the last half-century in England. It supplies, in short, what is essentially a conventional standard and only accidentally a moral one.— *Short Studies, Ethical and Religious.*

P

PACKARD, Alpheus Spring, an American scientist and zoölogist; born at Brunswick, Me., February 19, 1839; died at Providence, R. I., February 14, 1905. He was graduated from Bowdoin in 1861; and was for three years a special student under Agassiz at the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. From 1865–6 he was librarian and custodian of the Boston Society of Natural History; and from 1867–78 curator, and then director, of the Peabody Academy of Science. In 1871–3 he was State entomologist of Massachusetts; from 1877–82 he was a member of the United States Entomological Commission and took part in several of the expeditions for scientific study under the charge of this commission. In 1878 he became Professor of Zoölogy and Geology at Brown University. His most important contributions to science have related to the classification and anatomy of the arthropoda, especially insects; he proposed a new classification of insects, and regrouping of the phylx of the arthropoda. As an evolutionist he is one of the founders of the Neo-Lamarckian school, to which he gave that name. His writings include: *Guide to the Study of Insects* (1869); *The*

Mammoth Cave and its Inhabitants, with F. W. Putnam (1872); *Our Common Insects* (1873); *Life History of Animals* (1876); *Half Hours with Insects* (1877); *Injurious Insects of the West* (1877); *Development and Anatomy of Limulus Polyphemus* (1885); *Entomology for Beginners* (1888); *Text-book of Entomology* (1898); *Lamarck, the Founder of Evolution, His Life and Work* (1901). He was one of the founders, and for twenty years editor-in-chief of the *American Naturalist.* Our selections from the works of Professor Packard are taken from his contributions to the *Encyclopedia Americana.*

INSECT SENSES.

Insects are chiefly guided by the sense of smell. This resides in the antennæ, which are the principal olfactory organs. The organs of smell are microscopic pits filled with fluid; to this pit goes a fine nerve whose fibres end in staff-like sense cells. The number of these olfactory organs is in some insects enormous; thus in the European cockchafer there are 39,000 in the leaves of the male antennæ, and about 35,000 in those of the female; in a single antennæ of the hornet (*Vespa crabro*) are about 13,000 to 14,000. In the cockroach the abdominal cerci or feelers also possess such pits.

The auditory organs of the locust are drum-like ears situated one on each side of the base of the abdomen, directly behind the first abdominal spiracle; in the green grasshopper, katydids, etc., a little auditory sac is lodged in the fore legs (*tibiæ*). It is supposed that most insects are destitute of the sense of hearing, at least auditory structures have not yet been detected.

The taste organs are little pits or papillæ which resemble the olfactory organs, but which occur on the inside of the upper lips, on the epipharynx, or at the base of the proboscis and maxillæ in the bee.

The compound of facetted eyes (*ommatea*) are composed of numerous simple eyes called ommatidia, which

vary in number from 12, in *Lepisma*, to 20,000 in the dragon-fly (*Æschna*), and even 25,000 in the beetle (*Mordella*). Yet notwithstanding the wonderful complexity of these compound eyes, most insects are near-sighted, and perceive rather the movements of other animals than their exact outlines; the dragon-fly and butterfly can see for a considerable distance. The simple eye probably only enables the insect to distinguish daylight from darkness, or at most very near objects. Insects, like bees and butterflies, have the color-sense, and prefer certain colors to others.

ANATOMY OF INSECTS.

One of the distinctive characteristics of insects is their mode of respiration. This is effected by an intricate system of internal air-tubes (tracheæ), which are filled with air by openings (spiracles) in the sides of the body; of these spiracles there are from one to two pairs in the thorax, and eight pairs in the abdomen. The tracheæ are kept permanently open by a series of threads (taenidiuni) each of which makes from three to five turns around the thin tube; in this way the entire tracheal branch is provided with what at first was supposed to be a continuous spiral thread. The slit-like openings of the spiracles are guarded by a grate of stiff hairs to prevent the injuries of dust, etc. It should be borne in mind that no insect breathes through its mouth, but through the spiracles. Hence the efficacy of all oily or greasy substances in destroying every kind of insect in whatever stage of growth; wherever the oil touches the body a thin film spreads over it, covering the air-openings so that the insect soon dies by asphyxiation. Though insects have a delicate pulsating tubular heart, they have no arteries and veins, since the air in the tracheæ seeks the blood in the remotest parts of the body. The blood is thin and colorless. The aquatic larvæ and a very few perfect insects breathe by external tracheal gills, the spiracles being in such cases often absent. The genital openings are always situated near the end of the body, in front of the vent on the under side. Besides a complicated degrative canal, insects have uri-

nary tubes opening into the end of the intestine. The nervous system consists, besides the brain, of a chain of ganglia the greatest number of which is 13, but which become more or less fused in the more specialized groups, especially in the flies. The brain is remarkably complex, in accordance with the varied and complicated movements of the segmented body and jointed appendages, all capable of different kinds of motions.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, an American novelist; born at Oakland, Va., April 23, 1853. His education was received at Washington and Lee University, and he studied law, taking his degree from the University of Virginia in 1874. Many of his stories are written in the negro dialect of Virginia, and are among the most successful of their kind. His writings include *Marse Chan* (1884); *In Ole Virginny* (1887); *Befo' de War* (in collaboration with A. C. Gordon, 1888); *Two Little Confederates* (1888); *Elsket* and *Other Stories* (1890); *On Newfound River* (1891); *Among the Camps* (1891); *The Old South* (essays, 1892); *Meh Lady* (1893); *Unc' Edinburgh* (1893); *The Burial of the Guns* (1894); *Pastime Stories* (1894); *Thomas Nelson* (biography), for the *Makers of America* series (1895); *Red Rock* (1898); *Two Prisoners* (1901); *Gordon Keith* (1903); *The Negro* (1904); and *Bred in the Bone* (1904).

MARSE CHAN.

"Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles, an' we mounted; an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope,

an' Marse Chan's company wuz de secon', an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, "Charge 'em!" an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I long wid de res') an' up de hill right to'ds de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyah (dey had a whole rigiment o' infantrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons); our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' bout to bre'k all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an' cotch hol' de fleg an' hollers, 'Foller me!' an' rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons. I seen 'im when he went, de sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'y urr hoss, jes' like he use to be in a fox-hunt, an' de whole regiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' nuver hear thunder! Fust thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels, and flung me up 'g'inst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin' over 'g'inst de foot o' de corn-pile. An' dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt. I 'spects Judy she says she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. O' co'se, Providence put de bank dyah, but how come Providence nuver saved Marse Chan? When I look 'roun', de roan wuz layin' dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone mos' th'oo him, an' our men hed done swep' dem on t'urr side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' 'mo'n a minut de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. 'Dyah,' says I, 'fo' Gord! I 'spects dey done kilt Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.' I jumped up an' run over de bank, in dyar, wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yet, under one o' de guns wid de fleg still in he han' an' a bullet right th'oo he' body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n him over and call 'im, 'Marse Chan!' but t'wan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' nuff. I pick 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted 'm back jes' like I did dat day when he wuz a baby, an' old master give 'im to me in my arms, an' sez he could trust me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long as he lived. I kyar'd 'im 'way off the battle-field, out de way o' de balls, an' laid 'im down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch de

sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter awhile, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, an' put 'im in de coffin; but I did'n nail de top on strong, cause I knowed old missis 'd wan' see 'im; an' I got a' ambulance an' set out for home dat night. We reached dyah de next evenin' arfter travellin' all dat night an' all next day.

"Hit 'peared like somethin' had tole old missis we wuz comin' so; for when we got home she waz waitin' for us — done drest up in her bes' Sunday clo'es, an' stan'in' at de head o' de big steps, an' ole marster settin' in his big cheer — ez we druv up de hill to'ds the house, I drivin' de ambulance an' de sorrel leadin' 'long behine wid de sturrips crost over de saddle. She come down to de gate to meet us. We took de coffin out de ambulance an' kyar'd it right into de big parlor wid de pictures in it, whar dey use' to dance in old times when Marse Chan was a school-boy, an' Miss Anne Chahmb'lin use' to come over an' go wid ole missis into her chamber an' tek her things off. In dyar we laid de coffin on two o' de cheers, an' ole missis never said a wud; she jes' looked so ole and white.

"When I had tell 'em all 'bout it, I tu'ned right 'round an' rid over to Cun'l Chahmb'lin's, cause I knowed dat was what Marse Chan he'd a' wanted me to do. I didn't tell nobobdy whar I wuz gwin', 'cause yo' know none on 'em hadn' never speak to Miss Anne, not sence de duil, an' dey didn' know 'bout de letter.

"When I rid up in de yard, dyar wuz Miss Anne a-stan'in' on de poach watchin' me ez I rid up. I tied my hoss to de fence, an' walked up de parf. She knowed by de way I walked dyar wuz somethin' de matter, an' she wuz mighty pale. I drapt my cap down on de een o' de steps an' went up. She nuver opened her mouf; jes' stan' right still an' keep her eyes on my face. Fust, I couldn' speak: den I cotch my voice, an' I say, 'Marse Chan, he done got he furlough!'

"Her face wuz mighty ashy, an' she sort of shook but she didn' fall. She tu'ned round an' said, 'Git me de ker'ige!' Dat wuz all.

"When de ker'ige come roun', she had put on her bonnet, an' wuz ready. Ez she got in she says to me, 'Hev yo' brought him home?' And we drove 'long, I ridin' behind.

"When we got home, she got out, an' walked up de big walk — up to de poach by herse'f. Ole missis had done fin' de letter in Marse Chan's pocket, wid de love in it, while I wuz 'way, an' she wuz a waitin' on de poach. Dey say dat wuz de fust time ole missis cry when she fin' de letter, an' dat she sut'n'y did cry over it, pintedly. . . .

"Well, we buried Marse Chan dyar in de ole grabeyard, wid de fleg wrapped roun' 'im, an' he face lookin' like it did dat mawnin' down in de lo groun's, wid de new sun shinin' on it so peaceful.

"Miss Anne she nuver went home to stay arter dat; she stay wid ole marster an' ole missis ez long ez dey lived. Dat worn' so mighty long, cause ole marster he died dat fall, when dey wuz follerin' fur wheat — I had jes married Judy den — an' ole missis she warn' long behine him. We buried her by him nex' summer. Miss Anne she went in de hospitals toreckly arfter ole missis died; an' jes' 'fo' Richmond fell she come home sick wid de fever. Yo' nuver would 'a' knowed her fur de same Miss Anne — she wuz light ez a piece o' peth, an' so white, 'cep' her eyes an' her sorrel hyar, an' she kep' on gitting whiter an' weaker. Judy she sut'n'y did nuss her faithful. But she nuver got no betterment! De fever an' Marse Chan's bein' kilt hed done strain her, an' she died jes' fo' de folks wus sot free.

"So we buried Miss Anne right by Marse Chan in a place whar ole missis hed tole us to leave, an' dey's bofe on 'em sleep side by side over in de ole grabeyard at home.

"An' will yo' please tell me, Marster? Dey tells me dat de Bible say dyar won' be marryin' nor givin' in marriage in heaven, but I don' b'lieve it signifies dat — does you?"

PAGET, VIOLET ("VERNON LEE"), an English essayist and critic; born in 1856. Since 1871 she has lived in Italy, where she has studied art and literature. She is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and has written several stories and novels under the pen-name of Vernon Lee. Her works include *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy* (1880); *Belcaro, Essays on Sundry Æsthetical Questions* (1882); *The Prince of a Hundred Soups* (1883); *Ottilie: an Eighteenth Century Idyl* (1883); *Euphorion,* essays (1884); *The Countess of Albany* (1884); *Miss Brown* (1884); *Baldwin* (1886); *Juvenilia* (1887); *Hauntings* (1890); *Vanitas* (1892); *Althea* (1893); *Renaissance Fancies and Studies* (1895); *Limbo* (1897); *Genius Loci* (1899); *Essays on the Gardening of Life* (1903), and *The Enchanted Woods and Other Essays* (1904).

SEEKING NEW SCENES.

The next evening, among the lamentations of Mrs. Simson's establishment, Anne Brown set off for Cologne. This first short scrap of journey moved her very much: when the train puffed out of the station and the familiar faces were hidden by out-houses and locomotives, the sense of embarking upon unknown waters rushed upon Anne; and when, that evening, her maid bade her good-night at the hotel at Cologne, offering to brush her hair and help her to undress, she was seized with intolerable home-sickness for the school — the little room she had just left — and she would have implored anyone to take her back. But the next few days she felt quite different; the excitement of novelty kept her up, and almost made it seem as if all these new things were quite habitual; for there is nothing stranger than the way in which ex-

citement settles one in novel positions, and familiarizes one with the unfamiliar. Seeing a lot of sights on the way, and knowing that a lot more remained to be seen, it was as if there was nothing beyond these three or four days — as if the journey would have no end; that an end there must be, and what the end meant seemed a thing impossible to realize. She scarcely began to realize it when the ship began slowly to move from the wharf at Antwerp; when she walked up and down the deserted and darkened deck, watching the widening river under the clear blue spring night, lit only by a ripple of moonlight, widening mysteriously out of sight, bounded only by the shore-lights, with here and there the white or blue or red light of some ship, and its long curl of smoke, making her suddenly conscious that close by was another huge, moving thing, more human creatures in this solitude, till at last all was mere solitude, till at last all was mere moonlight-permeated mist of sky and sea. And only as the next day — as the boat cut slowly through the hazy, calm sea — was drawing to its close did Anne begin to feel at all excited. At first as she sat on the deck, the water, the smoke, the thrill of the boat, the people walking up and down, the children wandering about the piles of rope, and leaning over the ship's sides — all these things seemed the only reality. But later, as they got higher up the Thames, and the unwonted English sunshine became dimmer, a strange excitement arose in Anne — an excitement more physical than mental, which, with every movement of the boat made her heart beat faster and faster, till it seemed as if it must burst, and a lot of smaller hearts to start up and throb all over her body, tighter and tighter, till she had to press her hand to her chest, and sit down gasping on a bench.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and the river had narrowed; all around were rows of wharves and groups of ships; the men began to tug at the ropes. They were in the great city. The light grew fainter, and the starlight mingled with the dull smoke-gray of London; and all about were the sad gray outlines of the old houses on the wharves, the water gray and the sky also, with only a faint storm-red where the sun had set.

The rigging, interwoven against the sky, was gray, also; the brownish sail of some nearer boat, the dull red sides of some steamer hard by, the only color. The ship began to slacken speed and to turn, great puffs and pants of the engine running through its fibres; the sailors began to hallo, the people around to collect their luggage; they were getting alongside of the wharf. Anne felt the maid throw a shawl round her; heard her voice, as if from a great distance, saying "There's Mr. Hamlin, Miss;" felt herself walking along as if in a dream, and as if in a dream a figure came up and take her hand, and slip her arm through his, and she knew herself to be standing on the wharf in the twilight, the breeze blowing in her face, all the people jostling and shouting around her. Then a voice said, "I fear you must be very tired, Miss Brown." It was at once so familiar and so strange that it made her start: the dream seemed dispelled. She was in reality, and Hamlin was really by her side. . . .

It is sad to think how little even the most fervently loving among us are able to reproduce, to keep within recollection, the reality of the absent beloved; certain as we seem to be, living as appears the phantom which we have cherished, we yet always find, on the day of meeting, that the loved person is different from the simulacrum which we have carried in our hearts. As Anne Brown sat in the carriage which was carrying her to her new home, the feeling which was strongest in her was not joy to see Hamlin again, nor fear at entering on this new phase of existence, but a recurring shock of surprise at the voice which was speaking to her, the voice which she now recognized as that of the real Hamlin, but which was so indefinably different from the voice which had haunted her throughout those months of absence. Hamlin was seated by her side, the maid opposite. The carriage drove quickly through a network of dark streets, and then on, on, along miles of embankment. It was a beautiful spring night, and the mists and fogs which hung over river and town were soaked with moonlight, turned into a pale-blue luminous haze, starred with the yellow specks of gas, broken into, here and there, by the yellow sheen from some open hall-door or lit windows of

a party-giving house; out of the faint blueness emerged the unsubstantial outlines of things — bushes and overhanging tree-branches and distant spectral towers and belfries. . . .

"I hope," said Hamlin, when they had done discussing Vandyke and Rubens and Memling — "I hope you will like the house and the way I have had it arranged," and he added, "I hope you will like my aunt. She is rather misanthropic, but it is only on the surface."

His aunt! Anne had forgotten all about her; and her heart sunk within her as the carriage at last drew up in front of some garden railings. The house-door was thrown open, and a stream of yellow light flooded the strip of garden and the railings. Hamlin gave Anne his arm; the maid followed. A woman-servant was holding the door open, and raising a lamp above her. Anne bent her head, feeling that she was being scrutinized. She walked speechless, leaning on Hamlin's arm, and those steps seemed to her endless. It was all very strange and wonderful. Her step was muffled in thick, dark carpets; all about, the walls of the narrow passage were covered with tapestries, and here and there came a gleam of brass or a sheen of dim mirror under the subdued light of some sort of Eastern lamp, which hung, with yellow sheen of metal disks and tassels, from the ceiling. Thus up the narrow, carpeted, and tapestried stairs, and into a large, dim room, with strange-looking things all about. Some red embers sent a crimson flicker over the carpet; by the tall fireplace was a table with a shaded lamp, and at it was seated a tall, slender woman, with the figure of a young girl, but whose face, when Anne saw it, was parched and hollowed out, and surrounded by gray hair.

"This is Miss Brown, Aunt Claudia," said Hamlin.

The old lady rose, advanced, and kissed Anne frigidly on both cheeks.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," she said, in a tone which was neither cold nor insincere, but simply and utterly indifferent.

Anne sat down. There was a moment's silence, and she felt the old lady's eyes upon her, and felt that Hamlin was looking at his aunt, as much as to say, "Well,

BARRY PAIN.

what do you think of her?" and she shrunk into herself.

"You have had a bad passage, doubtless," said Mrs. Macgregor after a moment, vaguely and dreamily.

"Oh, no," answered Anne, faintly, "not at all bad, thank you."

"So much the better," went on the old lady, absently. "Ring for some tea, Walter."—*Miss Brown.*

PAIN, Barry, an English journalist and novelist; born at London in 1860. He was educated at Cambridge, where he became prominent as a contributor to *Granta,* the University Magazine. He was on the staff of *Punch* and *Black and White* and in 1897 became editor of *To-Day.* His published works include *In a Canadian Canoe* (1891); *Playthings and Parodies* (1892); *Stories and Interludes* (1892); *Graeme and Cyril* (1893); *Kindness of the Celestial* (1894); *The Octave of Claudius* (1897); *Wildmay and Other Stories* (1898); *Romantic History of Robin Hood* (1898); *Eliza* (1900); *Another English Woman's Love Letters* (1901); and *The One Before* (1902).

THE PRINCESS IN SPRING.

There was once in a distant land a princess who gave a great deal of trouble. She was beautiful after the manner of princesses in stories, which is saying a good deal. She was young, and she was not unkind. It was really not her fault at all that some of the men committed suicide and some went abroad to shoot big game, and some lost their temper and married their cooks. She was quite unable to look at it in their light. That they should adore

her seemed to her perfectly natural, and that she should love seemed impossible.

Overcast days, cold and rainy, had shuffled heavily past one after the other; then early one morning the princess woke with the sunlight in her eyes. Away in the garden below and in the woods beyond she heard the birds calling. She arose and went out alone. Yes; the spring had come. Through the shimmering light she could see colors bright yet tender. The new green came as hopefully into the world as that which had died last year; this, too, would die, but was so clearly not thinking about it. The princess was conscious of a strange strength and a strange weariness battling together within her. She flung herself on the grass by the edge of the lake and looked at her face in the dark water. "You beautiful creature," she said. Her head bent lower. Her lips just touched the cold ripple on the surface. Quickly she started to her feet again and looked around. No one had seen her.

And now she passed out of the bright garden and walked on the velvet track that led through the forest. Here the light grew dim and all was mysterious. Her eyes followed the shafts of the tall trees in an upward aspiration. This forest was a temple not made with hands and a temple to some pagan god at whose shrine she had never before worshiped. Now in bursts from the trees about her and from dark bushes far withdrawn she heard his anthem, and for the first time she knew what the birds said.

This was very strange. She had slept well and she was young and healthy. There was no reason whatever why she should feel this strange sense of weariness. Still less could she understand why the weariness should have in it something pleasurable. It seemed quite a good thing to be tired, and in an open space where the sun shone through to lie down and watch the drifting clouds.

Presently she gave a little start and listened intently. Yes; the world was no longer her own. It was invaded. She could hear a quick, firm step that seemed to be coming towards her, and for this only time in her life she felt the beating of her heart. She knew who it would be. She could close her eyes and picture him. And because

he was just like that, and because she was beautiful in just that way, this man would stop and they would speak together. He would take her in his arms and kiss her on the lips, and she would be quite powerless. Thus with closed eyes she lay for a moment listening. The steps grew fainter away in the distance.

She rose to her feet in angry contempt of herself. Doubtless it was some laborer going to his work. A chilled wind rustled the trees. She turned homeward again. As she walked the clouds drifted over the sun and the appeal died out of the voice of the birds. So she returned to her palace and ate a very good breakfast, observing that she had had quite a nice walk and she supposed that had given her an appetite.

Once in her life for one hour she might have lived and made her history different. But the springtime never came again for her, and after a time people ceased to commit suicide for her or to make absurd voyages, and if they did marry their cooks it was entirely on account of the cooks and not because of their adoration for the princess. Beauty fades and tempers grow sharper, and in time she ceased altogether to be adorable.

But it is a pity that the footsteps did not come her way that morning.

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT, an American poet; born at Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1773; died at Boston, November 13, 1811. He was the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His name was originally Thomas, but it was legally changed, at his own petition, to that of his father, on the ground that "Thomas Paine," the name of the author of *The Age of Reason*, "was not a Christian name." He was graduated from Harvard in 1792, having already ac-

quired reputation by his facility in verse-making. He was placed in the counting-room of a merchant, where he remained only a short time, having become enamored with the stage. He afterward studied law, and in 1802 was admitted to the bar in Boston. He had already written several poems which were very popular in their day. That by which he is best known, the ode entitled *Adams and Liberty,* was written for the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society in 1799. It consists of nine stanzas, of which we give the first two and the last two. The immediate sale of this poem brought the author some $750 — being more than nine dollars a line.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of solid Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece:
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled
To increase the legitimate powers of the Ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade:
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with the point, every flash to the deep:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their Government sever;
Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumber forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas's band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

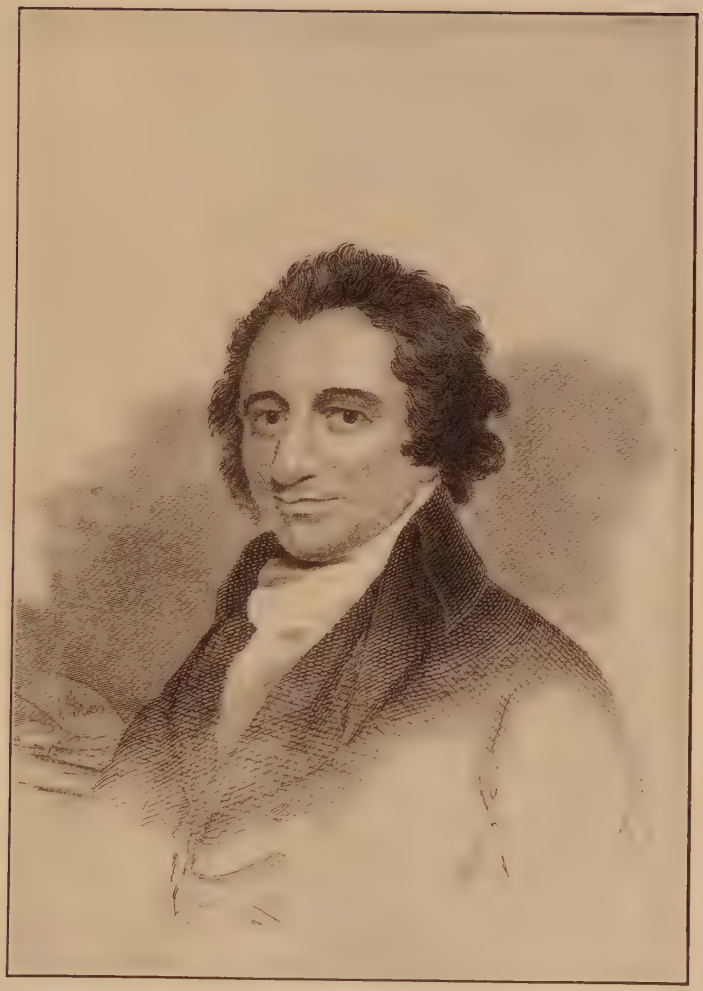
EPILOGUE TO "THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER."

Who delves to be a wit must own a mine,
In wealth must glitter ere in taste he shine;
Gold buys him genius, and no churl will rail,
When feasts are brilliant, that a pun is stale.
Tip wit with gold — each shaft with shouts is flown;
He drinks Champagne, and must not laugh alone.
The grape has point, although the joke be flat!
Pop! goes the cork! — there's epigram in that!
The spouting bottle is the brisk *jet d'eau,*
Which shows how high its fountain-head can throw!
See! while the foaming mist ascends the room,
Sir Fopling rises in the *vif perfume.*

But, ah! the classic knight at length perceives
His laurels drop with fortune's falling leaves.
He vapors cracks and clinches as before,
But other tables have not learned to roar.
At last, in fashion bankrupt as in pence,
He first discovers undiscovered sense —

And finds — without one jest in all his bags —
A wit in ruffles is a fool in rags.

PAINE, THOMAS, an Anglo-American patriot and freethinker; born at Thetford, Norfolkshire, England, January 29, 1737; died at New York, June 8, 1809. His father, a member of the Society of Friends, was a stay-maker by trade, and the son was brought up to that occupation, which he followed at various places. In 1774 he went to London, where he became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, by whose advice he removed to America, reaching Philadelphia early in 1775. He found employment with a printer and bookseller who was about to start a periodical, which Paine was to edit at a salary of £25 a year. In his introductory article he says: "This first number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* entreats a favorable reception; of which we shall only say that like the early snow-drop, it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with foretelling the reader that choice flowers are preparing to appear." The magazine was continued from January, 1775, to June, 1776. At the suggestion of Benjamin Rush, Paine wrote the pamphlet *Common Sense,* to meet the objections raised against a separation from the mother-country. This pamphlet, which appeared in February, 1776, produced a marked sensation, and Paine always claimed that it was mainly owing to it that the independence of the Colonies was declared. For it the Pennsylvania Legislature voted him a grant of £500, and the University con-



THOMAS PAINE.

ferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the army, and was with it during the retreat from New York to the Delaware. On December 19, 1776, appeared the first of his series of brochures, entitled *The Crisis,* of which there were eighteen, the last appearing April 19, 1783, after peace had been finally attained. Paine's services as a writer were duly appreciated. In April, 1777, Congress appointed him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; in 1781 he accompanied Laurens in his successful mission to France to procure a loan from the Government. In 1785, Congress, at the suggestion of Washington, made him a grant of $3,000, Pennsylvania gave him £500, and New York presented him with a valuable confiscated estate of 300 acres at New Rochelle, not far from the city of New York. In 1787 he went to England. In 1790 Burke published his *Reflections on the French Revolution,* to which Paine replied in his *Rights of Man* — the ablest of all his writings. In 1792 the French Department of Calais elected him a member of the National Convention, in the proceedings of which he took an active part. He voted for the condemnation of Louis XVI., but urged that he should not be put to death. "Let the United States," said he, "be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet." In December, 1793, he was arrested at the instigation of Robespierre, and condemned to the guillotine, from which he escaped by mere accident. His imprisonment lasted eleven months, when, after the downfall of Robespierre, he was set at liberty, through the intervention of Mr. Monroe, Minister to France.

Paine's *Age of Reason,* the First Part of which

was published in 1794, the Second Part in 1796, was at least in part written during this imprisonment. The work may properly be styled as "deistic," in contradistinction to "theistic" on one hand, and "atheistic" on the other.

THE AMERICAN CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF 1776.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to *tax*, but to *"bind us in all cases whatsoever;"* and if being *bound* in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the Independence of this Continent was declared too soon or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument. My own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault — if it were one — was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great good is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover. I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to perish who have so

earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us. A common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware. Suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued — frequently without rest, covering, or provisions — bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one — which was that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action. The same remark may be made on General Washington; for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health and given him a mind that can even flourish upon cares. . . .

I thank God that I fear not. I can see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see our way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle; and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is a great credit to us that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants

spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys never had been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the campaign with sixty thousand men well armed and clothed. This is our situation; and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the choice of a large variety of evils: a ravaged country — a depopulated city — habitations without safety, and slavery without hope — our homes turned into barracks and bawdy houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it! — and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.— *The Crisis, No. 1.*

BURKE'S PATRICIANISM.

Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of lives — a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not afflicted by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of Art, and the genuine soul of Nature forsakes him. His hero, or his heroine, must be a tragedy victim, expiring in show; and not the real prisoner of misery sliding unto death in the silence of a dungeon.— *The Rights of Man.*

PALEY, WILLIAM, an English theologian and philosopher; born at Peterborough in July, 1743; died at Wearmouth, May 25, 1805. He was graduated in 1763 as senior wrangler from Christ's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow, and lectured on Moral Philosophy and Divinity. In 1775 he became rector of Musgrove, and in 1782 was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. It is said that he would have received a bishopric had not King George III. taken offence at a paragraph on *Property,* which is hereinafter quoted, in one of his writings. The principal works of Paley are *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* (1785); *Horæ Paulinæ* (1790); *A View of the Evidences of Christianity* (1794); *Natural Theology* (1802).

His *Horæ Paulinæ* is one of the few books destined to live. Paley seized on the strong points of his subject with an intuitive sagacity, and has given his clear, bright thoughts in a style which has made them the property of his readers almost as perfectly as they were his own. He was characterized by the distinctness of his vision. He was not, however, equally remarkable for its extent. He was popular rather than philosophical. He was deficient in that intellectual thirst which is a chief element of the philosophical spirit.

ON PROPERTY.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if — instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just what it wanted, and no more — you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and

the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy and hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the board, all the others instantly flocking upon it, tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set — a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; getting for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of their labor spoiled; and if one of their number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantage to account for an institution which, in the view given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following: 1. It increases the produce of the earth. 2. It preserves the products of the earth to maturity. 3. It prevents contests. 4. It improves the conveniency of living.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than they are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a great and manifest excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable.— *Moral and Political Philosophy.*

CREDIBILITY OF ST. PAUL.

Here we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him in the prosecution of this purpose traveling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death.

We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travelers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry; the ocular witnesses — or pretending to be such — of His miracles and of His resurrection. We moreover find the same person referring, in his letters, to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances — if all or any of them be true — render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles — strictly and properly so called; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion.

The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested

by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books. But is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonments, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what, if false, he must have known it to be so? — *Horæ Paulinæ.*

THE WORLD MADE WITH A BENEVOLENT DESIGN.

It is a happy world, after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing; swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual changes of place without use or purpose, testify the joy and exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon; its life appears to be all enjoyment. The whole insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution gratified — and perhaps equally gratified — by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it,

all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Suppose each individual to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure we have before our view.

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the uses of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk — or rather to run, which precedes walking — although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision — or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all — perception of ease. Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by the impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age quietness and repose become positive gratifications.

In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable

than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. In the species with which we are best acquainted — namely, our own — I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season; much less the only happy one.— *Natural Theology.*

DISTINCTIONS OF CIVIL LIFE LOST IN CHURCH.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church; if ever the rich man views him with respect it is there; and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.—*Moral and Political Philosophy.*

PALFREY, JOHN GORHAM, an American publicist and historian; born at Boston, May 2, 1796; died at Cambridge, April 26, 1881. He was graduated from Harvard in 1815, and in 1818 became pastor of the Congregational Church in Brattle Square, Boston, as successor to Edward Everett. From 1831 to 1839 he was Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard, and from 1835 to 1842 editor of the *North American Review.* He afterward took a prominent part in politics, acting with the opponents of slavery, and from 1861 to 1866 was postmaster at Boston. Besides sermons, magazine and newspaper essays, he published *Evidences of Christianity,* originally delivered as a course of Lowell Lectures (1843); *Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities* (1838–52); *The Relation between Judaism and Christianity* (1854), and a *History of New England* (the first three volumes 1858–64, the fourth 1875). The fifth volume, edited by his son, General Francis Winthrop Palfrey, appeared in 1890. In his preface to this volume, General Palfrey states that it is almost wholly printed from the author's manuscript as he left it, subject to careful revision. It brings the history down to the appointment of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial army in 1775.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

There was no question upon dogmas between Williams and those who dismissed him. The sound and generous principle of a perfect freedom of conscience in religious concerns can therefore scarcely be shown to have been involved in this dispute. At a later period he was prone

to capricious changes of religious opinion; but as yet there was no development of this kind. As long as he was in Massachusetts he was no heretic, tried by the standard of the time and the place. He was not charged with heresy. The questions which he raised — and by raising which he provoked opposition — were questions relating to political rights and to the administration of government. He made an issue with his rulers and his neighbors upon fundamental points of their power and their property, including their power of self-protection against the tyranny from which they had lately escaped. Unintentionally, but effectually, he had set himself to play into the hands of the king and the archbishop; and it was not to be thought of by the sagacious patriots of Massachusetts that in the great work which they had in hand they should suffer themselves to be defeated by such random movements.

For his busy disaffection, therefore, Williams was punished; or, rather, he was disabled for the mischief it threatened by banishment from the jurisdiction. He was punished much less severely than the dissenters from the popular will were punished throughout the North American Colonies at the time of the final rupture with the mother-country. Virtually, the freemen said to him, "It is not best that you and we should live together, and we cannot agree to it. We have just put ourselves to great loss and trouble for the sake of pursuing our own objects uninterrupted; and we must be allowed to do so. Your liberty, as you understand it, and are bent on using it, is not compatible with the security of ours. Since you cannot accommodate yourself to us, go away. The world is wide, and it is as open to you as it was just now to us. We do not wish to harm you; but there is no place for you among us."

Banishment is a word of ill sound; but the banishment from one part of New England to another, to which, in the early part of their residence, the settlers condemned Williams, was a thing widely different from that banishment from luxurious Old England to desert New England to which they had condemned themselves. There was little hardship in leaving unattractive Salem for a residence

on the beautiful shores of Narragansett Bay, except that the former had a very short start in the date of its first cultivation. Williams, involuntarily separated from Massachusetts, went with his company to Providence the same year that Hooker and Stone and their company, self-exiled, went from Massachusetts to Connecticut. If to the former the movement was not optional, it was the same that the latter chose when it was optional; and it proved advantageous for all parties concerned.— *History of New England.*

In 1872 and 1873 Mr. Palfrey published two supplementary volumes less elaborate in details, entitled *A Compendious History of New England*, bringing the narrative down to the meeting of the first Congress of the American Colonies in 1765. In the preface to the concluding volume of the larger history he sums up what he had done, and intimates what he hoped, rather than expected, still to do, and which was in a measure accomplished in the *Compendious History.*

THREE CYCLES OF NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

The cycle of New England is eighty-six years. In the Spring of 1603 the family of Stuart ascended the throne of England. At the end of eighty-six years Massachusetts, having been betrayed to her enemies by Joseph Dudley, her most eminent and trusted citizen, the people on April 19, 1689, committed their prisoner, the deputy of the Stuart king, to the fort in Boston, which he had built to overawe them. Another eighty-six years passed, and Massachusetts had been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Thomas Hutchinson, when, at Lexington and Concord, on April 19, 1775, her farmers struck the first blow in the war of American Independence. Another eighty-six years ensued, and a domination of slave-holders, more odious than that of Stuarts or of Guelphs, had been fastened upon her, when

on April 19, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were stained by the blood of her soldiers on their way to uphold liberty and law by the rescue of the National Capital.

In the work now finished, which is accordingly a work in itself, I have traversed the first of these three equal periods relating to the history of New England, down to the time of her first revolution. If my years were fewer, I should hope to follow this treatise with another, on the history of New England under the Whig dynasties of Great Britain. But I am not so sanguine as I was when, six years ago, I proposed "to relate, in several volumes, the history of the people of New England." Nor can I even promise to myself that I shall have the resolution to attempt anything further of this kind. Some successor will execute the inviting task more worthily, but not with more devotion, than I have brought to this essay, nor I think, with greater painstaking.

As I part from my work, many interesting and grateful memories are awakened. I dismiss it with little apprehension, and with some substantial satisfaction of mind; for mere literary reputation, if it were accessible to me, would not now be highly attractive. My ambition has rather been to contribute something to the welfare of my country, by reviving the image of the ancient virtue of New England; and I am likely to persist in the hope that in an honest undertaking I shall not appear altogether to have failed.

THE AWAKENING.

A portion of the people of New England deplored the departure of what was, in their estimation, a sort of golden age. Thoughtful and religious men looked back to the time when sublime efforts of adventure and sacrifice had attested the religious earnestness of their fathers, and, comparing it with their own day of absorption in secular interests, of relaxation in ecclesiastical discipline, and of imputed laxness of manners, they mourned that the ancient glory had been dimmed. The contrast made a standing topic of the election sermons preached before the government from year to year, from the time

of John Norton down. When military movements miscarried, when harvests failed, when epidemic sickness brought alarm and sorrow, when an earthquake spread consternation, they interpreted the calamity or the portent as a sign of God's displeasure against their backsliding, and appointed fasts to deprecate his wrath, or resorted to the more solemn expedient of convoking synods to ascertain the conditions of reconciliation to the offended Majesty of Heaven.—*A Compendious History of New England.*

PALGRAVE, Sir Francis, an English historian; born at London in July, 1788; died at Hampstead, July 6, 1861. He was carefully educated at home, but, his father's fortunes failing, he was in 1803 articled as clerk to a firm of solicitors, with which he remained until 1822, when he was employed under the Record Commission. In 1827 he was admitted to the bar. He had then contributed articles to the Edinburgh and *Quarterly Reviews,* and had, in 1818, edited a collection of *Anglo-Norman Chansons.* In 1831 he published a *History of England,* and in 1832 *The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* and *Observations of Principles of New Municipal Corporations.* In the latter year he was knighted. In 1837 he published *Merchant and Friar.* During the last twenty-three years of his life he held the office of Deputy-keeper of her Majesty's Records. In this capacity he edited *Curia Regis Records; Calendars and Inventories of the Exchequer; Parliamentary Writs;* and *Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland.* His greatest work is a *History of Normandy and of England,* of which the first

volume appeared in 1851, the second in 1857, and the third and fourth after the author's death.

THE FATE OF HAROLD.

The visitor is now installed; but what has become of the mortal spoils of his competitor? If we ask the monk of Malmesbury, we are told that William surrendered the body to Harold's mother, Githa, by whose directions the corpse of the last surviving of her children was buried in the Abbey of the Holy Cross. Those who lived nearer the time, however, relate in explicit terms that William refused the rites of sepulture to his excommunicated enemy. Guillielmus Pictarensis, the chaplain of the Conqueror, a most trustworthy and competent witness, informs us that a body of which the features were undistinguishable, but *supposed* from certain tokens to be that of Harold, was found between the corpses of his brothers, Gurth and Leofwine, and that William caused this corpse to be interred in the sands of the sea-shore. "Let him guard the coast," said William, "which he so madly occupied;" and though Githa had offered to purchase the body by its weight in gold, yet William was not to be tempted by the gift of the sorrowing mother, or touched by her tears.

In the Abbey of Waltham, they knew nothing of Githa. According to the annals of the Convent, the two Brethren who had accompanied Harold hovered as nearly as possible to the scene of war, watching the event of the battle; and afterward, when the strife was quiet in death, they humbly approached William, and solicited his permission to seek the corpse.

The Conqueror refused a purse, containing ten marks of gold, which they offered as the tribute of their gratitude; and permitted them to proceed to the field, and to bear away not only the remains of Harold, but of all who, when living, had chosen the Abbey of Waltham as their place of sepulture.

Amongst the loathsome heaps of the unburied, they sought for Harold, but sought in vain — Harold could not possibly be discovered — no trace of Harold was to be

found; and as the last hope of identifying his remains, they suggested that possibly his beloved Editha might be able to recognize the features so familiar to her affections. Algitha, the wife of Harold, was not to be asked to perform this sorrowful duty. Osgood went back to Waltham, and returned with Editha and the two canons, and the weeping women resumed their miserable task in the charnel field. A ghastly, decomposing, and mutilated corpse was selected by Editha, and conveyed to Waltham as the body of Harold; and there entombed at the east end of the choir, with great honor and solemnity, many Norman nobles assisting in the requiem.

Years afterward, when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, which old men narrated by the light of the embers, until warned to silence by the sullen tolling of the curfew, there was a decrepit anchorite who inhabited a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester, where Edgar celebrated his triumph. This recluse, deeply scarred, and blinded in his left eye, lived in strict penitence and seclusion. Henry I. once visited the aged Hermit, and had a long private discourse with him; and, on his deathbed, he declared to the attendant monks that the recluse was Harold. As the story is transmitted to us, he had been secretly conveyed from the field to a castle, probably of Dover, where he continued concealed until he had the means of reaching the sanctuary where he expired.

The monks of Waltham loudly exclaimed against this rumor. They maintained most resolutely that Harold was buried in their Abbey: they pointed to the tomb sustaining his effigies, and inscribed with the simple and pathetic epitaph: *Hic jacet Harold infelix;* and they appealed to the mouldering skeleton, whose bones, as they declared, showed, when disinterred, the impress of the wounds which he had received. But may it not still be doubted whether Osgood and Ailric, who followed their benefactor to the fatal field, did not aid his escape? — They may have discovered him at the last gasp; restored him to animation by their care; and the artifice of declaring to William that they had not been able to recover the object of their

search, would readily suggest itself as the means of rescuing Harold from the power of the Conqueror. The demand of Editha's testimony would confirm their assertion, and enable them to gain time to arrange for Harold's security; and whilst the litter, which bore the corpse, was slowly advancing to the Abbey of Waltham, the living Harold, under the tender care of Editha, might be safely proceeding to the distant fane, his haven of refuge.

If we compare the different narratives concerning the inhumation of Harold, we shall find the most remarkable discrepancies. It is evident that the circumstances were not accurately known; and since those ancient writers who were best informed cannot be reconciled to each other, the escape of Harold, if admitted, would solve the difficulty. I am not prepared to maintain that the authenticity of this story cannot be impugned; but it may be remarked that the tale, though romantic, is not incredible, and that the circumstances may be easily reconciled to probability. There were no walls to be scaled, no fosse to be crossed, no warder to be eluded; and the examples of those who have survived after encountering much greater perils are so very numerous and familiar, that the incidents which I have narrated would hardly give rise to a doubt if they referred to any other personage than a king.

In this case we cannot find any reason for supposing that the belief in Harold's escape was connected with any political artifice or feeling. No hopes were fixed upon the usurping son of Godwin — no recollection dwelt upon his name, as the hero who would sally forth from his seclusion, the restorer of the Anglo-Saxon power. That power had wholly fallen — and if the humbled Englishman, as he paced the aisles of Waltham, looked around, and, having assured himself that no Norman was near, whispered to his son that the tomb which they saw before them was raised only in mockery, and that Harold still breathed the vital air — he yet knew too well that the spot where Harold's standard had been cast down was the grave of the pride and glory of England.—*History of Normandy and of England.*

PALGRAVE, William Gifford, an English traveler; born at Westminster, January 24, 1826; died at Montevideo, Uruguay, September 30, 1888. He was a son of Sir Francis Palgrave. After graduation from Trinity College, Oxford, in 1846, he was appointed a lieutenant in the 8th Bombay Native Infantry. He subsequently became connected with the order of the Jesuits, and entered the priesthood. He was sent to Syria and Palestine, where he acquired mastery over the Arabic language. In 1860 Napoleon III. summoned him to France to give an account of the Syrian disturbances and massacre, and in 1861 he returned to Palestine charged with the task of exploring Arabia in the service of the Emperor. He acquired such intimate acquaintance with the Arabs that on several occasions he was received into their mosques. From 1866 to 1876 he served as British Consul to several places and as Consul-General to Bulgaria (1878) and to Siam (1880). His works are *Narrative of a Year's Journey Through Central and Eastern Arabia in 1862–63* (2 vols., 1865); *Essays on Eastern Questions* (1872); *Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative,* a novel (2 vols., 1872), and *Dutch Guiana* (1876). A posthumous work, *Ulysses: or Scenes and Studies in Many Lands,* appeared in 1890.

IN THE DESERT AT NIGHT.

When Moharib had ended his prayer, he took up his cloak, shook it, threw it over his shoulders, and then turned toward us with his ordinary look and manner, in which no trace of past emotion could be discerned. We all left the garden together; there was plenty of occupa-

tion for every one in getting himself, his horse, his weapons, and his travelling gear ready for the night and the morrow. Our gathering-place was behind a dense palm-grove that cut us off from the view and observation of the village; there our comrades arrived, one after another, all fully equipped, till the whole band of twelve had re-assembled. The cry of the night prayers proclaimed from the mosque roof had long died away into silence; the last doubtful streak of sunset faded from the west, accompanied by the thin white crescent of the young moon; night, still cloudless and studded with innumerable stars, depth over depth, reigned alone. Without a word we set forth into what seemed the trackless expanse of desert, our faces between West and South; the direction across which the Emeer Daghfel and his caravan were expected to pass. More than ever did the caution now manifested by my companions, who were better versed than myself in adventures of the kind, impress me with a sense, not precisely of the danger, but of the seriousness of the undertaking. Two of the Benoo-Riah, Harith and Modarrib, whom the tacit consent of the rest designated for that duty, took the advance as scouts, riding far out ahead into the darkness, sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left; in order that timely notice might be given to the rest of us, should any chance meeting or suspicious obstacle occur in the way. A third, Ja'ad-es-Sabāsib himself, acted, as beseemed his name, for guide; he rode immediately in front of our main body. The rest of us held close together, at a brisk walking pace, from which we seldom allowed our beasts to vary; indeed, the horses themselves, trained to the work, seemed to comprehend the necessity of cautiousness, and stepped on warily and noiselessly. Every man in the band was dressed alike; though I retained, I had carefully concealed, my pistols; the litham disguised my foreign features, and to any superficial observer, especially at night, I was merely a Bedouin of the tribe, with my sword at my side and my lance couched, Benoo-Riah fashion, alongside of my horse's right ear. Not a single word was uttered by any one of the band, as, following Ja'ad's guidance, who knew every inch of the ground, to my eyes utterly un-

meaning and undistinguishable, we glided over the dry plain. At another time I might, perhaps, have been inclined to ask questions, but now the nearness of expectation left no room for speech. Besides I had been long enough among the men of the desert to have learnt from them their habit of invariable silence when journeying by night. Talkative at other times, they then become absolutely mute. Nor is this silence of theirs merely a precaution due to the insecurity of the road, which renders it unadvisable for the wayfarer to give any superfluous token of his presence; it is quite as much the result of a powerful, though it may well be most often an unconscious, sympathy with the silence of nature around. Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upward from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins, the Pleiades, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once-worshipped Dog-Star and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze, and looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night-march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak; till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below a false, eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn; then vanishes.

Silent: — not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight; the Wolf's Tail has not yet shot up its first slant harbinger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black, spangled heavens is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech; the very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared forever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us; you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice, what you will; it is none of these; it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black, giant wall. It is not that; it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they, also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white, ghost-like shapes; they are the rapid

slopes of sand-hills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert in the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night.— *Hermann Agha.*

PALMER, Edward Henry, an English explorer and Orientalist; born at Cambridge, August 7, 1840; died near Suez, August 7, 1882. He was graduated from the University of Cambridge in 1867, accompanied the Sinai Survey expedition in 1868–69, and explored the land of Moab and other regions of the East in 1869–70. In 1871 he was appointed Professor of Arabic at Cambridge. He translated Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* into Persian, the Persian *History of Donna Juliana* into French, and various Persian poems into English. Among his prose writings are *The Negeb, or South Country of Scripture, and the Desert of Et-Tih* (1871); *The Desert of the Exodus, Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings,* and *Secret Sects of Syria* (1871); *History of the Jewish Nation* (1875); *The Song of the Reed and Other Poems* (1877); *Poems of Behà ed Din Zoheir of Egypt,* edited (1877). With Walter Besant he wrote a *History of Jerusalem* (1871). He also published

Haroun Alraschid and several grammars and dictionaries of the Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani languages, an edition of the Koran, and a revision of the Persian *New Testament* for the Bible Society. He left Cambridge in 1881, and after writing for the London papers for about a year was sent to Egypt to secure the neutrality of the Sheiks along the Suez Canal. From Jaffa he crossed the desert alone, and having accomplished his mission, he was appointed chief interpreter to the British forces. While on his way to Nakhl to meet an assemblage of Sheiks he was killed by a party of Bedouins.

MOHAMMED AND THE JEWS.

Scarcely had the world settled down into comparative peace after the successive revolutions caused by the inroads of the Goths and Vandals, than another revolution burst forth and spread with lightning-like rapidity over the whole of the eastern world. Mohammed had raised a protest against the prevailing idolatry and corruption of his people, and the cry, "There is no god but God," rung through the valleys of the Hejjaz. Hitherto the Arab tribes had been divided into small communities, distracted by petty jealousies, and wasting their rude strength and warlike energies on border raids and cattle-lifting excursions. The eloquent enthusiast, with his striking doctrine, struck a new chord in their hearts, and a small number rallied round his standard, to fight, not for temporary possession of coveted ground, nor revenge, but for an idea, for a conviction.

Small success begot confidence and increased conviction; and the little band fought more fiercely, more enthusiastically, than before. And then began to dawn upon them a great truth — they were a nation; they began to feel their own gigantic strength, and they recognized the fact that disunion and anarchy had alone prevented that strength from displaying itself before. Mohammed was just such a rallying-point as they needed.

He himself was an Arab of the Arabs, and knew how to make his new doctrine agreeable to them, by clothing it in a purely Arab dress, and by stating it to be a simple reversion to the primary order of things.

His religion he declared to be that of Abraham, the father of the Semitic race, and he accordingly looked for support and credence from that kindred branch of Abraham's stock, the Jews. Of these large numbers had settled in Arabia, and had acquired considerable influence and power. Longing for a restoration of their former glory, it is not strange that the Jews were at first dazzled by Mohammed's proposals; for at the opening of his mission a good understanding existed between the prophet and the Jews, several of their learned men assisting him in the literary part of his undertaking. But both parties were deceived. Mohammed fought, perhaps unconsciously, not for the advancement of the Semitic race, or the faith of Abraham, but for the unity and aggrandizement of the Arabs. With this the Jews could never sympathize; as well might Isaac and Ishmael go hand in hand. Finding that his offers and pretensions were refused, Mohammed turned upon the Jews and persecuted them with great rancor.

The Jewish tribe of Kainoka at Medina were the first summoned to profess the new faith, or submit to death. Though unaccustomed to the use of arms, they made a brave resistance for fifteen days, but were at last beaten, plundered, and driven to seek an asylum in Syria. Other tribes presently shared the same fate, and Judaism ceased to exist in Arabia Proper, although traces of a Jewish origin may still be noted in certain of the Bedawi tribes, particularly in the neighborhood of Kheibar, the last stronghold of which Mohammed dispossessed them.— *History of the Jewish Nation.*

MUSIC AND WINE.

But yestere'en upon mine ear
  There fell a pleasing, gentle strain,
With melody so soft and clear

That straightway sprung the glistening tear,
To tell my rapturous inward pain.

For such a deep, harmonious flood
Came gushing as he swept each string.
It melted all my harsher mood,
Nor could my glance, as rapt I stood,
Fall pitiless on anything.

To make my growing weakness weak,
The Sáki crossed my dazzled sight,
Upon whose bright and glowing cheek,
And perfumed tresses, dark and sleek,
Was blended strangely day with night.

"Fair maid!" I murmured as she passed,
"The goblet which thy bounty fills
Such magic spell hath on me cast,
Methinks my soul is free at last
From human life and human ills."
— *Songs from Hafiz, in The Song of the Reed.*

FALSEHOOD.

Who looks on beauty's treacherous hue,
Allured by winsome smiles,
And deems it true as well as fair,
His simple faith erelong must rue.
But ah! what fowler's net beguiles
A bird when naught but chaff is there?
— *Songs from Hafiz, in The Song of the Reed.*

PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON, an American physician; born at Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1825. His father was Dr. James C. Palmer, fleet-surgeon on board the flag-ship *Hartford* in the battle of Mobile Bay. After graduation from the Uni-

versity of Maryland, he studied medicine. In 1849 he went to California, and was the first city physician in San Francisco. Two years later he went to India, where he was appointed surgeon of the East India Company's ship *Phlegethon*, in the Burmese war (1851–52). His experience in California and India resulted in papers contributed to *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in two books, *The Golden Dagon: or Up and Down the Irrawaddi* (1853), and *The New and the Old: or California and India in Romantic Aspects* (1859). He also wrote *The Queen's Heart*, a successful comedy (1858). In 1863 Dr. Palmer became Confederate war correspondent for the New York *Tribune*. Besides the works already mentioned, he has published several collections of poetry, *The Beauties and the Curiosities of Engraving* (1879); *A Portfolio of Autograph Etchings* (1882), and a novel, *After His Kind* (1886), under the pen-name of "John Coventry." He translated Michelet's works *L'Amour* and *La Femme* into English, accomplishing the translation of the latter in seventy-two hours. Of his poems the best known are *For Charlie's Sake* and *Stonewall Jackson's Way*.

ASIRVADAM THE BRAHMIN.

Simplicity, convenience, decorum, and picturesqueness distinguish the costume of Asirvadam the Brahmin. Three yards of yard-wide fine cotton envelop his loins in such a manner that, while one end hangs in graceful folds in front, the other falls in a fine distraction behind. Over this a robe of muslin, or piña-cloth — the latter in peculiar favor by reason of its superior purity for high-caste wear — covers his neck, breast, and arms, and descends nearly to his ankles. Asirvadam borrowed this garment from the Mussulman; but he fastens it on the

left side, which the follower of the Prophet never does, and surmounts it with an ample and elegant waistband, besides the broad Romanesque mantle that he tosses over his shoulder with such a senatorial air. His turban, also, is an innovation — not proper to the Brahmin — pure and simple, but, like the robe, adopted from the Moorish wardrobe for a more imposing appearance in Sahib society. It is formed of a very narrow strip, fifteen or twenty yards long, of fine stuff, moulded to the orthodox shape and size by wrapping it, while wet, on a wooden block; having been hardened in the sun, it is worn like a hat. As for his feet, Asirvadam, uncompromising in externals, disdains to pollute them with the touch of leather. Shameless fellows, Brahmins, though they be of the sect of Vishnu, go about without a blush in thonged sandals, made of abominable skins; but Asirvadam, strict as a Gooroo, when the eyes of his caste are on him, is immaculate in wooden clogs.

In ornaments, his taste, though somewhat grotesque, is by no means lavish. A sort of stud or button, composed of a solitary ruby, in the upper rim of the cartilage of either ear, a chain of gold, curiously wrought, and intertwined with a string of small pearls, around his neck, a massive bangle of plain gold on his arm, a richly jewelled ring on his thumb, and others, broad and shield-like, on his toes, complete his outfit in these vanities.

As soon as Asirvadam honors us with his morning visit of business or ceremony, a slight yellow line, drawn horizontally between his eyebrows, with a paste compound of ground sandal-wood, denotes that he has purified himself externally and internally by bathing and prayers. To omit this, even by the most unavoidable chance, to appear in public without it, were to incur a grave public scandal; only excepting the season of mourning, when, by an expressive Oriental figure, the absence of the caste mark is accepted for the token of a profound and absorbing sorrow, which takes no thought even for the customary forms of decency. . . . When Asirvadam was but seven years old he was invested with the triple cord by a grotesque, and in most respects absurd, extravagant, and expensive ceremony called the *Upana-*

yana, or Introduction to the Sciences, because none but Brahmins are freely admitted to their mysteries. This triple cord consists of three thick strands of cotton, each composed of several finer threads. These three strands, representing Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, are not twisted together, but hang separately from the left shoulder to the right hip. The preparation of so sacred a badge is intrusted to none but the purest hands, and the process is attained with many imposing ceremonies. Only Brahmins may gather the fresh cotton; only Brahmins may card, spin, and twist it; and its investiture is a matter of so great cost, that the poorer brothers must have recourse to contributions from the pious of their caste to defray the exorbitant charges of priests and masters of ceremonies. It is a noticeable fact in the natural history of the always insolent Asirvadam, that, unlike Shatrya, the warrior, Vaishya, the cultivator, or Shoodra, the laborer, he is not born into the full enjoyment of his honors, but, on the contrary, is scarcely of more consideration than a Pariah, until, by the *Upanayana,* he has been admitted to the birthright. Yet, once decorated with the ennobling badge of his order, our friend became from that moment something superior, something exclusive, something supercilious, arrogant, exacting — Asirvadam, the high Brahmin — a creature of wide strides without awkwardness, towering airs without bombast, Sanscrit quotations without pedantry, florid phraseology without hyperbole, allegorical illustrations and proverbial points without sententiousness, fanciful flights without affectation, and formal strains of compliment without offensive adulation.

Asirvadam has choice of a hundred callings, as various in dignity and profit as they are numerous. Under native rule he makes a good cooly, because the officers of the revenue are forbidden to search a Brahmin's baggage, or anything he carries. He is an expeditious messenger, for no man may stop him; and he can travel cheaply for whom there is free entertainment on every road. In financial straits he may teach dancing to nautch-girls; or he may play the mountebank or the conjurer, and, with a stock of mantras and charms, proceed to the curing of murrain in cattle, pips in chickens, and short-windedness

in old women, at the same time telling fortunes, calculating nativities, finding lost treasures, advising as to journeys and speculations, and crossing out crosses in love for any pretty dear who will cross the poor Brahmin's palm with a rupee. He may engage in commercial pursuits; and, in that case, his bulling and bearing at the opium sales will put Wall Street to the blush. He may turn his attention to the healing art; and allopathically, homœopathically, hydropathically, electropathically, or by any other path run amuck through many heathen hospitals. The field of politics is full of charm for him, the church invites his tastes and talents, and the army tempts him with opportunities for intrigue — but, whether in the shape of Machiavelisms, miracles, or mutinies, he is forever making mischief; whether as messenger, dancing-master, conjurer, fortune-teller, speculator, mountebank, politician, priest, or Sepoy, he is ever the same Asirvadam, the Brahmin,— sleekest of lackeys, most servile of sycophants, expertest of tricksters, smoothest of hypocrites, coolest of liars, most insolent of beggars, most versatile of adventurers, most inventive of charlatans, most restless of schemers, most insidious of Jesuits, most treacherous of confidants, falsest of friends, hardest of masters, most arrogant of patrons, cruelest of tyrants, most patient of haters, most insatiable of avengers, most gluttonous of ravishers, most infernal of devils — pleasantest of fellows.

Superlatively dainty as to his fopperies of orthodoxy, Asirvadam is continually dying of Pariah roses in aromatic pains of caste. If, in his goings and comings, one of the "lilies of Nelufar" should chance to stumble upon a bit of bone or rag, a fragment of a dish, or a leaf from which someone has eaten; should his sacred raiment be polluted by the touch of a dog or a Pariah — he is ready to faint, and only a bath can revive him. He may not touch his sandals with his hand, nor repose in a strange seat, but it is provided with a mat, a carpet, or an antelope's skin, to serve him as a cushion in the houses of his friends. With a kid glove you may put his respectability in peril, and with your patent-leather pumps affright his soul within him.

PALMER, Ray, an American hymnologist; born at Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808; died at Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887. After graduation from Yale in 1830, he taught in New York and in New Haven. He was licensed to preach by the New Haven West Association of Congregational Ministers in 1832, ordained in 1835, and settled in Bath, Me. In 1850 he removed to Albany, N. Y., where he preached for sixteen years. In 1866 he became secretary of the Congregational Union, holding this post until 1878. He contributed to religious periodicals and journals, and published several books, including *Spiritual Improvement, or Aid to Growth in Grace* (1839), republished as *Closet Hours* (1851); *Remember Me* (1855); *Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions* (1860); *Hymns and Sacred Pieces* (1865); *Hymns of My Holy Hours* (1866); *Home, or the Unlost Paradise* (1868); *Earnest Words on True Success in Life* (1873); *Complete Poetical Works* (1876), and *Voices of Hope and Gladness* (1880). Dr. Palmer ranks among the best of American hymn-writers. His first hymn, *My Faith Looks up to Thee,* written in 1831, but not published until later years, has been translated into twenty languages. Among his other hymns are *Fount of Everlasting Love* (1832); *Thou Who Roll'st the Year Around* (1832); *Away from Earth My Spirit Turns* (1833); *Wake Thee, O Zion! Thy Mourning is Ended* (1834); *And Is There, Lord, a Rest?* (1843), and *Lord, Thou on Earth Did'st Love Thine Own* (1864).

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love for Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those that find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus — what it is
None but His loved ones know.

THE CHORUS OF ALL SAINTS.

(*Suggested while hearing Haydn's Imperial Mass.*)

The choral song of a mighty throng
Comes sounding down the ages;
'Tis a pealing anthem borne along,
Like the roar of the sea that rages;
Like the shout of winds when the storm awakes
Or the echoing distant thunder,
Sublime on the listening ear it breaks,
And enchains the soul in wonder.

And in that song as it onward rolls
There are countless voices blended —
Voices of myriads of holy souls
Since Abel from earth ascended;
Of patriarchs old in the world's dim morn,
Of seers from the centuries hoary,
Of angels who chimed when the Lord was born —
"To God in the highest, glory!"

Of the wise that, led by the mystic star,
Found the babe in Bethlehem's manger,
And gifts, from the Orient lands afar,
Bestowed on the new-born stranger;

Of Mary, the Blessed of God Most High;
Of the Marys that watch were keeping
At the cross where He hung for the world to die,
And stood by the sepulchre weeping.

PALMER, WILLIAM PITT, an American poet; born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1805; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 2, 1884. After graduation from Williams, in 1828, he taught in New York City, studied medicine, and became a journalist. He was the author of several poems, including the *Ode to Light; Orpheus in Hades; The Smack in School,* and *Hymn to the Clouds.* These were published with others in 1880, under the title, *Echoes of Half a Century.*

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

'Mid Berkshire hills, not far away,
A district school one winter's day
Was humming with the wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose, sharp and clear, a rousing *smack,*
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thur," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe —
I thaw him kith Thuthanneh Peathe!"

With frown to make a statue thrill,
The magnate beckoned: "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came —
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered: "I'm amazed
That *you*, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude —
Before the whole set school to boot —
What evil genius put thou to't?"
"'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not;
But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —
I thought she kind o'wished me to!"

LINES TO A FRIEND.

(*With some Chinese chrysanthemums.*)

The sunlight falls on hill and dale
With slanter beam and fainter glow,
And wilder on the ruthless gale
The wood-nymphs pour their sylvan woe.

Yet these fair forms of Orient race
Still graced my garden's blighted bowers,
And lent to Autumn's mournful face
The charm of Summer's rosy hours.

When shivering seized the dying year,
They shrunk not from the icy blast;
But stayed, like funeral friends, to cheer
The void from which the loved had passed.

PARDOE, JULIA, an English novelist and historian; born at Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1806; died at London, November 26, 1862. She published a volume of poems at the age of fourteen, and a novel two years later. She wrote voluminously in many departments of literature. In 1859 she received from the Crown a pension of £100. Among her works of travel are *The City of the Sultan* (1836); *The River and the Desert* (1838); *The Beauties of the Bosphorus* (1839); *The City of the Magyar* (1840). Among her novels are *The Mardyns and the Daventrys* (1835); *The Hungarian Castle* (1842); *Confessions of a Pretty Woman* (1846). Among her historical works are *Louis XIV. and the Court of France* (1847); *The Court of Francis I.* (1849); *The Life of Marie de Medici* (1852); *Pilgrimages in Paris* (1858); *Episodes of French History During the Consulate and the Empire* (1859).

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each looked but for the grave,
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore:
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
Amid the billows' roar,
When not a star had shown from far,
By its pale light to save;
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's Star,
With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
Comes streaming o'er the grave.

CHARACTER AND TRAINING OF LOUIS XIV.

From his earliest youth Louis XIV. exhibited great discernment, and gave evidences of that correct judgment which led him in after years to show favor to men who were distinguished for high and noble qualities, but even while he lauded and appreciated the courage or the intellect which must hereafter tend to illustrate his reign, he began, even while yet a boy, to show himself jealous of those social qualifications in which he believed himself capable of excelling, and wherein he was aware that he could not brook any rivalry. Reared in the conviction that he would be the handsomest man of his court, and without dispute the most idolized, he

as a natural consequence, soon learned to distrust and dislike all those who, by their personal beauty, their wit, or their intellect, threatened him with even a far-off competition. Nor was this weakness combated by Anne of Austria, who, far from seeking to teach him contempt for so ignoble a feeling, shared it with him to its fullest extent, and soon looked chillingly upon such of the young nobles about her son as appeared likely to become his rivals.

The greatest misfortune attached to a regency is the effort made by those in authority to prolong to its utmost extent the infancy and helplessness of the royal minor. The least guilty of these exalted guardians content themselves by maintaining their charge in a perfect state of ignorance concerning those duties whose knowledge is imperative to individuals hereafter to be intrusted with the government of a state and the welfare of a people; and in order to carry this point they are not only careful to avoid every opportunity of mooting questions likely to lead to such a knowledge, but also to remove from about the persons of their royal pupils all such companions as are likely to inspire a taste for study and inquiry.

This was precisely the position of Louis XIV. With the exception of his devotional exercises, sufficient military skill to review his troops, and a perfect familiarity with court etiquette, the young monarch, when he took possession of the throne of France, was utterly ignorant, and could not have competed with the most shallow school-boy of his age. This effect the Regent and her Minister had been anxious to accomplish. Louis, as we have elsewhere said, "enacted the king" to perfection; his personal grace entranced the populace; his polished self-possession was the proverb of the court; and his innate pride prevented all assumption of equality on the part of his customary associates; while in every question of state he was a cipher, helpless and dependent upon the intellect and energy of others; and, although possessed of a strong will, which under other circumstances might have enabled him to throw off with a bound the shackles that had been wound about him, so conscious of his own

deficiencies that he could not command sufficient courage to trust in his mental resources, such as they were.—*Louis XIV. and the Court of France.*

PARK, ANDREW, a Scottish poet; born at Renfrew, March 7, 1807; died at Glasgow, December 27, 1863. He was educated in the parish school and at Glasgow University. He first published a sonnet sequence entitled *The Vision of Mankind;* and in 1834 appeared *The Bridegroom and the Bride,* which greatly enhanced his reputation. The graceful and effective poem *Silent Love* was issued in 1843 and was reissued in 1845. It was translated into French by the Chevalier de Chatelain, and was very popular in the United States and Canada. *Veritas,* a poem which appeared in 1849, is autobiographical in character. A collective edition of Park's works, with a quaint preface descriptive of a dream of the Muses, was published in London in 1854.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

How sweet to rove at summer's eve
  By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
  The earth with crimson beam;
When island-clouds that wandered far
  Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some glittering star
  Re-opes its sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home
  That loved the evening ray;

And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
  Now sing their vesper lay;
All hurry to their leafy beds
  Among the rustling trees,
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
  Her splendor o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barks that glide,
  As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
  And charms the gazer's eye,
While spreading trees with plumage gay,
  Smile vernal o'er the scene —
And all is balmy as the May,
  All lovely and serene.

PARK, MUNGO, a British explorer; born near Selkirk, September 20, 1771; died at Boussa, Africa, in 1806. He studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh and made a voyage to Sumatra as assistant surgeon on an East Indiaman. Upon his return he offered his services to the African Association for an exploration of the River Niger, sailing from Portsmouth in May, 1795. After undergoing numerous hardships, he reached, late in July, 1796, the banks of the Quorra or Joliba, one of the main streams which make up the Niger. Here occurred the touching incident of the hospitality extended to him by an African woman. He was obliged to desist from any further advance into a country occupied by hostile Mohammedan tribes. At length he succeeded in making his way to the coast, and reached England in December, 1797. In 1805 he un-

dertook a second journey to the Niger under the auspices of the British Government. The expedition, of which Park was commander, consisted in all of forty-four men, of whom thirty-four were soldiers of the British garrison at Goree. Before reaching the Niger thirty-one of the party had died from the pestilential climate. About the middle of November the remnant of the party, now reduced to six men, again set out. Nothing further was heard of him until 1810, when some particulars of his fate were ascertained. At a narrow pass in the river they were attacked by the natives, and all the party were either shot or were drowned. A monument in honor of Park was erected at Selkirk in 1859.

THE COMPASSIONATE AFRICAN WOMAN.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river [the Joliba], during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Manzongo, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself.

This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day, without victuals, in the shade of a tree. The night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was a great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so

very numerous in the neighborhood that I should be under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her.

Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me that I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said that she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed toward a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress — pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension — called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing upon me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs — one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: —

"The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk — no wife to grind his corn (Chorus). Let us pity the white man — no mother has he to bring him milk — no wife to grind his corn."

Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting

in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat — the only recompense I could make her.— *Park's Travels.*

PARKER, FRANCIS WAYLAND, an American educator; born at Bedford, N. H., October 9, 1837; died at Chicago, Ill., on March 2, 1902. He was educated in the public schools and at the University of Berlin. He taught school until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a private in the fourth regiment of New Hampshire volunteers, but at the close of the war had reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel. When mustered out of service in 1865, he resumed teaching and became supervisor of the Boston public schools, and subsequently superintendent of the Quincy, Mass., public schools. In 1880 he was made principal of the Cook County Normal School at Englewood, Ill. In 1886 Dartmouth conferred upon him the degree of M.A. He is the author of *Talks on Teaching* (1883); *Pictures for Language Lessons* (1886); *How to Study Geography* (1889); *Talks on Pedagogics* (1894); *Theory of Concentration* (1895).

MOTIVE.

There is but one question in this world: How to make man better; and but one answer: Education. Education presents the conditions for man's complete development. To find the highest law of human growth, that law which

determines the highest function of the human being, is the central problem in the *philosophy* of education; to train and develop that function in each and every human being, and, as an essential sequence, to develop each and every power of the mind and soul is the central problem in the *art* of education. Man was made for man, and his one God-like function is to take knowledge from the eternity of truth and put it into the eternity of human life. There is a perfect reconciliation between the application of unlimited altruism and the most complete education of the being who holds and fully applies it: for the knowledge of the needs of man, and the human acts which supply those needs, are in turn the essential means of the all-sided development of each human being. It is self-evident that the knowledge of the needs of man embraces all knowledge, and the application of that knowledge all proper human activities.

The explanation of human life, then, is that *it gives*, and just in proportion to the value of that which it gives *it grows*.

All we have to know are the needs of mankind; all we have to do is to supply those needs.

True education concentrates upon the development of the highest motive.

Upon this basis, the absolute and relative value of any branch of knowledge, the fundamental reasons for its teaching, the proportion of time and effort given to it, must be determined by the influence of such knowledge upon the human being in the outworking of its design into character.

The knowledge of life comprehends all knowledge, and therefore the study of life comprehends all studies. Inorganic or inanimate matter is the material basis of all animated organisms, and the purpose of the study of all the sciences that pertain to inorganic matter is to gain a knowledge of the preparation for life, its substantial basis, and the explanation of the laws and conditions of life. From the lowest germ of the plant up to the highest development of human consciousness, life is in itself a unit of evolution.— *How to Study Geography.*

PARKER, Sir Horatio Gilbert, a Canadian journalist and novelist; born at Camden, Ontario, November 23, 1862. He was educated at Trinity College, Toronto. He held for some time a position as professor in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, Canada. He took a course in theology, was ordained a deacon in the Church of England, and became a lecturer in English literature in Trinity College. In 1886 he went to Australia for his health, withdrew from connection with the ministry, and became one of the editors of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. Mr. Parker produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, in April, 1888, an adaptation of Goethe's *Faust*. This was followed by *The Vendetta,* which was also successful. In 1900, Mr. Parker, having taken up his residence in England, was elected to Parliament for Gravesend. He was knighted in 1902.

His novels include: *Pierre and His People* (1892); *Mrs. Falchion* (1893); *The Trespasser* (1894); *Translation of a Savage* (1894); *The Trail of the Sword* (1895); *When Valmond Came to Pontiac* (1895); *An Adventurer of the North* (1896); *The Seats of the Mighty* (1896); *The Stolen Bonds* (1897); *The Pomp of the Lavilettes* (1897); *The Battle of the Strong* (1898); *The Lane That Has No Turning* (1900); *The Right of Way* (1901); *Donovan Pasha* (1902); *Old Quebec* (1903); and *The Ladder of Swords* (1905).

One of Mr. Parker's strongest claims for a permanent place in literature will probably be based on his power to create character. Pierre, Gaston Belward, Mrs. Falchion, Andree, Brillon, the Chief Factor —

these are characters of clear and biting distinctness. After reading of their doings you have a strong individual remembrance of the men and women themselves, not a mere recollection of the story in which they figured. Yet the story is always there, too, full of interest and movement, a thing to keep you up into the small hours of the night. It is a rare and telling combination of powers, this — the power to portray striking figures to the life, added to the power of recounting any incident with a thrilling vividness.

THE STORY OF THE LIME-BURNER.

For a man in whose life there had been tragedy he was cheerful. He had a habit of humming vague notes in the silence of conversation, as if to put you at your ease. His body and face were lean and arid, his eyes oblique and small, his hair straight and dry and straw-colored; and it flew out, crackling with electricity, to meet his cap as he put it on. He lived alone in a little hut near his lime-kiln by the river, with no near neighbors, and few companions save his four dogs, and these he fed sometimes at the expense of his own stomach. He had just enough crude poetry in his nature to enjoy his surroundings. For he was well placed. Behind the lime-kiln rose knoll on knoll, and beyond these the verdant hills, all converging to Dalgrothe mountain. In front of it was the river with its banks dropping forty feet, and below the rapids, always troubled and sportive. On the farther side of the river lay peaceful areas of meadow and corn land, and low-roofed, hovering farmhouses, with one larger than the rest, having a windmill and a flagstaff. This building was almost large enough for a manor, and indeed it was said that it had been built for one just before the conquest in 1759, but the war had destroyed the ambitious owner, and it had become a farmhouse. Garrote always knew the time of the day by the way the light fell on the windmill. He had owned this farm once, he and his brother Fabian, and he had loved it as he loved Fabian,

and he loved it now as he loved Fabian's memory. And in spite of all, they were cheerful memories, both of brother and house.

At twenty-three they were orphans, with two hundred acres of land, some cash, horses, and cattle, plenty of credit in the parish, or in the county, for that matter. Both were of hearty dispositions, but Fabian had a taste for liquor, and Henri for pretty faces and shapely ankles. Yet no one thought the worse of them for that, especially at first. An old servant kept house for them and cared for them in her honest way, both physically and morally. She lectured them when at first there was little to lecture about. It is no wonder that, when there came a vast deal to reprove, good Agatha desisted altogether, overwhelmed by the weight of it.

Henri got a shock the day before their father died, when he saw Fabian lift the brandy used to mix with the milk of the dying man, and pouring out the third of a tumbler, drink it off, smacking his lips, as he did so, as though it were a cordial. That gave him a cue to his future and to Fabian's. After their father died Fabian gave way to the vice. He drank in the taverns, he was at once the despair and the joy of the parish; for wild as he was, he had a gay temper, a humorous mind, a strong arm, and was the universal lover. The *curé,* who did not, of course, know one-fourth of his wildness, had a warm spot for him in his heart. But there was a vicious streak in him somewhere, and it came out one day in a perilous fashion.

There was in the hotel of the Louis Quinze an English servant from the west, called Nell Barraway. She had been in a hotel in Montreal, and it was there Fabian had seen her as she waited on table. She was a splendid-looking creature, all life and energy, tall, fair-haired, and with a charm above her kind. She was also an excellent servant, could do as much as any two women in any house, and was capable of more airy *diablerie* than any ten in Pontiac. When Fabian had said to her in Montreal that he would come, he told her where he lived. She came to see him instead, for she wrote to the landlord of the Louis Quinze, inclosed five testimonials, and was imme-

diately engaged. She came, and Fabian was stunned when he entered the Louis Quinze and saw her waiting on table, alert, busy, good to see. She nodded at him with a quick smile as he stood bewildered just inside the door, then said in English, for he understood it fairly: "This way, monsieur."

As he sat down he said in English also, with a laugh and with snapping eyes: "Good Lord! what brings you here, Ladybird?"

As she pushed a chair under him she almost hissed through his hair, "You!" and then was gone away to fetch *pot au feu* for six hungry men.

The Louis Quinze did more business now in three months than it had done before in six. But it became known among a few in Pontiac that Nell was notorious. How it had crept up from Montreal no one knew, and when it did come her name was very intimately associated with Fabian's. No one could say that she was not the most perfect of servants, and also no one could say that her life in Pontiac had not been exemplary. Yet wise people had made up their minds that she was determined to marry Fabian, and the wisest declared that she would in spite of everything — religion (she was a Protestant), character, race. She was clever,— as the young *seigneur* found, as the little *avocat* was forced to admit, as the *curé* allowed with a sigh — and she had no airs of badness at all and very little of usual coquetry. Fabian was enamored, and it was clear that he intended to bring the woman to the manor, one way or another.

Henri admitted the fascination of the woman, felt it, despaired, went to Montreal, got proof of the career, came back, and made his final and only effort to turn his brother from the girl.

He had waited an hour outside the hotel, and when Fabian got in, he drove on without a word. After a while, Fabian, who was in high spirits, said:

"Open your mouth, Henri. Come along, sleepy-head."

Straightway he began to sing a rollicking song, and Henri joined in with him, heartily, for the spirit of Fabian's humor was contagious:

"There was a little man,
The foolish Guilleri,
Carabi.
He went unto the chase,
Of partridges the chase,
Carabi.
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
You're going to break your neck,
My lovely Guilleri."

He was about to begin another verse, when Henri stopped him, saying:

"You're going to break *your* neck, Fabian."

"What's up, Henri?" was the reply.

"You're drinking hard, and you don't keep good company."

Fabian laughed. "Can't get the company I want, must have what I can get, Henri, my dear."

"Don't drink." Henri laid his free hand on Fabian's knee.

"Must. Born in me. Loved it like cream from the rock-a-bye."

Henri sighed. "That's the drink, Fabian," he said patiently.

"Give up the company."

"You'd give up the company?"

"Blessed if I wouldn't. You're the best company in the world."

"Give me your hand."

They shook hands. Fabian drew out a flask, and began to uncork it.

"I'll be better company for you than that girl, Fabian."

"Girl? What the devil do you mean?"

"She, Nell Barraway, was the company I meant, Fabe."

"Nell Barraway — you meant her? Bosh! I'm going to marry her, Henri."

"You must not, Fabe," said Henri, eagerly clutching Fabian's sleeve.

"I must, and there's an end of it. She's the hand-

somest, cleverest girl I ever saw; she's splendid. Never lonely a minute with her."

"Beauty and cleverness ain't everything, Fabe."

"Isn't it though? Isn't it? You just try it."

"They ain't, without goodness." Henri's voice weakened.

"That's rot. Of course it is, Henri, my dear. If you love a woman, if she gets hold of you, gets into your blood, loves you, so that the touch of her fingers sets your pulses flying, you don't care a d—— whether she is good or not."

"You mean whether she was good or not?"

"No, I don't. I mean is good or not. For, if she loves you, she'll travel straight for your sake. Pshaw! You don't know anything about it."

"I know all about it."

"Know all about it! You're in love — you?"

"Yes."

Fabian sat open-mouthed for a minute. "Go-dam!" he said. It was his one English oath.

"Is she good company?" he asked after a minute.

"She's the same as you keep — the very same."

"You mean Nell — Nell?" asked Fabian, in a dry, choking voice.

"Yes, Nell. From the first time I saw her. But I'd cut my hand off first. I'd think of you; of our people that have been here for two hundred years; of the rooms in the old house where mother used to be. Look here, Fabe, you said you'd give up her company for mine. Do it!"

"I didn't know you meant her, Henri. Holy Heaven, and you've got her in your blood, too!"

"Yes, but I'd never marry her. Fabe, at Montreal I found out all about her. She was as bad ——"

"That's nothing to me, Henri," said Fabian, "but something else is. Here you are now. I'll stick to my bargain." His face showed pale in the moonlight. "If you'll drink with me, do as I do, go where I go, play the devil when I play it, and never squeal, never hang back, I'll give her up. But I've got to have you — got to have you all the time, everywhere, hunting, drinking, or letting

alone. You'll see me out, for you're stronger, had less of it. I'm for the little low bye-yearly. Stop the horses!"

Henri stopped them, and they got out. They were just opposite the lime-kiln, and they had to go a few hundred yards before they came to the bridge to cross the river to their home. The light of the fire shone in their faces as Fabian handed the flask to Henri, and said: "Let's drink to it, Henri. You half of that, and me half." He was deadly pale.

Henri drank to the finger-mark set, and then Fabian lifted the flask to his lips.

"Good-by, Nell," he said. "Here's to the good times we've had!" He emptied the flask, and threw it over the bank into the burning lime, and the old lime-burner, being half asleep, did not see or hear.

The next day they went on a long hunting expedition, and the next month Nell Barraway left for Montreal, pale and hollow-eyed.

Henri kept to his compact, drink for drink, sport for sport. One year the crops were sold before they were reaped, horse and cattle went little by little, then came mortgage, and still Henri never wavered, never weakened, in spite of the *curé* and all others. The brothers were always together, and never, from first to last, did Henri lose his temper, or openly lament that ruin was coming surely on them. What money Fabian wanted he got. The *curé's* admonitions availed nothing, for Fabian would go his gait. The end came on the very spot where the compact had been made, for, passing the lime-kiln one dark night, as he and Henri rode home together, his horse shied, the bank of the river gave way, and with a startled "Henri!" Fabian and his horse were gone into the river below.

Next month the farm and all were sold, Henri succeeded the old lime-burner at his post, drank no more ever, and lived his life in sight of the old home.—(Copyright 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bacheller.)

THE BRIDGE OF THE HUNDRED SPANS

It was the days when the cattle come
Back from their winter wand'rings home;
When the sun with a million levers lifts
Abodes of snow from the rocky rifts;
When the line-man's eyes like the lynx's, scans
The lofty bridge of the Hundred Spans.

Round a curve, down a sharp incline,
If the red-eyed lantern made no sign,
Swept the train, and upon the bridge
That binds a canyon from ridge to ridge.
"Watch now, mind you; neglect will stay
An unwashed crime till your dying day:
Watch, then, mind you," Van Horne had said,
"Mountain, bridge, and the long snow-shed,
Your altar, the Bridge of the Hundred Spans,
And you, priests, acolytes, sacristans."

Never a watchman like old Carew;
Knew his duty and did it, too;
"Right as rain," said the engineers,
"With the old man working his eyes and ears."

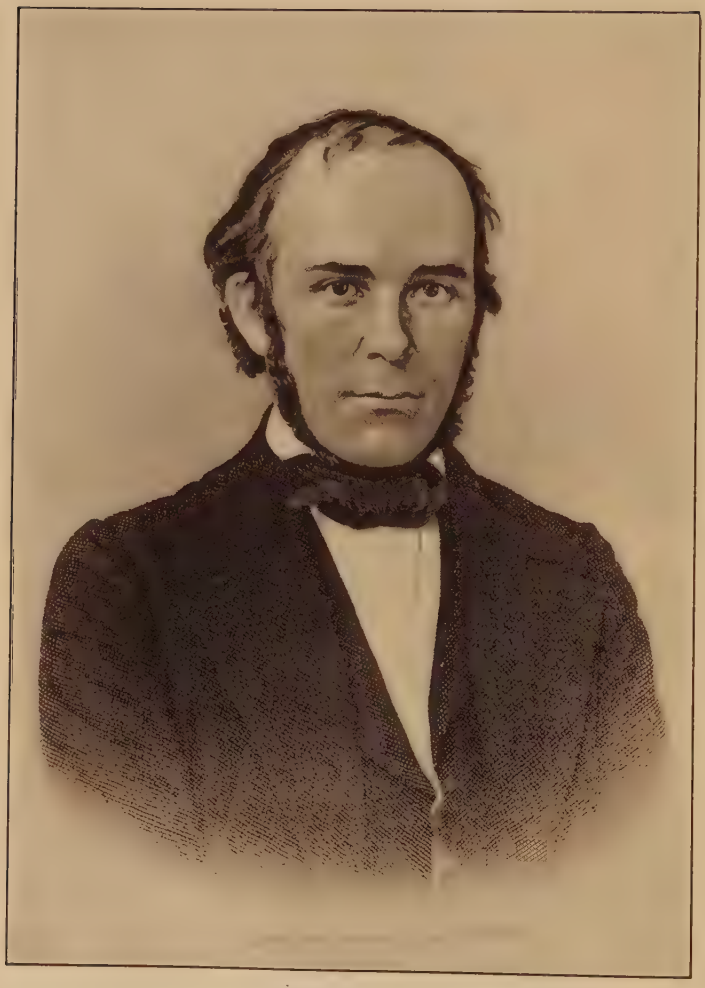
"Safe with Carew on the mountain wall"
Was how they put it, in Montreal.
Right and safe was it East and West
Till a demon rose on the mountain crest,
And drove at its shoulders angry spears,
That it rose from its sleep of a thousand years,
That its heaving breast broke free the cords
Of imprisoned snow as with flaming swords;
And like a star from its frozen height,
An avalanche leaped one spring-tide night;
Leaped with a power not God's or man's,
To smite the Bridge of the Hundred Spans.

It smote two scores of the spans; it slew
With its icy squadrons old Carew.

Asleep he lay in his snow-bound grave,
While the train drew on that he could not save.
It would drop doom-deep through the trap of death
From the light above, to the dark beneath.

One more hap in a hapless world,
One more wreck where the tide is swirled,
One more heap in a waste of sand,
One more clasp of a palsied hand;
The ceaseless falling, the countless groan,
The waft of a leaf and the fall of a stone;
Ever and ever the useless prayer,
Beating the walls of a mute despair.
Doom, all doom, nay then — *not* all doom!
Rises a hope from the fast closed tomb:
Write not "Lost," with its grinding bans,
On life, or the Bridge of the Hundred Spans

See! on the canyon's western ridge,
There stands a girl! She beholds the bridge
Smitten and broken; she sees the need
For a warning swift and a daring deed.
See then the act of a simple girl,
Learn from it, thinker, and priest, and churl.
See her, the lantern between her teeth,
Crossing the quivering trap of death!
Hand over hand on a swaying rail,
Sharp in her ears and her heart the wail
Of a hundred lives; and she has no fear,
Save that her prayer be not granted her.
Cold is the snow on the rail, and chill
The wind that comes from the frozen hill.
Her hair blows free and her eyes are full
Of the look that makes heaven merciful —
Merciful, God! Quick, shut your eyes,
Lest you wish to see how a brave girl dies!
Dies! — Not yet: for her firm hands clasped
The solid bridge, as the breach out-gasped,
And the rail that held her downward swept
Where old Carew in his snow-grave slept.



THEODORE PARKER.

Now up and over the steep incline,
She speeds with the red light for a sign;
She hears the cry of the coming train —
It trembles like lance-heads through her brain;
And round the curve, with a foot as fleet
As a sinner's that flees from the Judgment seat,
She flies; and the signal swings, and then
She knows no more; but the engine-men
Lifted her, bore her, where women brought
The flush to her cheeks, and with kisses caught
The warm breath back to her pallid lips,
The life from lives that were near eclipse;
Blessed her, and praised her, and begged her name,
That all of their kindred should know her fame;
Should do her honor and hold her dear
As a saint in a chapel's atmosphere;
Should tell how a girl from a cattle ranch
That night defeated an avalanche.

PARKER, THEODORE, an American clergyman; born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. In 1830 he entered Harvard College, but studied at home, only being present at the college for examinations. In 1831 he opened a private school at Watertown, Mass. In 1834 he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. He had already mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, and Spanish; he now added Arabic, Syriac, Danish, and Swedish to the list. In 1837 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, Mass. But the views which he had formed in regard to the inspiration of the Bible and some other subjects were not in accord with those held by the denomination, and led

to a sharp controversy, which in 1845 resulted in the formation of a new religious society at Boston that took the name of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. He was one of the foremost anti-slavery men of New England, and was a popular lecturer.

Mr. Parker published several translations from the German, the most important of which is that, with additions, of De Wette's *Introduction to the Old Testament* (1843). He contributed to *The Dial* and other magazines; and from 1847 to 1850 was editor of *The Massachusetts Quarterly*. A collected edition of his *Works,* edited by Frances Power Cobbe, in twelve volumes, was put forth at London in 1865; and another, in ten volumes, edited by H. B. Fuller, in 1870. The volume *Historic Americans,* first published in 1870, was first delivered as a series of popular lectures. His *Life and Correspondence,* edited by John Weiss, was published in 1864, and his *Life,* by O. B. Frothingham, in 1874.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WASHINGTON.

In his person Washington was six feet high and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large; his chest broad and full; his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but grey at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating; the nose large and massy; the mouth wide and firm; the chin square and heavy; the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous; he required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States; but, like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk.

He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and

listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body; and while all was calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons he was fond of jokes, and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He had a hearty love of farming and of private life.

He was one of the most industrious of men. Not an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style; and after the Revolution, carefuly corrected the letters he had written in the French War, more than thirty years before. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came.

Washington was no democrat. Like the Federal party he belonged to, he had little confidence in the people. He thought more of the Judicial and Executive departments than of the Legislative body. He loved a strong central power, not local self-government. In his administration as President he attempted to unite the two parties — the Federal party, with its tendency to monarchy, and perhaps desire for it, and the Democratic party, which thought the Government was already too strong. There was a quarrel between Hamilton and Jefferson, who unavoidably hated each other. The Democrats would not serve in Washington's Cabinet. The violent, arbitrary, and invasive will of Hamilton acquired an undue influence over the mind of Washington, who was beginning at the age of sixty-four to feel the effects of age; and he inclined more to severe laws and consolidated power; while, on the other part, the nation became more and more democratic. Washington went on his own way, and yet filled the Cabinet with men less tolerant of Republicanism than himself.

Of all the great men whom Virginia has produced, Washington was least like the State that bore him. He is not Southern, in many particulars. In character he is as much a New Englander as either Adams. Yet,

wonderful to tell, he never understood New England. The slave-holder, bred in Virginia, could not comprehend a state of society where the captain or the colonel came from the same class as the common soldier, and that off duty they should be equals. He thought common soldiers should only be provided with food and clothes, and have no pay; their families should not be provided for by the State. He wanted the officers to be "gentlemen," and, as much as possible, separated from the soldier. He never understood New England, never loved it, and never did it full justice.

It has been said that Washington was not a great soldier. But certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials; out-generalled all that Britain could send against him; and in the midst of poverty and distress organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, and victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright"— which Franklin says is "hard."

Some men command the world, or hold its admiration, by their Ideas or by their Intellect. Washington had neither original ideas nor a deeply cultured mind. He commands us by his Integrity, by his Justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would have made him a King. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn and tobacco at Mount Vernon. The grandest act of his public life was to give up his power; the most magnanimous act of his private life was to liberate his slaves.

Washington was the first man of his type; when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence. Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness as Washington, or given us so high a type of manly virtue. He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot;

nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble.

God be thanked for such a man. Shall we make an idol of him, and worship it with huzzas on the Fourth of July, and with stupid rhetoric on other days? Shall we build him a great monument, founding it upon a slave-pen? His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as "The Father of his Country." The people are his memorial.— *Historic Americans.*

IMMORTALITY.

Immortality is a fact of man's nature; so it is a part of the universe, just as the sun is a fact in the heavens and a part of the universe. Both are writings from God's hand; each therefore a revelation from Him, and of Him, only not miraculous, but natural, regular, normal. Yet each is just as much a revelation from Him as if the great Soul of all had spoken in English speech to one of us and said, "There is a sun there in the heavens and thou shalt live forever." Yes, the fact is more certain than such speech would make it, for this fact speaks always — a perpetual revelation, and no words can make it more certain. As a man attains consciousness of himself, he attains consciousness of his immortality. At first he asks proof no more of his eternal existence than of his present life; instinctively he believes both. Nay, he does not separate the two; this life is one link in that golden and electric chain of immortality; the next life another and more bright, but in the same chain. Immortality is what philosophers call an ontological fact; it belongs essentially to the being of man. To my mind this is the great proof of immortality: The fact that it is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it; written just as much as form is written on the circle, and extension on matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of time and space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What is thus

in man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification is to represent Him not as the father of all, but as only a deceiver. I feel the longing after immortality, a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my being; I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of immortality; that I am not to die; no, never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father and the Father of the nations. Can the Almighty deceive His children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my immortality. I ask no argument from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst cerement and shroud, and, rising forth from their honored tombs, stood here before me, the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live, I could only say, "I knew all this before, why waste your heavenly speech?" I have now indubitable certainty of eternal life. Death, removing me to the next state, can give me infallible certainty.—*From a Sermon on Immortal Life.*

PARKHURST, Charles Henry, an American clergyman and social reformer; born at Framingham, Mass., April 17, 1842. He studied theology at Halle and Leipsic, and in 1847 was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Lenox, Mass. In 1880 he was called to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York. He succeeded Dr. Crosby as President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Crime; and became an

active agent in the exposure of political corruption and the reformation of the city government. His published works, besides many magazine articles, include *Forms of the Latin Verb, Illustrated by Sanskrit* (1870); *The Blind Man's Creed, and Other Sermons* (1883); *The Pattern on the Mount, and Other Sermons* (1885); *Three Gates on a Side* (1891); *The Swiss Guide* (1894); *Our Fight with Tammany* (1895); *The Sunny Side of Christianity* (1897); *Talks to Young Men* (1898), and *Guarding the Cross With Krupp Guns* (1900). *Our Fight with Tammany* (1895) is an intensely interesting account of his struggle for reform. It was mainly through his efforts that the political organization of Tammany Hall was defeated in New York in 1895. His well-grounded charges of official corruption and public immorality in New York City were a surprise and cause for indignation to many citizens, who expressed their approval of Dr. Parkhurst's work in the election of the reform candidate for Mayor at the succeeding election.

STRUGGLING FOR RIGHT AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

We are not thinking just now so much of the world at large as we are of the particular part of the world that it is our painful privilege to live in. We are not saying that the times are any worse than they have been; but the evil that is in them is giving most uncommonly distinct tokens of its presence and vitality, and it is making a good many earnest people serious. They are asking, What is to be done? What is there that I can do? In its municipal life our city is thoroughly rotten. Here is an immense city reaching out arms of evangelization to every quarter of the globe; and yet every step that we take looking to the moral betterment of the city has to be taken directly in the

teeth of the damnable pack of administrative blood-hounds that are fattening themselves on the ethical flesh and blood of our citizenship.

We have a right to demand that the Mayor and those associated with him in administering the affairs of this municipality should not put obstructions in the path of our ameliorating endeavors; and they do. There is not a form under which the devil disguises himself that so perplexes us in our efforts, or so bewilders us in the devising of schemes, as the poluted harpies that, under the pretence of governing this city, are feeding day and night on its quivering vitals. They are a lying, perjured, rum-soaked and libidinous lot. . . .

Gambling-houses flourish on all these streets almost as thick as roses in Sharon. They are open to the initiated at any hour of day or night. They are eating into the character of some of what we are accustomed to think of as our best and most promising young men. They are a sly and constant menace to all that is choicest and most vigorous in a moral way in the generation that is now moving on to the field of action. If we try to close up a gambling-house, we, in the guilelessness of our innocent imaginations, might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes cognizance of such matters would find no service so congenial as that of combining with well-intentioned citizens in turning up the light on these nefarious dens and giving to the public certified lists of the names of their frequenters. But if you convict a man for keeping a gambling hell in this town you have got to do it in spite of the authorities and not by the aid of the authorities.

. . . . . .

The great fact remains untouched and uninvalidated, that every effort that is made to improve character in this city, every effort to make men respectable, honest, temperate, and sexually clean is a direct blow between the eyes of the Mayor and his whole gang of lecherous subordinates in this sense, that while we fight iniquity they shield and patronize it; while we try to convert criminals they manufacture them; and they have a hun-

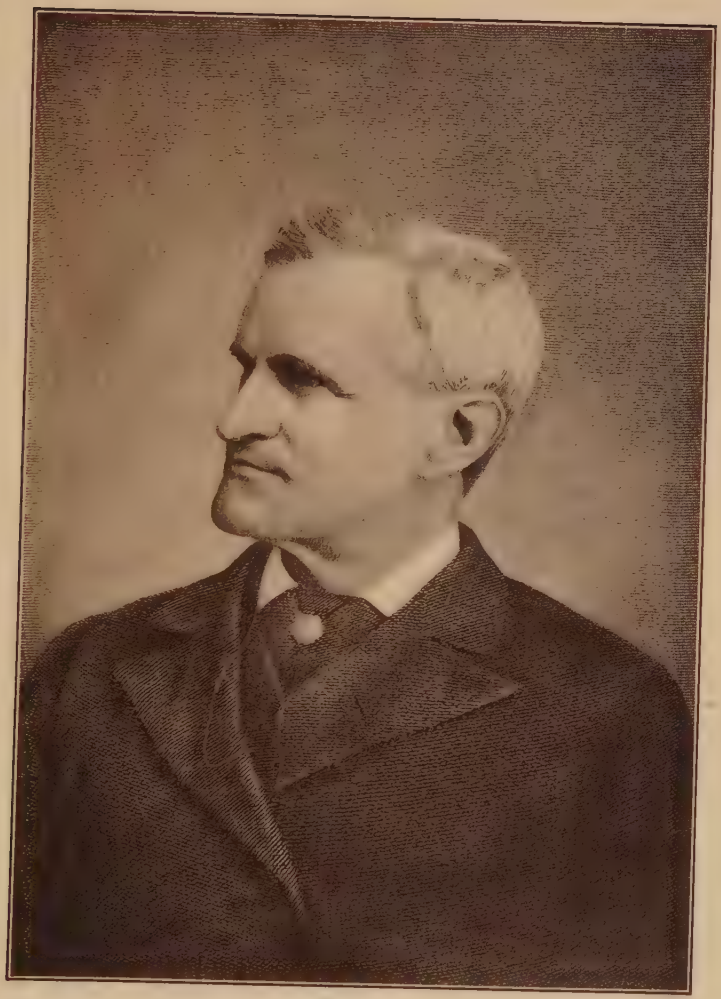
dred dollars invested in manufacturing machinery to our one invested in converting machinery. And there is no scheme in this direction too colossal for their ambition to plan and push. At this very time, in reliance upon the energies of evil that predominates the city, there is being urged at Albany the passage of a bill that will have for its effect to leave the number of liquor licenses unrestricted, to forbid all attempts to obtain proof of illicit sales, to legalize the sale of liquor after one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and indeed to keep open bar 160 out of 168 hours of every week. Sin never gets tired; never is low-spirited; has the courage of its convictions; never fritters away its power and its genius pettifogging over side-issues. What voluminous lessons the saints might learn from the sinners!

. . . . . .

Say all you please about the might of the Holy Ghost, every step in the history of ameliorated civilization has cost just so much personal push. You and I have something to do about it. If we have a brain, or a heart, or a purse, and sit still and let things take their course, making no sign, uttering no protest, flinging ourselves into no endeavor, the times will eventually sit in judgment upon us and they will damn us. Christianity is here for an object. The salt is here for a purpose. If your Christianity is not vigorous enough to help save this country and this city, it is not vigorous enough to do anything toward saving you. Reality is not worn out. The truth is not knock-kneed. The incisive edge of bare-bladed righteousness will still cut. Only it has got to be righteousness that is not afraid to stand up, move into the midst of iniquity and shake itself. The humanly incarnated principles of this Gospel were able in three centuries to change the moral complexion of the whole Roman Empire; and there is nothing the matter with Christianity here except that the incarnations of it are lazy and cowardly, and think more of their personal comfort than they do of municipal decency, and more of their dollars than they do of a city that is governed

by men who are not tricky and beastly. . . .— *From a sermon delivered in New York, February 14, 1892.*

PARKMAN, Francis, an American historian; born at Boston, Mass., September 16, 1823; died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., November 8, 1893. He was graduated from Harvard in 1844; studied law for about two years, then traveled for a year in Europe. Early in 1844, and again in 1846, he set out to explore the Rocky Mountain region. During the last expedition he lived for several months among the Dakota Indians and other tribes still more remote, suffering hardships and privations, which permanently impaired his health, and before long resulted in partial blindness. He gave an account of his explorations in the *Knickerbocker Magazine.* These papers were subsequently published in a volume entitled *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849). Notwithstanding his enfeebled health and impaired vision he resolved to devote himself to historical labors involving laborious research, the subject chosen being the doings of the Rise and Fall of the French Dominion in North America, with special reference to the efforts of the early Catholic missionaries. The volumes are in a series of monographs, and they were produced without special reference to the chronological order of events. At various times (in 1858, 1868, 1872, 1880, and 1884) he went to France in order to examine the French archives bearing upon his historical labors. The volumes of the "New France" series appeared in the following order: *The Con-*



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

spiracy of Pontiac (1851); *Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865); *Jesuits in North America* (1867); *Discovery of the Great West* (1869); *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874); *Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV.* (1877); *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), and *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892).

LOUIS XV. AND POMPADOUR.

The manifold ills of France were summed up in King Louis XV. He did not want understanding, still less the graces of person. In his youth the people called him "The Well-beloved," but by the middle of the century they so detested him that he dared not pass through Paris lest the mob should execrate him. He had not the vigor of a true tyrant; but his langour, his hatred of all effort, his profound selfishness, his listless disregard of public duty, and his effeminate libertinism, mixed with superstitious devotion, made him no less a national curse. Louis XIII. was equally unfit to govern, but he gave the reins to the Great Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XV. abandoned them to a frivolous mistress, contented that she should rule on condition of amusing him. It was a hard task; yet Madame de Pompadour accomplished it by methods infamous to him and to her. She gained and long kept the power that she coveted; filled the Bastile with her enemies; made and unmade ministers; appointed and removed generals. Great questions of policy were at the mercy of her caprices. Through her frivolous vanity, her personal likes and dislikes, all the great departments of government changed from hand to hand incessantly; and this at a time of crisis, when the kingdom needed the steadiest and surest guidance. The King stinted her in nothing. First and last, she cost him thirty millions of francs — answering now to more than as many million dollars.— *Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.

The four northern colonies were known collectively as New England; Massachusetts may serve as a type of all. It was a mosaic of little village republics, firmly cemented together, and formed into a single body politic through representatives sent to the 'General Court" at Boston. Its government, originally theocratic, now tended toward democracy, ballasted as yet by strong traditions of respect for established worth and ability, as well as by the influence of certain families prominent in affairs for generations. Yet there were no distinct class-lines, and popular power, like popular education, was widely diffused.

Practically Massachusetts was almost independent of the mother-country. Its people were purely English, of good yeoman stock, with an abundant leaven drawn from the best of the Puritan gentry; but their original character had been somewhat modified by changed conditions of life. A harsh and exacting creed, with its stiff formalism, and its prohibition of wholesome recreation; excess in the pursuit of gain — the only resource left to energies robbed of their natural play: the struggle for existence on a hard and barren soil; and the isolation of a narrow village life — joined to produce in the meaner sorts qualities which were unpleasant, and sometimes repulsive.

Puritanism was not an unmixed blessing. Its view of human nature was dark, and its attitude was one of repression. It strove to crush out not only what is evil, but much that is innocent and salutary. Human nature so treated will take its revenge, and for every vice that it loses find another instead. Nevertheless, while New England Puritanism bore its peculiar crop of faults, it also produced many sound and good fruits. An uncommon vigor, joined to the hardy virtues of a masculine race, marked the New England type. The sinews, it is true, were hardened at the expense of blood and flesh — and this literally as well as figuratively; but the staple of character was a sturdy conscientiousness,

RUINS OF JAMESTOWN, VA.
Settled by the English in 1607.

an understanding courage, patriotism, public sagacity and a strong good sense.

The New England colonies abounded in high examples of public and private virtue, though not always under prepossessing forms. There were few New Englanders, however personally modest, who could divest themselves of the notion that they belonged to a people in an especial manner the object of divine approval; and thus self-righteousness — along with certain other traits — failed to commend the Puritan colonies to the favor of their fellows. Then, as now, New England was best known to her neighbors by her worst side.— *Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE COLONY OF VIRGINIA.

The great colony of Virginia stood in strong contrast to New England. In both the population was English; but the one was Puritan, with "Roundhead" traditions; and the other, so far as concerned its governing class, was Anglican, with "Cavalier" traditions. In the one, every man, woman, and child could read and write. In the other, Sir William Berkeley once thanked God that there were no free schools, and no prospect of any for a century. The hope had found fruition. The lower classes of Virginia were as untaught as the warmest friend of popular ignorance could wish. New England had a native literature more than respectable under the circumstances, while Virginia had none; numerous industries, while Virginia was all agriculture, with a single crop. New England had a homogeneous society and a democratic spirit, while her rival was an aristocracy.

Virginian society was distinctly stratified. On the lowest level were the negro slaves, nearly as numerous as all the rest together. Next, the indentured servants and the "poor whites," of low origin; good-humored, but boisterous, and sometimes vicious. Next, the small and despised class of tradesmen and mechanics. Next, the farmers and lesser planters, who were mainly of good English stock, who merged insensibly into the ruling class of the great land-owners.

It was these last who represented the colony and made the laws. They may be described as the English country squires transported to a warm climate, and turned slave-master. They sustained their position by entails, and constantly undermined it by the reckless profusion which ruined them at last. Many of them were well-born, with immense pride of descent, increased by the habit of domination. Indolent and energetic by turns; rich in natural gifts, and often poor in book-learning; high-spirited, generous to a fault; keeping open house in their capacious mansions, among vast tobacco-fields and toiling negroes; and living in a rude pomp where the fashions of St. James were somewhat oddly grafted on the roughness of the plantation.

What they wanted in schooling was supplied by an education which books alone would have been impotent to give — the education which came with the possession and exercise of political power; and the sense of a position to maintain, joined to a bold spirit of independence and a patriotic attachment to the "Old Dominion." They were few in number; they raced, gambled, drank, and swore; they did everything that in Puritan eyes was most reprehensible, and in the day of need they gave to the United States a body of statesmen and orators which had no equal on the continent.— *Montcalm and Wolfe.*

THE COLONY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania differed widely from both New England and Virginia. She was a conglomerate of creeds and races, English, Irish, Germans, Dutch, and Swedes; Quakers, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Romanists, Moravians, and a variety of nondescript sects. The Quakers prevailed in the eastern districts: quiet, industrious, virtuous, and serenely obstinate. The Germans were strongest toward the centre of the colony, and were chiefly peasants; successful farmers, but dull, ignorant, and superstitious. Toward the west were the Irish, of whom some were Celts, always quarrelling with their German neighbors, who detested them; but the greater part were Protestants

of Scotch descent, from Ulster; a vigorous border population.

Virginia and New England had a strong, distinctive character; Pennsylvania, with her heterogeneous population, had none but that which she owed to the sober, neutral tints of Quaker existence. A more thriving colony there was not on the continent. Life, if monotonous, was smooth and contented; trade and the arts grew. Philadelphia, next to Boston, was the largest town in British America and intellectual centre of the middle and southern colonies. Unfortunately for her credit in the approaching French and English war, the Quaker influence made Pennsylvania non-combatant. Politically, too, she was an anomaly; for though utterly unfeudal in disposition and character, she was under feudal superiors in the persons of the representatives of William Penn, the original grantee.— *Montcalm and Wolfe.*

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW FRANCE.

New France was all head. Under king, noble, and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories and hordes of savage retainers.

Along the borders of the sea an adverse power was strengthening and widening, with slow but steadfast growth, full of blood and muscle — a body without a head. Each had its strength, each its weakness, each its own modes of vigorous life; but the one was fruitful, the other barren; the one instinct with hope, the other darkening with shadows of despair.

By name, local position, and character, one of these communities of freemen stands forth as the most conspicuous representative of this antagonism — Liberty and Absolutism, New England and New France.— *Pioneers of France in the New World.*

PARNELL, THOMAS, a British poet; born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1679; died at Chester, England, in July, 1717. He was educated at the College of Dublin, took orders, and was made Archdeacon of Clogher in 1705; but the greater part of his mature life was passed in England, where he became intimate with Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope, whom he assisted in the translation of the *Iliad*. A selection from his *Poems*, edited by Pope, appeared in 1722. His best pieces are two odes, *A Night-piece on Death*, *The Hymn to Contentment*, and *The Hermit*, which has been pronounced to form "the apex and *chef d'œuvre* of Augustan poetry in England." This, however, is fulsome praise, for *The Hermit* is not original, but an English adaptation of the Roman tale *Gesta Romanorum* tricked up with reflections in the elevated diction of his brilliant contemporaries.

In *The Hermit* a venerable recluse leaves his cell, and sets out to survey the busy world. On his journey he falls in with a youth who perpetrates various acts which excite the indignation of the Hermit; but the youth suddenly assumes his proper form of an Angelic Messenger and, addressing the Hermit, explains his mysterious proceedings.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE JUSTIFIED.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts His attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,

And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately caught my wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draught of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost;
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost,
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor:
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run,
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry that struck the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail.
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when to mount on high
His Master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow, too.
The bending hermit here in prayer begun:
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

—*From The Hermit.*

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh, whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks — as I have vainly done —
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,

And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sang my wishes to the wood;
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved.
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spake: "Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight,
While silver waters glide along
To please my ear and tune my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great source of nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me.

They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss.
Or own the next begun in this.

—*From Hymn to Contentment.*

PARR, HARRIET ("HOLME LEE"), an English novelist; born in York in 1828. Her many stories and novels have been very popular. Among them are *Maud Talbot* (1854); *Gilbert Massenger* (1854); *Thorney Hall* (1855); *Kathie Brande* (1856); *Sylvan Holt's Daughter* (1858); *Against Wind and Tide* (1859); *Hawksview* (1859); *The Worthbank Diary* (1860); *The Wonderful Adventures of Tuflongbo and His Elfin Company in Their Journey with Little Content Through the Enchanted Forest* (1861); *Warp and Woof; or, The Reminiscences of Doris Fletcher* (1861); *Annis Warleigh's Fortunes* (1863); *In the Silver Age: Essays* (1864); *The Life and Death of Jeanne D'Arc, Called the Maid* (1866); *Mr. Wynward's Ward* (1867); *Basil Godfrey's Caprice* (1868); *Contrast; or, The Schoolfellows* (1868); *M. and E. de Guèrin* (1870); *For Richer, For Poorer* (1870); *Her Title of Honor* (1871); *The Beautiful Miss Barrington* (1871); *Country Stories, Old and New, in prose and verse* (1872); *Echoes of a Famous Year: the Story of the Franco-German War* (1872); *Katherine's Trial* (1873); *The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax* (1874); *This Work-a-day World* (1875); *Ben Miller's Wooing* (1876); *Straightforward*

(1878); *Mrs. Denys of Cote* (1880); *A Poor Squire* (1882), and *Loving and Serving* (1883).

JOAN'S HOME.

Joan's time was her own for two hours of an afternoon, and she always spent them upstairs with her books alone. Her room told something of her life. The bare floor, the old clothes-chest, the pallet bed, with a thin, hard mattress, and shell-patterned coverlet, white as driven snow, her last winter's night handiwork, knitted as she read, were the outward signs of her peasant condition. Her tastes, modest and intellectual, appeared in the garland of small-leaved ivy twisted round the frame of her misty, oval looking-glass, in the wood-cuts of good pictures fastened on the walls, and in the books ranged on the mantle-shelf, on the window-sills, and a few, the most precious, on two hanging-shelves edged with scarlet cloth, another gift from her cousin Nicholas. . . .

This afternoon when her book was laid by, the shadow of her self-reproach soon passed. She had a great gift of being happy: of enjoying those good things of earth which nobody envies and nobody covets because they are common to all. Her childhood with a bright, a blessed background to look forward from into life. She stood at her open lattice, gazing over the wide meadows by the Lea, where red herds of cattle were feeding. She saw the blue sky far away, the sweep of distant hills, the darkness of thick woods, and they were pleasure to her. She had a mind free to receive all new impressions of beauty: but her heart was steadfast and strong in keeping its affection for old types.

. . . . . .

At sixteen we all look for a happy life. Joan fell into a dream of one as she stood, and was quite rapt away. The minutes passed swiftly, unconsciously. She did not hear her mother call from the stair's-foot, "Joan, father's got home from Whorlstone." She did not even hear her chamber-door open; and her mother entered, and

observed her air and attitude of total abstraction without disturbing her.

"Joan, has thou fallen asleep standing, like the doctor's horse at a gate?" said she, and laid a hand on her shoulder. Then Joan came back to herself, and started into laughing life.

"I don't know what I've been dreaming about, mother — it's a drowsy day, I think;" and drawing a long breath, she stretched her arms above her head, then flung them wide to shake off her lethargy.

"And thou's not dressed, my love. Father'll like to see thee dressed. Make haste, or they'll be here from Ashleigh afore thou's ready."

"Stay and help me then, mother," pleaded Joan, who dearly liked to be helped by her mother.

"What o' the cakes in the oven? They'll burn if they're not watched. I'll step down an' look at 'em, an' come back — only don't lose any more time, joy, father's asked for thee twice."

Joan's was not a coquettish toilette. To be clean as a primrose was its first principle. Her hair, coax it as she would, had a rufflesome look at the best, being curly and not uniform in tint, but brown in meshes and golden in threads, like hair that maturity darkens. The fashion of it, braided above the ear, and knotted in a large coil at the back of her head, was according to Mrs. Paget's instructions, and was never varied. The style and material of her dresses were also according to her godmother's orders — washing-prints, rather short in the skirt, for stepping clear over the ground, high to the throat and loose in the sleeve — lilac, as most serviceable, for every-day wear, and pink or blue spotted for summer Sundays. She put on now a new pink spot that had quite a look of May. Her mother fastened it at the neck, and retiring a pace or two to view the effect, pronounced it very neat, only a trifle too short.

"Short skirts an' cardinal capes won't keep you a bairn much longer, Joan; you'll be a woman soon in spite o' godmother," said she, and kissed her tenderly.

"That must have been what I was dreaming of," re-

plied Joan, and as she spoke, again the far-away, abstracted gaze came into her eyes.

But her mother would not let her relapse into musing. She heard voices and feet at the gate; and there were the cousins from Ashleigh.— *Basil Godfrey's Caprice.*

PARSONS, THEOPHILUS, an American jurist; born at Newburyport, Mass., May 17, 1797; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 26, 1882. He was the son of Theophilus Parsons, a noted jurist of Massachusetts, was graduated at Harvard in 1815, studied law, and practiced in Taunton and Boston. For several years he engaged in literary pursuits and founded and edited the *United States Free Press.* From 1847 to 1882 he was Dane Professor of Law in Harvard. He published a memoir of his father (1859), and several works on Swedenborgianism, including three volumes of *Essays* (1845); *Deus Homo* (1867); *The Infinite and the Finite* (1872), and *Outlines of the Religion and Philosophy of Swedenborg* (1875). His law-books include *The Law of Contracts* (1853; 5th ed., 1864); *Elements of Mercantile Law* (1856); *Laws of Business for Business Men* (1857); *Maritime Law* (1859); *Notes and Bills of Exchange* (1862); *Shipping and Admiralty* (1869), and *The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States* (1875).

"The spirit of his books," says the London *Athenæum,* "is that of devotional philosophy. He has views of his own, and brings to their exposition a certain amount of ingenious illustration." Edward

Everett considered him "a gentleman of great discernment and of the highest intelligence." "We regard the treatise on *The Law of Contracts,*" says *The American Law Register,* "taken as a whole, clear in statement, diligent in citation, accurate in detail, commendable in research, excellent in learning, simple in style, and altogether the most carefully considered and best prepared exhibition of the comprehensive law of contracts that has ever yet been presented in the English language."

THE SEA.

I have spoken of the perpetual swell and heaving of the sea; there is also its tide. Shakespeare tells us that there is a tide in the affairs of men. Certainly there is a tide in the minds of men. He must be very unobservant of himself who does not know that the mind rises and falls, that it swells into fulness and strength, and then fades into emptiness and weakness, we know not how, we know not why. Formerly the tides of the sea were also a great mystery. Slowly did observation disclose that they were under the influence of the moon, and, still later, of the sun. Science, accepting this fact as the basis of its inquiry, has, for years, been engaged in the investigation of the tides, and cannot yet answer all the questions presented by their flow and ebb. So with the tides of the mind. The philosophy of mind has been occupied with them from the beginning of thought, and has made little or no progress. We, however, are taught now, that the ever-flowing and ebbing tides of the mind are caused and governed by our faith and by our love; first and most, or most directly, by our faith, which has most to do with intellectual things, and which the moon, that gives light only, represents; and also by our love, which the sun, that is the source of heat, represents. Let the science of mind accept this truth as the law of its inquiry, and it may wisely and successfully employ itself in the investigation of the tides of the mind. We have seen that the

perpetual motion of the sea tends to preserve it in a healthful condition. Once I was becalmed in mid-ocean for a few days only, and during all of them the great swell of the ocean rose and fell. But in this short time the smooth surface of the sea seemed to put on an oily aspect; unwholesome patches became visible here and there, and in spots it looked thick and turbid. A great poet, with all the truth of poetry, which is sometimes truer than science, has thus described a long, unbroken calm and its effect. Coleridge represents his ancient mariner as reaching a tropical sea, and there —

> Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
> 'Twas sad as sad could be,
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of that sea.
>
> All in a hot and copper sky,
> The bloody sun at noon
> Right up above the mast did stand,
> No bigger than the moon.
>
> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion:
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.
>
> The very deep did rot; O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon that slimy sea!

As I read this word-painting, it presents to me a picture of a mind which the sweet influences of heaven, the sun, the moon, and wind of the spirit, are wholly unable to move or stir into any activity. And in that poetry I see how such a mind must stagnate, and putrefy, until "slimy things do crawl upon that slimy sea."

But not this motion only tends to preserve the waters of the sea in their healthy condition, so that they may nourish the immeasurable amount of life which they

contain, and continue fit to bear men safely across their surface. For it is the salt in the sea which is its great preservative.

We all know that to keep food eatable for a great length of time we salt it down. But salt is just as necessary and useful for food we daily consume. The reason of this, or the effect of salt upon the digestion and health, is not yet fully understood. . . .

Nor let us forget, that it has already been discovered by these physical investigations, that in the depths of the sea, and at their very bottom, there also is life. For it may teach us that, far down in the depths of the human mind, far beyond our reach or our consciousness, there may be forms and modes of life which may be the beginning of the intellectual life and the earliest links of that series which comes up afterward before our consciousness, and gradually constitutes the wide world of our knowledge.— *Essays.*

PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., August 18, 1819; died at Scituate, Mass., September 3, 1892. He was educated at the Boston Latin School, and in 1836 visited Italy, where he made Dante a special study. In 1853 he took the degree of M.D. at Harvard; and for several years practiced dentistry at Boston. In 1843 he published a translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno,* and the remaining cantos in 1867. His original works are *Ghetto di Romo,* a volume of poems (1854); *The Magnolia* (1867); *The Old House at Sudbury* (1870); *The Shadow of the Obelisk* (1872); *Circum Præcordia* (1892). Parsons's translation of the first ten cantos of Dante's *Inferno* is the most successful reproduction of the

spirit and power of the *Divina Commedia* in the English language.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
  Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
  The father was of Tuscan song.
  There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide;
  Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
  No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
  A lover in that Anchorite?
  To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight,
Who could have guessed that visions came
  Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
  The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
  But for the patient hope within,
  Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe;
  Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
  When wandering once forlorn he strayed,
With no companions save his book,
  To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
  Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
  The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was Rest.

Peace dwells not here: this rugged face
  Betrays no spirit of repose,
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
  The marble man of many woes.
  Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
  When Hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
  The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and Duke, in hold and hall,
  Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth.
  He used Rome's Harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
  But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose judgments mock our own,
  The only righteous Judge art thou:
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
  Is Latium's other Virgil now:
  Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcels of mankind,
  Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

I watched the swans in that proud Park
  Which England's Queen looks out upon,
I sat there till the dewy dark —
  And every other soul was gone;
  And sitting, silent, all alone,
I seemed to hear a spirit say:
  Be calm — the night is; never moan
For friendships that have passed away.

The swans that vanished from thy sight
  Will come to-morrow, at their hour;
But when thy joys have taken flight,

To bring them back no prayer hath power.
'Tis the world's law: and why deplore
A doom that from thy birth was fate?
True 'tis a bitter word—"No more!"
But look beyond this mortal state.

Believ'st thou in eternal things?
Thou feelest in thy inmost heart
Thou art not clay—thy soul hath wings;
And what thou seest is but part.
Make this thy medicine for the smart
Of every day's distress; be dumb.
In each new loss, thou truly art
Tasting the power of things to come.

DIRGE.

(*For one who fell in battle.*)

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

PARTON, JAMES, an American biographer; born at Canterbury, England, February 9, 1822; died at Newburyport, Mass., October 17, 1891. He was educated at the public schools in New York; and after teaching for a while, he entered upon journalism. His first published book was the *Life of Horace Greeley*. He subsequently devoted himself mainly to biographical works. Up to 1875 he resided at New York, and subsequently at Newburyport, Mass. His principal works are *Life of Horace Greeley* (1855); *Life and Times of Aaron Burr* (1857); *Life of Andrew Jackson* (1860); *General Butler at New Orleans* (1863); *Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin* (1864); *Famous Americans of Recent Times* (1867); *Life of Thomas Jefferson* (1874); *Caricature and Comic Art* (1877); *Life of Voltaire* (1881); *Captains of Industry* (1884–91). He also wrote numerous brief biographical sketches, originally published in periodicals, and afterward in separate volumes.

HENRY CLAY.

It must be confessed that Henry Clay, who was for twenty-eight years a candidate for the Presidency, cultivated his popularity. Without ever being a hypocrite, he was habitually an actor; but the part which he enacted was Henry Clay exaggerated. He was naturally a courteous man; but the consciousness of his position made him more elaborately and universally courteous than any man ever was from mere good-nature.

There was a time when almost every visitor to the city of Washington desired above all things to be presented to three men there — Clay, Webster, and Calhoun — whom to have seen was a distinction. When the

country member brought forward his agitated constituent on the floor of the Senate chamber, and introduced him, Daniel Webster, the Expounder, was likely enough to thrust a hand at him without so much as turning his head or discontinuing his occupation, and the stranger shrank away, painfully conscious of his insignificance. Calhoun, on the contrary, besides receiving him with civility, would converse with him, if opportunity favored, and treat him to a disquisition on the nature of government, and the "beauty" of nullification, striving to make a lasting impression on his intellect.

Clay would rise, extend his hand with that winning grace of his, and instantly captivate him by his all-conquering courtesy. He would call him by name, inquire respecting his health, the town whence he came, how long he had been in Washington, and send him away pleased with himself and enchanted with Henry Clay. And what was his delight to receive a few weeks after, in his distant village, a copy of the Kentuckian's last speech, bearing on its cover the frank of "H. Clay!" And, what was still more intoxicating, Mr. Clay — who had a surprising memory — would be likely on meeting the same individual two years after the introduction to address him by name.

There was a gamey flavor in those days about Southern men which was very pleasing to the people of the North. Reason teaches us that the barnyard fowl is a more meritorious bird than the gamecock; but the imagination does not assent to the proposition. Clay was at once gamecock and domestic fowl. There was a careless, graceful ease in his movements and attitudes like those of an Indian chief; but he was an exact man of business, who docketed his letters, and who could send from Washington to Ashland for a document, telling in what pigeon-hole it could be found.

The idea of education is to tame men without lessening their vivacity; to unite in them the freedom, the dignity, the prowess of a Tecumseh, with the serviceable qualities of the civilized man. This happy union is said to be sometimes produced in the pupils of the great public schools of England, who are savages on

the play-ground and gentlemen in the school-room. In no man of our knowledge has there been combined so much of the best of the forest chief with so much of the good of the trained man of business as in Henry Clay. This was one secret of his power over classes so diverse as the hunters of Kentucky and the manufacturers of New England.— *Famous Americans.*

PRIVATIONS AND HEROISM.

When the Mayflower left for England, not one of these heroic men and women desired to leave the land of their adoption. They had now a government; they had a church covenant; they had a constitution under which their rights were secured, and each one, according to his individual merit, could be respected and honored. So dear to them were these privileges that all the privations they had suffered, the sickness and death which had been in their midst, the gloomy prospect before them, could not induce them to swerve from their determination to found a State where these blessings should be the birthright of their children.— *Concise History of the American People.*

PARTON, SARA PAYSON WILLIS ("FANNY FERN"), an American essayist and novelist; born at Portland, Me., July 9, 1811; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., October 10, 1872. In 1837 she married Charles Eldridge of Boston, who died in 1846. In 1851 she began to write for periodicals. Her sketches became popular, and in 1854 she contracted with the editor of the New York *Ledger* to furnish a paper every week, which she continued to do for fourteen years. In 1856 she married James Parton, then connected with the New York *Home Journal,* of

which her brother, N. P. Willis, was editor. With the exception of two novels, *Ruth Hall,* partly based on incidents of her own life (1854), and *Rose Clark* (1857), her writings consist of essays and short tales which originally appeared in periodicals. Several volumes made up of these have been published, among which are *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio* (1853); *Fresh Leaves* (1855); *Folly as It Flies* (1868); *Ginger Snaps* (1870); *Caper Sauce* (1872). Shortly after her death, her husband published *Fanny Fern: a Memorial Volume,* containing a *Memoir* and selections from her writings.

FATHERHOOD.

To my eye, a man never looks so grand as when he bends his ear patiently and lovingly, to the lisping of a little child. I admire that man whom I see with a baby in his arms. I delight on Sunday, when the nurses are set free, to see the fathers leading out their little ones in their best attire, and setting them right end up about fifty times a minute. It is as good a means of grace as I am acquainted with. Now that a man should feel ashamed to be seen doing this, or think it necessary to apologize, even jocularly, when he meets a male friend, is to me one of the unaccountable things. It seems to me every way such a lovely, and good, and proper action in a father, that I can't help thinking that he who would feel otherwise is of so coarse and ignoble a nature as to be quite unworthy of respect. How many times have I turned to look at the clumsy smoothing of a child's dress, or settling of its hat, or bonnet, by the unpractised fingers of a proud father! And the clumsier he was about it the better I have loved him for the pains he took. It is very beautiful to me, this self-abnegation, which creeps so gradually over a young father. He is himself so unconscious that he, who had for many years thought first and only of his own selfish ease and wants, is forgetting himself entirely whenever that little creat-

ure with *his* eyes and *its mother's lips,* reaches out coaxing hands to go here or there, or to look at this or that pretty object. Ah, what but this heavenly love could bridge over the anxious days and nights of care and sickness, that these twain of one flesh are called to bear? *My* boy! *My* girl! There is it! *Mine!* Something to live for — something to work for — *something to come home to;* and that last is the summing up of the whole matter. "Now let us have a good love," said a little three-year-older, as she clasped her chubby arms about her father's neck when he came in at night. "Now let us have a good love." Do you suppose that man walked with slow and laggard steps from his store toward that bright face that had been peeping for an hour from the nursery window to watch his coming? Do you suppose when he got on all-fours to "play elephant" with the child, that it even crossed his mind that he had worked very hard all that day, or that he was not at that minute "looking dignified?" Did he wish he had a "club" where he could get away from home evenings, or was that "*good love*" of the little creature on his back, with the laughing eyes and the pearly teeth, and the warm clasp about his neck, which she was squeezing to suffocation, sweeter and better than anything that this world could give?

Something to go home to! That is what saves a man. Somebody there to grieve if he is not true to himself. Somebody there to be sorry if he is troubled or sick. Somebody there, with fingers like sunbeams, gilding and brightening whatever they touch; and all for him. I look at the busiest men of New York at nightfall, coming swarming "up-town" from their stores and counting-rooms; and when I see them, as I often do, stop and buy one of those tiny boquets as they go, I smile to myself; for although it is a little attention toward a wife, I know how happy that rose, with its two geranium leaves and its sprig of mignonette, will make her. He thought of *her* coming home! Foolish, do you call it? Such folly makes all the difference between stepping off, scarcely conscious of the cares a woman carries, or staggering wearily along till she faints disheartened under

their burthen. *Something to go home to!* That man felt it and by ever so slight a token wished to recognize it. God bless him, I say, and all like him, who do not take home-comforts as stereotyped matters of course, and God bless the family estate; I can't see that anything better has been devised by the wiseacres who have experimented on the Almighty's plans. "There comes *my* father!" exclaims Johnny, bounding from out a group of "fellows" with whom he was playing ball, and sliding his little, soiled fist in his, they go up the steps and into the house together; and again, God bless them! I say there's one man who is all right at least. That boy has got him, safer than Fort Lafayette.— *Folly as It Flies.*

PASCAL, Blaise, a French philosopher and geometrician; born at Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme, June 19, 1623; died at Paris, August 19, 1662. He early manifested genius of a high order, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, and wrote several treatises in these departments. He invented geometry anew when only twelve years of age, and at seventeen he achieved renown with his *Traité des Sections Coniques.* Later he undertook and carried on successfully the solution of the most difficult problems. The so-called "Port-Royalists" were the upholders of the teachings of Jansenius in opposition to those of the Jesuits. Pascal renounced the world in 1654 and espoused the cause of the Port-Royalists. He rose to the highest literary excellence in setting forth and defending the doctrines of Jansenius against those of the Jesuits. In 1655 Antoine Arnauld was expelled from the Sorbonne on account of a letter which he had written in defense of Jan-

senism. Pascal soon after came out in a series of eighteen *Letters,* commonly designated as *The Provincial Letters.* These and his *Thoughts upon Religion* (1670) are the works by which Pascal is best known.

OF A FUTURE EXISTENCE.

The immortality of the soul is a thing which so deeply concerns, so infinitely concerns us, that we must utterly have lost our feeling to be altogether cold and remiss in our inquiries about it. It requires no great elevation of soul to observe that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual, and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must in the compass of a few years — perhaps a few days — put us into the eternal condition of happiness or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed but life — the most brittle thing in all nature. And the happiness of Heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether we have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left but the miserable chance of annihilation or of hell. There is not any reflection which can have more reality than this, as there is none which can have greater terror. Let us set the bravest face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can, yet we see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth. It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination. It subsists in spite of them; it advanceth unobserved; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being forever nothing or forever miserable. We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain may well be esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes; but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it without struggling for deliverance. To sit down with

some sort of acquiescence under so fatal an ignorance is a thing unaccountable beyond all expression, and they who live with such a disposition ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity by having their inward reflections laid open to them, that they grow wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination:

"Who has sent me," they say, "into the world I know not, nor what I am myself. I know not what my body is, nor what my senses, or my soul: this very part of me which thinks what I speak, which reflects upon everything else, and even upon itself, yet is a mere stranger to its own nature, as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I feel myself enchained to one corner of the vast extent, without understanding why I am placed in this seat rather than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live was assigned rather at such a point than any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or of all that is to come after me. I see nothing but infinities on all sides, which devour and swallow me up like an atom. . . . The sum of my knowledge is that I must shortly die; but that which I am most ignorant of is this very death which I feel unable to decline. As I know not whence I came, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world I must either fall forever into nothing, or into the hands of an incensed God, without being capable of deciding which of these two conditions shall eternally be my portion. It is possible I might find someone to clear up my doubts; but I shall not take a minute's pains, nor stir one foot in search of it. On the contrary, I am resolved to run without fear or foresight upon the trial of the great event, utterly uncertain as to the eternal issue of my future condition."

But the main scope of the Christian faith is to establish these two principles: The corruption by nature and the redemption by Jesus Christ. And these opposers — if they are of no use toward demonstrating the truth of

the redemption by the sanctity of their lives — yet are at least admirably useful in showing the corruption of nature by so unnatural sentiments and suggestions.— *Thoughts upon Religion.*

PATER, WALTER HORATIO, an English critic and essayist; born at London, August 4, 1839; died at Oxford, July 30, 1894. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1862 was made a Fellow of Brasenose College in that university. His first contribution to periodical literature was published in 1866, in the *Westminster Review.* His books include *The Renaissance* (1873); *Marius, the Epicurean,* a story of ancient Rome (1885); *Imaginary Portraits* (1887); a later edition of *The Renaissance* (1888); *Appreciations* (1890); and *Plato and Platonism,* lectures (1893). His standpoint is that of the Epicurean, and his plea is "art for art's sake." Clement K. Shorter, in his *Victorian Literature,* calls Pater a great critic and classes him with Matthew Arnold, at the same time declaring that "his *Marius, the Epicurean,* and *Imaginary Portraits* should have ranked him with writers of imagination, were it not that criticism is his dominant faculty." Pater is said to have been the "most rhythmical of English prose writers, and his *Renaissance, Studies in Art and Poetry,* and his *Appreciations* give him a very high place among the writers of his time." Upon Pater's death the general consensus of English critical opinion was even more laudatory. He was pronounced to have been the greatest master of English of his day — no man sur-

passed him in choosing the word necessary for the illustration of the exact idea or shade of meaning he wished to convey to the reader's apprehension. His was, indeed, "the art that conceals art."

JOURNEYING TO ROME.

The opening stage of his journey, through the firm golden weather, for which he had lingered three days beyond the appointed time of starting — days brown with the first rains of autumn — brought him, by the byways among the lower slopes of the Apennines of Luna, to the town of Luca, a station on the Cassian Way; travelling so far, mainly on foot, the baggage following under the care of his attendants. He wore a broad felt hat, in fashion not very unlike a modern pilgrim's, the neat head projecting from the collar of his gray *paenula,* or travelling mantle, sewed closely together over the breast, but with the two sides folded back over the shoulders, to leave the arms free in walking; and was altogether so trim and fresh that, as he climbed the hill from Pisa, by the long, steep lane through the olive-yards, and turned to gaze where he could just discern the cypresses of the old school garden, like two black lines upon the yellow walls, a little child took possession of his hand, and, looking up at him with entire confidence, paced on bravely at his side, for the mere pleasure of his company, to the spot where the road sank again into the valley beyond. From this point, leaving his servants at a distance, he surrendered himself, a willing subject, as he walked, to the impressions of the road, and was almost surprised, both at the suddenness with which evening came on, and the distance from his old home at which it found him.

And at the little town of Luca he felt that indescribable sense of a welcoming in the mere outward appearance of things which seems to mark out certain places for the special purpose of evening rest, and gives them always a peculiar amiability in retrospect. Under the deepening twilight, the rough-tiled roofs seem to huddle together side by side, like one continuous shelter over the whole

township, spread low and broad over the snug sleeping-rooms within; and the place one sees for the first time, and must tarry in but for a night, breathes the very spirit of home. The cottagers lingered at their doors for a few minutes as the shadows grew larger, and went to rest early; though there was still a glow along the road through the shorn cornfields, and the birds were still awake about the crumbling gray heights of an old temple: and yet so quiet and air-swept was the place, you could hardly tell where the country left off in it, and the field-paths became its streets. Next morning he must needs change the manner of his journey. The light baggage-wagon returned, and he proceeded now more quickly, travelling a stage or two by post, along the Cassian Way, where the figures and incidents of the great high-road seemed already to tell of the capital, the one centre to which all were hastening, or had lately bidden adieu. That *Way* lay through the heart of the old, mysterious and visionary country of Etruria; and what he knew of its strange religion of the dead, reinforced by the actual sight of its funeral houses scattered so plentifully among the dwellings of the living, revived in him for a while, in all its strength, his old, instinctive yearning toward those inhabitants of the shadowy land he had known in life. It seemed to him that he could half divine how time passed in those painted houses on the hill-sides, among the gold and silver ornaments, the wrought armor and vestments, the drowsy and dead attendants: and the close consciousness of that vast population gave him no fear, but rather a sense of companionship, as he climbed the hills on foot behind the horses, through the genial afternoon.

The road, next day, passed below a town as primitive it might seem as the rocks it perched on — white rocks, which had been long glistening before him in the distance. Down the dewy paths the people were descending from it, to keep a holiday, high and low alike in rough, white linen smocks. A homely old play was just begun in an open-air theatre, the grass-grown seats of which had been hollowed out in the turf; and Marius caught the terrified expression of a child in its mother's arms, as it

turned from the yawning mouth of a great mask, for refuge in her bosom. The way mounted, and descended again, down the steep street of another place — all resounding with the noise of metal under the hammer, for every house had its brazier's workshop, the bright objects of brass and copper gleaming, like lights in a cave, out of their dark roofs and corners. — *Marius, the Epicurean.*

A DISCOURSE OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

> But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in claye,
> And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
> And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
> That matter made for poets on to playe.

Marcus Aurelius who, though he had little relish for them himself, had been ever willing to humor the taste of his people for magnificent spectacles, was received back to Rome with the lesser honors of the *Ovation;* conceded by the Senate, so great was the public sense of deliverance, with even more than the laxity which had become habitual to it under imperial rule, for there had been no actual bloodshed in the late achievement. Clad in the civic dress of the chief Roman magistrate, and with a crown of myrtle upon his head, his colleague similarly attired walking beside him, he passed on foot in solemn procession, along the Sacred Way up to the Capitol, to offer sacrifice to the national gods. The victim, a goodly sheep, whose image we may still see, between the pig and the ox of the *Suovetaurilia,* filletted and stoled almost like ancient canons, on a sculptured fragment in the Forum, was conducted by the priests, clad in rich white vestments, and bearing their sacred utensils of massy gold, immediately behind a company of flute-players, led by the great master, or *conductor,* of that day; visibly tetchy or delighted, according as the instruments he ruled with his training-rod rose, more or less perfectly, amid the difficulties of the way, to the dream of perfect music in the soul within him. The vast crowd, in which were mingled the soldiers of the triumphant army, now restored to wives and children, all alike in

holiday whiteness, had left their houses early in the fine, dry morning, in a real affection for "the father of his country," to await the procession, the two princes having spent the preceding night outside the walls, in the old *Villa of the Republic.* Marius, full of curiosity, had taken his position with much care; and stood, to see the world's masters pass by, at an angle from which he could command the view of a great part of the processional route, sprinkled with fine yellow sand, and carefully guarded from profane footsteps.

The coming of the procession was announced by the clear sound of the flutes, heard at length above the acclamations of the people — *Salve Imperator! — Dii te servent!* — shouted in regular time over the hills. It was on the central figure, of course, that the whole attention of Marius was fixed from the moment the procession came in sight, preceded by the lictors with gilded *fasces,* the imperial image-bearers, and pages carrying lighted torches; a band of knights, among whom was Cornelius in complete military array, following. Amply swathed about in the folds of a richly worked toga, in a manner now long since become obsolete with meaner persons, Marius beheld a man of about five-and-forty years of age, with prominent eyes — eyes which, although demurely downcast during this essentially religious ceremony, were by nature broadly and benignantly observant. He was still, in the main, as we see him in the busts which represent his gracious and courtly youth, when Hadrian had playfully called him, not *Verus,* after his father, but *Verissimus,* for that candor of gaze and the bland capacity of the brow, which below the brown hair, clustering as thickly as of old, shone out low, broad, and clear, and still without a trace of the trouble of his lips. It was the brow of one who, amid the blindness or perplexity of the people about him, understood all things clearly; with that dilemma, to which his experience so far had brought him, between Chance with meek resignation and a Providence with boundless possibilities and hope, for him at least distinctly defined.

That outward serenity which, as a point of expression or manner not unworthy the attention of a public min-

ister, he valued so highly (was it not an outward symbol of the inward religious serenity it was his constant effort to maintain?) was increased to-day, by his sense of the gratitude of his people — that his life had been one of such gifts and blessings as made his person seem indeed divine to them. Yet the trace of some reserved internal sorrow, passing from time to time into an expression of effort and fatigue, of loneliness amid the shouting multitude, as if the sagacious hint of one of his officers — "The soldiers can't understand you; they don't know Greek"— were applicable generally to his relationships with other people, might have been read there by the more observant. The nostrils and mouth seemed capable even of peevishness; and Marius noted in them, as in the hands, and in the spare body as a whole, what was new in his experience — something of asceticism, as we say — of a bodily gymnastic, in which, although it told pleasantly in the clear blue humors of the eye, the flesh had scarcely been an equal gainer with the spirit. It was hardly the expression of "the healthy mind in the healthy body," but rather of a sacrifice of the body to the soul, its needs and aspirations, that Marius seemed to divine in this assiduous student of the Greek sages — a sacrifice, indeed, far beyond the demands of their very saddest philosophy of life.

Dignify thyself, with modesty and simplicity for thine ornaments! — had been a maxim with this dainty and high-bred Stoic; who still thought *manners* a true part of *morals,* according to the old sense of the term, and who regrets, now and again, that he cannot control his thoughts equally well with his countenance. That outward composure was deepened during the solemnities of this day by an air of pontifical abstractedness; which, though very far from being pride, and a sort of humility, rather, yet gave to himself an aspect of unapproachableness, and to his whole proceeding, in which every minutest act was *considered,* the character of a ritual. Certainly, there was no haughtiness, social, moral, or philosophic even, in Aurelius, who had realized, under more difficult circumstances perhaps than anyone before him, that no element of humanity could be alien to him. Yet, as he

walked to-day, the centre of ten thousand observers, with eyes discreetly fixed on the ground, veiling his head at times and muttering very rapidly the words of the "supplications," there was something which many a spectator must have noted again as a new thing; for, unlike his predecessors, Aurelius took all that with absolute seriousness. The doctrine of the sanctity of kings, that, in the words of Tacitus, Princes are as Gods — *principes instar deorum esse* — seemed to have taken a new and true sense. For Aurelius, indeed, the old legend of his descent from Numa — from Numa who had talked with the gods — meant much. Attached in very early years to the service of the altars, like many another noble youth, he was "observed to perform all his sacerdotal functions with a constancy and exactness unsual at that age; was soon a master of the sacred music; and had all the forms and ceremonies by heart." And now, as the emperor, who had not only a vague divinity about his person, but was actually the chief religious functionary of the state, recited from time to time the formulas of invocation, he needed not the help of the prompter, or *ceremoniarius*, who then approached, to assist him by whispering the appointed words in his ear. It was that pontifical collectedness which now impressed itself on Marius as the leading outward characteristic of Aurelius; and to him alone, perhaps in that vast crowd of observers, it was no strange thing, but a thing he had understood from of old.

Some fanciful writers have assigned the origin of these triumphal processions to the mythic pomps of Dionysus, after his conquests in the East; the very word *triumph* being, according to this supposition, only *Thriambos* — the Dionysiac Hymn. And certainly the younger of the two imperial "brothers," who, with the effect of a strong contrast, walked beside Aurelius, and shared the honors of the day, might well have reminded many of the delicate Greek god of flowers and wine. This new conqueror of the East was now about thirty-six years old, but with his punctilious care for all his advantages of person, and his soft, curling beard powdered with gold, looked many years younger. . . .

He certainly had to the full that charm of a constitutional freshness of aspect which may defy for a long time extravagant or erring habits of life; a physiognomy healthy-looking, cleanly, and firm, which seemed unassociable with any form of self-tormenting, and made one think of the nozzle of some young hound or roe, such as human beings invariably like to stroke — with all the goodliness, that is, of the finer sort of animalism, though still wholly animal. It was the charm of the blond head, the unshrinking gaze, the warm tints — neither more nor less than one may see every English summer in youth, manly enough, and with the stuff in it which makes brave soldiers, in spite of the natural kinship it seems to have with playthings and gay flowers.

He was all himself to-day: and it was with much wistful curiosity that Marius regarded him. For Lucius Verus was, indeed, but a highly expressive type of a class — the true son of his father, adopted by Hadrian. Lucius Verus the elder, also, had had that same strange capacity for misusing the adornments of life with a masterly grace; as if such misusing were, indeed, the quite adequate occupation of an intelligence, powerful, but distorted by cynical philosophy or some disappointment of the heart. It was almost a sort of genius, of which there had been instances in the imperial purple: it was to ascend the throne, a few years later, in the person of one, now a hopeful little lad in the palace, and it had its following, of course, among the wealthy youth of Rome, who concentrated a very considerable force of shrewdness and tact upon minute details of attire and manner as upon the one thing needful. But what precise place could there be for Verus, and his charm, in that *Wisdom,* that Order of Reason, "reaching from end to end, sweetly and strongly disposing all things;" from the vision of which Aurelius came down, so tolerant of persons like him — a vision into which Marius also was competent to enter. Yet noting his actual perfection after his kind, his undeniable achievement of the select, in all minor things, Marius felt, with some suspicion of himself, that he entered into, and could understand, Lucius Verus, too. There was a voice in that theory which he

had brought to Rome with him which whispered "nothing is either great nor small;" as there were times in which he could have thought that, as the "grammarian's," or the artist's ardor of soul may be satisfied by the perfecting of the theory of a sentence or the adjustment of two colors, so his own life also might have been filled by an enthusiastic quest after perfection — say, in the flowering and folding of a toga.

The emperors had burned incense before the image of Jupiter, arrayed in his most gorgeous apparel, amid sudden shouts from the people of *Salve Imperator!* turned now from the living princes to the deity, as they discerned his countenance through the great opened doors. The imperial brothers had deposited their crowns of myrtle on the richly embroidered lap-cloth of the image; and, with their chosen guests, had sat down to a public feast in the temple itself. And then followed, what was, after all, the great event of the day; an appropriate discourse — a discourse almost wholly *de contemptu mundi* — pronounced in the presence of the assembled Senate by the emperor Aurelius; who had thus, on certain rare occasions, condescended to instruct his people, with the double authority of a chief pontiff and a laborious student of philosophy. In those lesser honors of the *ovation,* there had been no attendant slave behind the emperors, to make mock of their effulgence as they went; and it was as if, timorous, as a discreet philosopher might be, of a jealous Nemesis, he had determined himself to protest in time against the vanity of all outward success.

It was in the vast hall of the *Curia Julia* that the Senate was assembled to hear the emperor's discourse. The rays of the early November sunset slanted full upon the audience, and compelled the officers of the Court to draw the purple curtains over the windows, adding to the solemnity of the scene. In the depth of those warm shadows, surrounded by her noble ladies, the empress Faustina was seated to listen. The beautiful Greek statue of Victory, which ever since the days of Augustus had presided over the assemblies of the Senate, had been brought into the hall, and placed near the chair of the emperor; who, after rising to perform a brief sacrificial

service in its honor, bowing reverently to the assembled fathers left and right, took his seat and began to speak.

There was a certain melancholy grandeur in the very simplicity or triteness of the theme; as it were the very quintessence of all the old Roman epitaphs of all that was monumental in that city of tombs, layer upon layer of dead things and people. As if in the very fervor of disillusion, he seemed to be composing — *ὥσπερ ἐπιγραφὰς χρόνων καὶ ὅλων ἐνθων* — the sepulchral titles of ages and whole peoples — nay! the very epitaph of the living Rome itself. The grandeur of the ruins of Rome — heroism in ruin — it was under the influence of an imaginative anticipation of that that he appeared to be speaking. And though the impression of the actual greatness of Rome on that day was but enhanced by this strain of contempt falling with an accent of pathetic conviction from the emperor himself, and gaining from his pontifical pretentions the authority of a religious intimation, yet the curious interest of the discourse lay in this, that Marius, as he listened, seemed to foresee a grass-grown Forum, the broken ways of the Capitol, and the Palatine hill itself in humble occupation: and this impression connected itself with what he had already noted of an actual change that was coming over Italian scenery.

The emperor continued: "Art thou in love with men's praises, get thee into the very soul of them, and see! — see what judges they be, even in those matters which concern themselves. Wouldst thou have their praises after death, bethink thee that they who shall come hereafter, and with whom thou wouldst survive by thy great name, will be put as these, whom here thou hast found so hard to live with. For of a truth, his soul who is aflutter upon renown after death presents not this aright to itself, that of all whose memory he would have each one will likewise very quickly depart, and thereafter, again, he also who shall receive that from him, until memory herself be put out, as she journeys on by means of such as are themselves on the wing but for a while, and are extinguished in their turn — making so much of those thou wilt never see! It is as if thou wouldst have had those

who were before thee discourse fair things concerning thee.

"To him, indeed, whose wit hath been whetted by true doctrine, that well-worn sentence of Homer sufficeth, to guard him against regret and fear —

"Like the race of leaves
The race of man is: —
The wind in autumn strows
The earth with old leaves: then the spring the woods with new endows —

Leaves! little leaves! — Why children, thy flatterers, thine enemies! Leaves in the wind, those who would devote thee to darkness, who scorn or miscall thee here even as they also whose great fame shall outlast them. For all these, and the like of them, are born indeed in the spring season — ἔαρος ἐπιγίγνωται ὥρῃ — and soon a wind hath scattered them, and thereafter the wood peopleth itself again with another generation of leaves. And what is common to all of them is but the littleness of their lives: and yet wouldst thou love and hate as if these things should continue forever. In a little while thine eyes also will be closed, and he on whom thou perchance hast leaned thyself be himself a burden upon another.

"Bethink thee often of the swiftness with which the things that are, or are even now coming to be are swept past thee: that the very substance of them is but the perpetual motion of water; that there is almost nothing which continueth: and that bottomless depth of time, so close at thy side. Folly! to be lifted up, or sorrowful, or anxious, by reason of things like these! Think of infinite matter, and thy portion — how tiny a particle of it! of infinite time, and thine own brief point there; of destiny, and the jot thou art in it; and yield thyself readily to the wheel of Clotho, to spin thee into what web she will.

"As one casting a ball from his hand, the nature of things hath had its aim with every man, not as to the ending only, but the first beginning of his course, and passage thither. And hath the ball any profit of its ris-

ing, or loss as it descendeth again, or in its fall? or the bubble, as it groweth or breaketh on the air? or the flame of the lamp, from the beginning to the ending of its brief history?

"All but at this present that future is, in which nature, who disposeth all things in order, will transform whatsoever thou now seest, fashioning from its substance somewhat else, and therefrom somewhat else in its turn, lest the world should grow old. We are such stuff as dreams are made of — disturbing dreams. Awake, then! and see thy dream as it is, in comparison with that erewhile it seemed to thee.

"Consider how quickly all things vanish away — their bodily structure into the general substance of things; the very memory of them into that great gulf and abysm of past thoughts. Ah! 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life — a pygmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave. Consider all this with thyself, and let nothing seem great to thee.

"Let death put thee upon the consideration both of thy body and thy soul — what an atom of all matter hath been distributed to thee; what a little particle of the universal mind. Turn thy body about, and consider what thing it is, and that which old age, and lust, and the languor of disease can make of it. Or come to its substantial and casual qualities, its very type: contemplate that in itself, apart from the accidents of matter, and then measure also the span of time for which the nature of things, at the longest, will maintain that special type. Nay! in the very principles and first constituents of things corruption hath its part — so much dust, humor, stench, and scraps of bone! Consider that thy marbles are but the earth's callosities, thy gold and silver its fæces; this silken robe but a worm's bedding, and thy purple an unclean fish. Ah! and thy life's breath is not otherwise; as it passes out of matters like these into the like of them again.

"If there be things which trouble thee thou canst put them away, inasmuch as they have their being but in thine own notion concerning them. Consider what death is, and how, if one does but detach from it the notions

and appearances that hang about it, resting the eye upon it as in itself it really is, it must be thought of but as an effect of nature, and that man but a child whom an effect of nature shall affright. Nay! not function and effect of nature only; but a thing profitable also to herself.

"To cease from action — the ending of thine effort to think and do: there is no evil in that. Turn thy thought to the ages of man's life — boyhood, youth, maturity, old age: the change in every one of those also is a dying, but evil nowhere. Thou climbedst into the ship, thou hast made thy voyage and touched the shore: go forth now! Be it into some other life; the divine breath is everywhere, even there. Be it unto forgetfulness forever; at least thou wilt rest from the beating of sensible images upon thee, from the passions which pluck thee this way and that like an unfeeling toy, from those long marches of the intellect, from thy toilsome ministry to the flesh.

"Art thou yet more than dust and ashes and bare bone — a name only, or not even that name, which, also, is but whispering and a resonance, kept alive from mouth to mouth of dying objects who have hardly known themselves; how much less thee, dead so long ago!

"When thou lookest upon a wise man, a lawyer, a captain of war, think upon another gone. When thou seest thine own face in the glass, call up there before thee one of thine ancestors — one of those old Cæsars. Lo! everywhere, they double before thee! Thereon, let the thought occur to thee: And where are they? anywhere at all, forever? And thou, thyself — how long? Art thou blind to that thou art? — thy matter, thy function, how temporal — the nature of thy business? Yet tarry, at least, till thou hast assimilated even these things to thine own proper essence, as a quick fire turneth into heat and light whatsoever be cast upon it.

"Thou hast been a citizen in this wide city — count not for how long, nor complain; since that which sends thee hence is no unrighteous judge, no tyrant; but Nature, who brought thee hither; as when a player leaves the stage at the bidding of the conductor who hired him. Sayest thou, 'I have not played five acts.' True! but

in human life, three acts only make sometimes a complete play. That is the composer's business, not thine. Retire with a good will; for that, too, hath, perchance, a good will which dismisseth thee from thy part."

The discourse ended almost in darkness, the evening having set in somewhat suddenly, with a heavy fall of snow. The torches which had been made ready to do him a useless honor were of real service now, as the emperor was solemnly conducted home; one man rapidly catching light from another — a long stream of moving lights across the white Forum, up the great stairs, to the palace. And, in effect, that night winter began, the hardest that had been known for a lifetime. The wolves came from the mountains; and, led by the carrion scent, devoured the dead bodies which had been hastily buried during the plague, and emboldened by their meal, crept, before the short day was well past, over the walls of the farm-yards of the *Campagna*. The eagles were seen driving the flocks of the smaller birds across the wintry sky. Only, in the city itself the winter was all the brighter for the contrast, among those who could pay for light and warmth. The habit-makers made a great sale of the spoils of all such furry creatures as had escaped wolves and eagles, for presents at the Saturnalia; and at no time had the winter roses from Carthage seemed more lustrously yellow and red.

PATMORE, Coventry Kearsey Dighton, an English poet; born at Woodford, Essex, July 23, 1823; died at Lymington, Hampshire, December 26, 1896. From 1846 to 1868 he was an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum. In 1844 he published a small volume of poems, which was republished in 1853, with large additions, under the title of *Tamerton Church Tower and Other Poems*. His

principal work, *The Angel in the House,* appeared in four parts: *The Betrothal* (1854); *The Espousal* (1856); *Faithful Forever* (1860); *The Victories of Love* (1862). *The Unknown Eros* appeared in 1877, *Amelia* and a memoir of Barry Cornwall, 1878. A collection of his poems was published in one volume (1886). He also wrote *Principles of Art* (1889); *Religio Poetæ* (1893), and *Rod, Root and Flower* (1895).

Shorter questions the sincerity of the sentiment of *The Angel in the House,* and calls attention to the importance attached to *The Unknown Eros* by a certain ecstatic band of admirers, who he charges spoilt Patmore by adulation, and encouraged him to hope for fame in the verdict of posterity, which, however, has failed to materialize.

COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY WEDDED HUSBAND.

"Now, while she's changing," said the Dean,
"Her bridal for her traveling dress,
I'll preach allegiance to your Queen!
Preaching's the trade which I profess;
And one more minute's mine! You know
I've paid my girl a father's debt,
And this last charge is all I owe.
She's yours; but I love her more than yet
You can: such fondness only wakes
When time has raised the heart above
The prejudice of youth which makes
Beauty conditional to love.
Prepare to meet the weak alarms of novel nearness; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.

"Fear comes at first; but soon, rejoiced,
You'll find your strong and tender loves

Like holy rocks by Druids poised;
    The least force shakes, but none removes.
Her strength is your esteem. Beware
    Of finding fault. Her will's unnerved
By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
    Will all her nobler nature move
To make your utmost wishes true."

— *The Espousal.*

THE TOYS.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed,
With hard words and unkissed,
(His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest excess of grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet;
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys —
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good —

Then, fatherly, not less
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."
— *The Victories of Love.*

PAIN.

O Pain, Love's mystery,
Close next of kin
To Joy and heart's delight,
Low Pleasure's opposite
Choice food of sanctity
And medicine of sin,
Angel, whom even they that will pursue
Pleasure with hell's whole gust
Find that they must
Perversely woo,
My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.
Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain,
But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,
And bright'nest my dull view,
Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,
And my roused spirit is
Another fire of bliss,
Wherein I learn
Feelingly how the pangful, purging fire
Shall furiously burn
With joy, not only of assured desire,
But also present joy
Of seeing the life's corruption, stain by stain,
Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,
And, fume by fume, the sick alloy
Of luxury, sloth and hate
Evaporate:
Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,
The mirror merely of God's smile.
Herein O Pain, abides the praise
For which my song I raise;
But even the bastard good of intermittent ease
How greatly doth it please!

With what repose
The being from its bright exertion glows,
When from thy strenuous storm the sense sweep
Into a little harbor deep
Of rest;
When thou, O Pain,
Having devour'd the nerves that thee sustain,
Sleep'st till thy tender food be somewhat grown again;
And how the lull
With tear-blind love is full!
What mockery of a man am I express'd
That I should wait for thee
To woo!
Nor even dare to love, till thou lov'st me.
How shameful, too,
Is this:
That, when thou lov'st, I am at first afraid
Of thy fierce kiss,
Like a young maid
And only trust thy charms
And get my courage in thy throbbing arms.
And when thou partest, what a fickle mind
Thou leav'st behind
That, being a little absent from mine eye,
It straight forgets thee what thou art,
And ofttimes my adulterate heart
Dallies with Pleasure, thy pale enemy.
O, for the learned spirit without attaint
That does not faint,
But knows both how to have thee and to lack,
And ventures many a spell,
Unlawful but for them that love so well,
To call thee back.

— *The Unknown Eros.*

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Lo, when the Lord made North and South,
And sun and moon ordained, He
Forth bringing each by word of mouth
In order of its dignity,

Did man from the crude clay express
  By sequence, and, all else decreed,
He formed the woman; nor might less
  Than Sabbath such a work succeed.

And still with favor singled out,
  Marred less than may by mortal fall,
Her disposition is devout,
  Her countenance angelical.
No faithless thought her instinct shrouds,
  But fancy checkers settled sense,
Like alteration of the clouds
  On noonday's azure permanence.

Pure courtesy, composure, ease,
  Declare affections nobly fixed,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
  Of sense and spirit sweetly mixed.
Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
  The cestus clasping Venus' side,
Is potent to deject the face
  Of him who would affront its pride.

Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
  Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
  Outbragging Nature's boast, the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet!
  How artless in her very art!
How candid in discourse! how sweet
  The concord of her lips and heart!

How (not to call true instinct's bent
  And woman's very nature harm),
How amiable and innocent
  Her pleasure in her power to charm!
How humbly careful to attract,
  Though crowned with all the soul desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
  Diversity that never tires!

PATTEN, George Washington, an American poet; born at Newport, R. I., December 25, 1808; died at Houlton, Me., April 28, 1882. He was educated at Brown University and at the National Military Academy. He served in the Seminole War, and on frontier duty, and became a captain in 1846. At the end of the Mexican War he declined a captaincy and went on leave of absence; returning to duty in 1850. During the Civil War he served on several military commissions; and was retired for disability, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was known as the "poet laureate of the army." His published works include an *Army Manual* (1860); *Infantry Tactics, Bayonet Drill and Small-Sword Exercise* (1861); *Artillery Drill* (1861); *Cavalry Drill and Sabre Exercise* (1863); an edition of Cooke's *Cavalry Tactics* (1863); a collection of fugitive poems entitled *Voices of the Border* (1867). Among his best verses are *The Seminole's Reply* and *Joys That We've Tasted.*

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

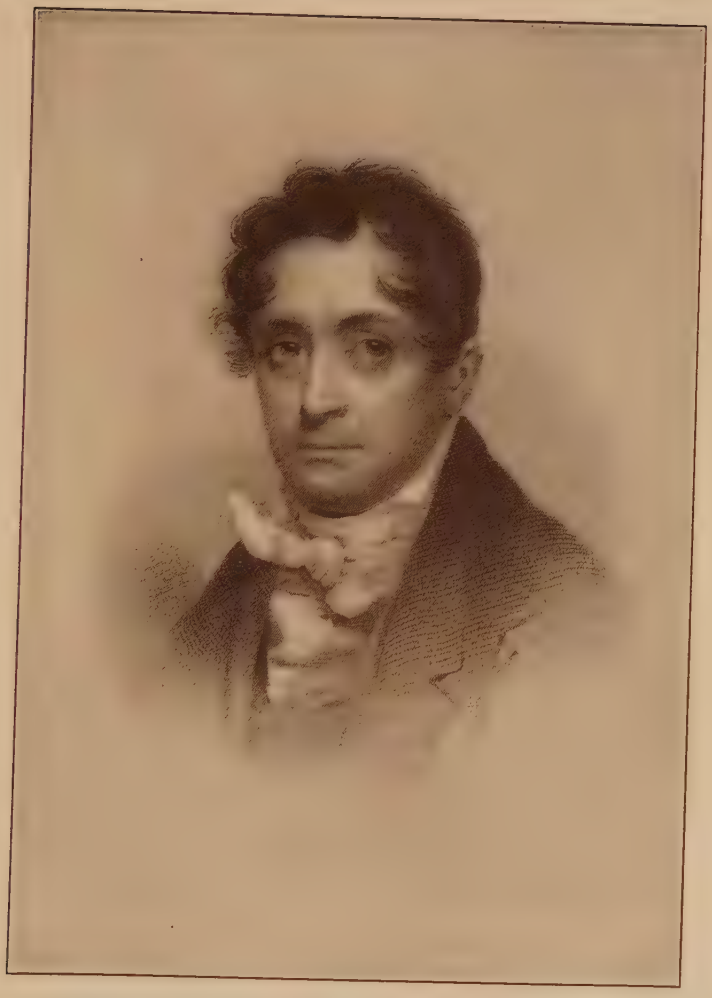
Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow:
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain,
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain,
I scorn your proffered treaty, the pale face I defy;

Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "Blood" my
battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his
groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me
o'er the stream,
And struggling thro' the Everglades your bristling bay-
onets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his
spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you:
Come not here!

Think ye to find my homestead?—I give it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
But should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have
and good;
I live on hate,—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my
food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with my eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath and fight you
till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your
slave!
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter, till I sink beneath its
wave!

PAULDING, JAMES KIRKE, an American states-
man, poet and historian; born at Nine-Part-
ners, Dutchess County, N. Y., August 22,
1779; died at Hyde Park, N. Y., April 6, 1860. At
the age of nineteen he went to New York, and in 1807,



JAMES K. PAULDING.

with Washington Irving, began the issue of *Salmagundi,* a semi-weekly journal designed to satirize in prose and verse the follies of the town. This was discontinued in less than a year, but was revived, with indifferent success, by Paulding in 1819. In 1825 he was appointed Navy Agent at the port of New York, and resigned the positon in 1837 to become Secretary of the Navy in the Administration of President Van Buren. In 1841 he retired from public life to a country home which he had purchased on the banks of the Hudson. Paulding's works include *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1812); *Koningsmarke* (1823); *The Three Wise men of Gotham* (1826); *The New Mirror for Travelers* (1828); *Chronicles of the City of Gotham* (1830); *The Dutchman's Fireside,* his best novel (1831); *Westward Ho!* (1832); *Life of George Washington* (1835); *The Book of St. Nicholas* (1837); *A Gift from Fairy Land* (1838); *The Old Continental* (1846); *The Puritan and His Daughter* (1849). A collection of his *Select Works,* edited by his son, in four volumes, was published in 1868.

JOHN BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great millpond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious man — an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small-beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest, as times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was a very quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him

into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of it, so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country-people, his neighbors — one of those grumbling, boasting old codgers that get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The Squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him on certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan — who was familiarly called "Brother Jonathan" — about whether churches were an abomination. The Squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which) — fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle, so he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription made up of thirty-nine articles — many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow, and finding that he made wry faces, and would not do it, he fell upon him, and beat him like fury. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan — though hard as a pine-knot, and as tough as leather — could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat, and paddled over the millpond to some new lands to which the Squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with woods, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the woods, and, clearing a place, built a log-hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen

good farms, and building himself a fine frame-house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

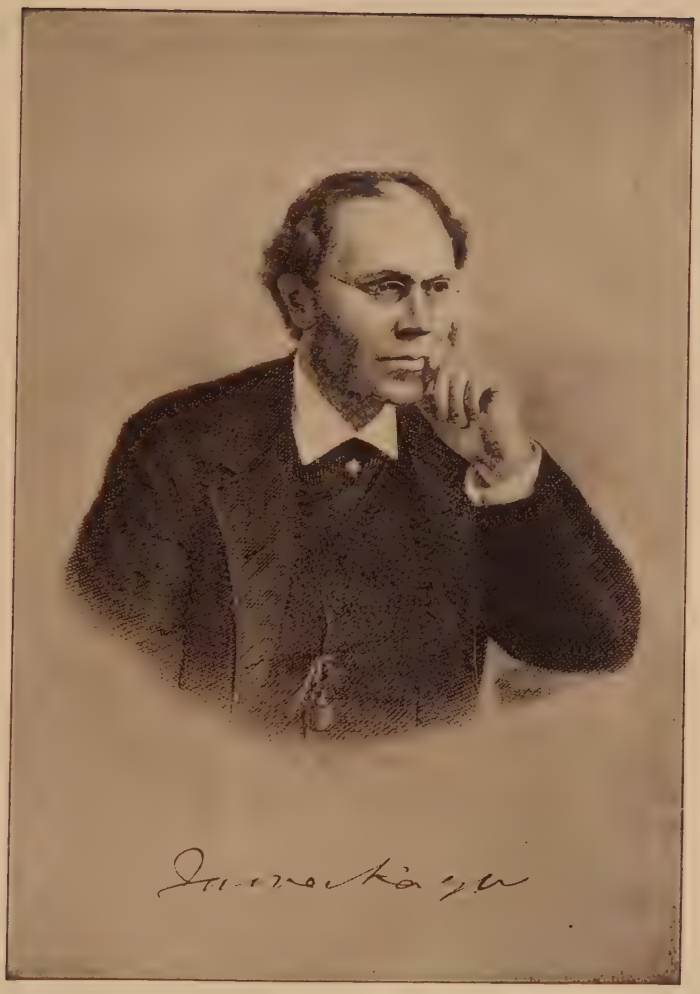
But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damage for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads — the Squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and, under different pretences, managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large for his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-shouldered cub of a fellow; awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an old-looking chap in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull, saw a great likeness between them, and swore that he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old Squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy; but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the Squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the Squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of

most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever. — *History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan.*

PAYN, JAMES, an English novelist and poet; born at Cheltenham, February 28, 1830; died at London, March 25, 1898. He was educated at Eton and Woolwich, and was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1854. At an early age he contributed to the *Westminster Review* and *Household Words,* and in 1858 became editor of *Chambers's Journal,* in which he published his first novels. He contributed essays to the *Nineteenth Century* and the London *Times.* In 1882 he succeeded Leslie Stephen as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine.* Among his works are *Stories from Boccaccio,* poems (1852); *Poems* (1855); *A Family Scapegrace* (1860); *Lost Sir Massingberd* (1864); *By Proxy* (1868); *High Spirits* (1869); *A Perfect Treasure* (1870); *Bentinck's Tutor* (1871); *A Country Family* (1872); *Cecil's Tryst* (1873); *The Foster Brothers* (1874); *Halves* (1872); *One of the Family* (1875); *What He Cost Her* (1879); *Gwendoline's Harvest* (1880); *Like Father, Like Son* (1881); *Mirk Abbey* (1882); *Less Black than We're Painted* (1883); *Murphy's Master* (1884); *Under One Roof* (1885); *The Luck of the Darrells* (1886); *Some Literary Recollections* (1886); *Thicker than Water; Glow-worm Tales* (1888); *The Burnt Million* (1889); *A Modern Dick Whittington*



JAMES PAYN.

(1892); *A Trying Patient* (1893); *Not Wooed but Won* (1894); *Gleams of Memory* (autobiographical) (1894); *In Market Overt* (1895); *The Disappearance of George Driffell* (1896); and *The Backwater of Life* (1898).

He was one of the most prolific novelists of his day, and at the same time one of the most popular. His works never fall below a high standard, and possess the varied attractions of lively dialogue, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a clever manipulation of incident.

MRS. BECKETT.

Of all the mansions in Park Lane, albeit there are some, though not many, larger, Beckett House gives the strongest impression to the passer-by not only of wealth, but, what is a very different thing (and much better), the possession of an abundance of ready money: Just as on illumination nights we see the lines of some public edifice picked out with fire, so all the summer long the balconies of Beckett House show, tier on tier, their glowing lines of flowers. Under the large portico there is a miniature jungle of tropical foliage, and when at night the open door gives a glimpse of the interior to the passing Peri, it seems to her an Eden indeed. Nor even in winter does this shrine of Flora lack its gifts, for in the centre and on either wing are great conservatories, to which "the time of roses" is but a poetic figment, and May (for once) is happy in December's arms.

Mrs. Beckett, the owner of this palace, has a passion for flowers, which her wealth enables her to indulge to the full; nor is this the only proof of her good taste. She had once a handle to her name, but laid it aside by an act of voluntary abnegation. Emperors and others have done the like before her, but a woman — never. Her first husband was Sir Robert Orr, a city knight, who left her an immense jointure and "her ladyship." He had never been remarkable for personal beauty, and un-

less in the sense of years — he was three times her age — could hardly have been called accomplished. It was a marriage of convenience; but the old man had been kind to her in life and death, and she respected his memory. When she married her second husband, John Beckett, the railway engineer, she dropped "her ladyship." Sir Robert had been intensely proud of the title, and she felt that it belonged to him. The law, of course, would have decided as much, but she might have retained it by courtesy. She was not a woman to parade her sentiments, and, having some sense of humor, was wont to account for this act of self-sacrifice upon moral grounds; she did not think it respectable, she said, to figure with her husband in the *Morning Post,* as Mr. Beckett and Lady Orr; she left that suspicious anomaly for the wives of bishops.

John Beckett had been a rich man, though he could not have measured purses with Sir Robert, and he had ten times his wit. He had not wasted them much on building bridges or hollowing tunnels out of the "too solid earth;" he left such enduring monuments to scientific theorists and applied the great powers of his mind — he called them without the faintest consciousness of self-satire its "grasp" — to contracts; mostly in connection with coal. He took the same practical view of matrimony, which poor Lady Orr had never guessed, and for her part had wedded her second husband for love. It was unintelligible to her that a man of so much wealth should pant for more: but he did so to his last breath. If he could have carried all his money (and hers) away with him — "to melt" or "to begin the next world with" — he would have done it and left her penniless. As it was, he died suddenly — killed by a fall from his horse below her very windows — an intestate. Even when his scarce breathing body was lying in an upstairs chamber, and she attending it with all wifely solicitude, she could not stifle a sense of coming enfranchisement after twenty-five years of slavery, or the consciousness that her Sir Robert had been the better man of the two.

A woman of experience at least, if not of wisdom, was the present mistress of Beckett House; with strong pas-

sions, but with a not ungenerous heart; outspoken from the knowledge of her "great possessions;" perhaps, as much as from natural frankness; a warm friend and not a very bitter enemy; and at the bottom of it all with a certain simplicity of character, of which her love for flowers was an example. She had loved them as Kitty Conway, the country doctor's daughter, when violets, instead of camellias, had been "her only wear," sweet-peas and wallflowers the choicest ornaments of her little garden, and Park Lane to her unsophisticated mind like other lanes. "Fat, fair, and forty," she was wont to call herself at the date this story opens, and it was the truth; but not the whole truth. Fat she was, and fair she was, but she was within a few years of fifty. Of course she was admirably preserved. As the kings of old took infinite pains that their bodies after death should not decay, so women do their best for themselves in that way while still in the flesh; and Mrs. Beckett was as youthful as care and art could make her. In shadow and with the light behind her, persons of the other sex might have set her down as even less mature than she described herself to be. There would have been at least ten years' difference between their "quotations"— as Poor Sir Robert would have called them — and that of her tiring maid.

Five years she had had of gilded ease and freedom, since drunken, greedy, hard John Beckett had occupied his marble hall in Kensal Green — Sir Robert had a similar edifice of his own in Highgate cemetery, for she had too much good taste to mix their dust — and on the whole she had enjoyed them. Far too well favored by fortune, however, not to have her detractors, she was whispered by some to be by no means averse to a third experiment in matrimony. "There swam no goose so gray," they were wont to quote, and "There was luck in odd numbers." Gossips will say anything, and men delight in jokes against the fair sex. — *Thicker than Water.*

A HILL FOG.

Long before Grace reached the proposed turning-point of her journey the sunshine had given place to a gray

gloom, which yet was not the garb of evening. The weather looked literally "dirty," though she was too little of a sailor, and too much of a gentlewoman, to call it so. Instead of running on ahead of his mistress and investigating the rocks for what Mr. Roscoe (who was cockney to the backbone, and prided himself on it) *would* call sweet-meats (meaning sweetmasts), Rip kept close to her skirts. . . . It was ridiculous to suppose that a town-bred dog should scent atmospheric dangers upon the mountains of Cumberland; but his spirits had certainly quitted him with inexplicable precipitancy, and every now and then he would give a short, impatient bark, which said, as plainly as dog could speak, "Hurry up, unless you want to be up here all night, and perhaps longer."

This strange conduct of her little companion did not escape Grace's attention, and, though she did not understand it, it caused her insensibly to quicken her steps. She had rounded Halse Fell, and was just about to leave it for lower ground, when she suddenly found herself in darkness. The fell had not only put its cap on, it was drawn down over its white face as that other white cap, still more terrible to look upon covers the features of the poor wretch about to be "turned off" on the gallows. The suddenness of the thing (for there is nothing so sudden as a hill-fog, except a sea-fog) gave it, for the moment, quite the air of a catastrophe. To be in cotton-wool is a phrase significant of superfluous comfort; and yet, curiously enough, it seemed to express better than any other the situation in which Grace now found herself, in which there was no comfort at all. She seemed to be wrapped around in that garment which ladies call "a cloud" — only of a coarse texture and very wet. It was over her eyes and nose and mouth, and rendered everything invisible and deadened every sound.

It might clear away in five minutes, and it might last all night. To move would be fatal. Should she take one unconscious turn to left or right, she was well aware that she would lose all her bearings; and yet, from a few feet lower than where she stood now, could she but have seen a hundred yards in front of her, she knew there would be comparative safety. She could no more see a hun-

dred yards, or ten or five, however, than she could see a hundred miles. Things might have been worse, of course. She might have been at the top of the fell instead of halfway down it. She had been in fogs herself, but not like this, nor so far from home. But matters were serious enough as they were.

Though there was no wind, of course the air had become very damp and chill. To keep her head clear, to husband her strength, should a chance of exerting it be given her, and to remain as warm as possible, were the best, and indeed the only, things to be done. Keeping her eyes straight before her she sat down, and took Rip on her lap. But for its peril, the position was absurd enough; but it was really perilous. Lightly clad as she was, for the convenience of walking, she could hardly survive the consequences of such a night on the open fell. . . . An incident she had once read of a clerk in a Fleet Street bank being sent suddenly on pressing business into Wales, and all but perishing the very next night, through a sprained ankle, on a spur of Snowdon, came into her mind. How frightful the desolation of his position had seemed to him — its unaccustomed loneliness and weird surroundings, and the ever-present consciousness of being cut off from his fellows, in a world utterly unknown to him. She was now enduring the self-same pangs! — *The Burnt Million.*

PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD, an American dramatist and actor; born at New York, June 9, 1792; died at Tunis, Africa, April 10, 1852. He early manifested a strong predilection for the stage, where he was hailed as "the young Roscius." As a boy of fourteen he edited the *Thespian Mirror,* and studied at Union College, where he edited the *Pastime.* In his sixteenth year he appeared at the Park Theatre,

New York, as "Young Norval," and subsequently acted in other cities. In 1813 he went to London, where he met with a decided theatrical success. He remained in Europe until 1832, where he wrote several dramas, some of which were popular at the time, but none of them are now remembered, excepting *Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin,* and the opera of *Clari, or the Maid of Milan.* In it occurs the song *Home, Sweet Home,* which made the fortune of the opera and of the publishers, 100,000 copies having been rapidly sold, but the author reaped no pecuniary benefit. In 1851 he received the appointment of United States Consul at Tunis, which he retained until his death. Thirty years after his death the remains of Payne were exhumed and taken to Washington, where they were reinterred, and a monument was erected above them.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home —
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that came to my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home —
There's no place like home.

THE ROMAN FATHER.

Brutus. — Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains; but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat, is a deed so black
That my foiled tongue refuses it a name.
[*A pause.*]
There is one criminal still left for judgment;
Let him approach.

TITUS *is brought in by the Lictors.*

Prisoner —
Romans! forgive this agony of grief;
My heart is bursting, nature must have way —
I will perform all that a Roman should,
I cannot feel less than a father ought.

[*Gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and advances from the judgment-seat.*]

Well, Titus, speak, how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?
— *Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin.*

PEABODY, ANDREW PRESTON, an American clergyman; born at Beverly, Mass., March 19, 1811; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 10, 1893. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1826, and afterward from the Divinity School. After one year of tutorship in mathematics, he was pastor at Portsmouth, N. H., twenty-seven years. In 1860 he became preacher to Harvard University and Professor of Christian Morals. From 1852, for eleven years, he edited the *North American Review,* to which, and to other reviews, he contributed a great number of articles. Among his books are *Sermons on Consolation* (1847); *Christianity the Religion of Nature* (1864); *Reminiscences of European Travel* (1868); *Manual of Moral Philosophy, Christianity and Science* (1874); *Christian Belief and Life* (1875); *Harvard Reminiscences* (1888); *Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known* (1890); and *King's Chapel Sermons* (1891).

SELF-LOVE AND BENEVOLENCE.

There is at first view an irreconcilable antagonism between self-love and beneficence. Self-love is inevitable; beneficence is a manifest duty. But if we love ourselves, how can we rob ourselves of time, reputation, ease, or money for the good of others? If we are beneficent, how can we be otherwise than false to that law of our very natures which urges upon us a primary reference to our own happiness? I cannot find this problem solved by any moralist before Christ. Beneficence was indeed inculcated before Christ, but as a form of self-renunciation, not as returning a revenue to the kind heart and the generous hand. Yet here Christ plays a bold stroke. His precepts are full of philanthropy. They prescribe the ut-

most measures of toil and sacrifice for humanity. They constrain the disciple to call nothing his own which others really need, — to hold all that he has subject to perpetual drafts from those who can claim his sympathy. Yet Christ is so far from dishonoring and denouncing self-love, that he cherishes it without imposing or suggesting a limit to it, nay, makes the cherishing of it a duty and a measure of the seemingly antagonistic duty, implying that the more we love ourselves the greater will be the amount of the good we do to others. His fundamental law for the social life stretches the uniting wire between these opposite poles, and transmits from each to the other the current of personal and social obligation, making duty interest, and interest duty. The precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is simply absurd, if the imagined antagonism is real. But if these two principles, in form mutually hostile, are in fact kindred and mutually convertible, so that each does the other's work, it must be by means of springs and wheels which underlie them both and the whole fabric of society, and which are kept in perpetual tension and motion by an omnipresent Providence. Either this coincidence of self-love and beneficence is a law of nature, or it is a contradiction in terms and an impossibility in action. Let us consider how far it is a law of nature.

Look, first, at international relations. Unenlightened self-love dictates war on the most trivial pretexts, quick resentment, prompt revenge, bold aggression, the preying of the strong upon the feeble. But if history has taught any lesson, it has taught the inexpediency and folly of needless war, even when most successful, and the expediency of peace at all sacrifice, and of mutual good offices among nations. . . . A similar change has taken place in the commercial relations of the civilized world. In the ignorant infancy of modern commerce the reigning doctrine was, that the surplus of the specie imported over that exported determined the balance of trade in favor of a nation, so that by any specific commercial arrangement one party must be the gainer, the other the loser. Thus the sole effort of diplomatists was to outwit one another, and to throw dust into one another's eyes;

and as to mercantile matters, nations occupied a position of mutual antagonism, each looking for gain at the expense of the other. . . . Thus, though commerce seems an intensely selfish transaction, it is now girdling the earth with the zone of common interest, mutual good-will, and reciprocal helpfulness.

Among members of the same community, I know of nothing that illustrates the concurrent tendency and harmonious working of self-love and mutual benevolence so strongly and beautifully as the system of insurance. At first thought the appeal to the self-love of the uninjured as a source against calamity might seem the height of absurdity, and the inscription, "Bear ye one another's burdens," placed over the office of a joint-stock company might look like bitter irony. Yet what but such an appeal is the advertisement of an insurance company? . . . This kindly agency, by which disasters that would overwhelm and ruin the individual, are drawn off and scattered over a whole community with a pressure which none can seriously feel, might remind one of what takes place in a thunder-storm, when every twig of every tree, and every angle of every moistened roof helps to lead harmlessly to the ground the electric force which, discharged at any one point, would deal desolation and death.

We may trace this same harmony between self-love and benevolence in the relations and intercourse of ordinary life. We have heard a great deal at times — I think that the phraseology has grown obsolete now, but it was rife when the Carlylese *patois* used to be spoken in cultivated circles — about whole men, and the necessity of every man's being a whole man, in himself complete, self-sufficing, and independent. There never was such a man, and never will be; and were there such a man, he would be as fair a specimen of humanity as one would be as to his physical nature who lacked hands, or feet, or even head. We are by nature the complements of one another. We cannot help leaning and depending on one another. We are like trees in a forest, each sheltered and fostered by its neighbor-trees, and liable to speedy blighting when transplanted to a solitary exposure. Our social natures are as truly a part of ourselves as our physical natures;

our affections as our appetites; our domestic and civil relations as our subjection to the laws of matter and of mind. The man whom we term selfish consults the needs of only an insignificant fraction of himself. The self-seeker (so called) leads a life of perpetual self-sacrifice and self-denial. He alone who benefits his neighbor does well for himself. He alone who does good gets good. He alone who makes the world the happier and the better by his living in it becomes happier and better by living in it. — *Christianity the Religion of Nature.*

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE, an English novelist and poet; born at Weymouth, October 18, 1785; died at London, January 23, 1866. He entered the service of the East India Company in 1818, and retired on a pension in 1856. He was one of the executors of Shelley, of whose life he has given some account. Among his novels are *Headlong Hall* (1816); *Melincourt* (1817); *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), and *Rhododaphne,* a volume of verse (1818); *Maid Marian* (1822); *Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829); in which occur several clever bits of verse, as also in the earlier *Nightmare Abbey. Crochet Castle* appeared in 1831. His latest novel was *Gryll Grange* (1861). A complete edition of his *Works,* with a preface by Lord Houghton, was published in 1875.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

"Now, Lord Fitzwater," said the chief forester, "recognize your son-in-law that was to have been in the outlaw Robin Hood."

"Ay, ay," said the Baron, "I have recognized you long ago."

"And recognize your young friend Gamwell," said the second, "in the outlaw Scarlet."

"And little John the page," said the third, in "Little John the outlaw."

"And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey," said the Friar, "in Father Tuck of Sherwood Forest."

"I am in fine company," said the Baron.

"In the very best of company," said the Friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beach are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun and the moon and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass and the daisy and the primrose and the violet are its many-colored floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower and the woodbine and the eglantine and the ivy are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark and the thrush and the linnet and the nightingale are its unhired minstrels and musicians.

"Robin Hood is the King of the Forest, both by the dignity of his birth, and by his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of the people. He holds dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen deer, and its swinish multitude, or peasantry, of wild-boars, by right of conquest or force of arms. He levies contributions among them, by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. What right had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim; so does Robin. With whom both? With any that would dispute it. William raised contributions; so does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both — because they could not, or cannot, help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich; and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince.

"Scarlet and John, are they not Peers of the Forest — Lords Temporal of Sherwood? And am I not Lord

Spiritual? Am I not Archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are they not State, and am I not Church? Are they not State monarchical, and am I not Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn; and, by'r Lady, when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass! We take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again; but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer.

"What need we, then, to constitute a Court, except a Fool and a Laureate? For the Fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art; and we are merry men who are true by nature. For the Laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves." — *Maid Marian.*

THE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Seamen three! What men be ye?
"Gotham's three Wise Men we be."
Whither in your bowl so free?
"To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And our ballast is old wine."

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
"I am he they call Old Care."
Here on board we will thee lift.
"No; I may not enter there."
Wherefore so? "'Tis Jove's decree
In a bowl Care may not be;
In a bowl Care may not be."

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
"No: in charmed bowl we swim."

What the charm that floats the bowl?
"Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim; the moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine;
And our ballast is old wine."

—*Nightmare Abbey.*

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us,
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The King marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars,
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in;
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.

The eagles and the ravens
  Were glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
  The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle —
  And much their land bemoaned them —
Two thousand head of cattle,
  And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
  His head was borne before us;
And his wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
  And his overthrow our chorus.
— *Misfortunes of Elphin.*

PEARSON, JOHN, an English theologian; born at Snoring, Norfolk, February 28, 1612; died at Chester, July 16, 1686. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge, of which he was made Fellow in 1635. In 1639 he took orders, became prebendary of Ely, and Master of Jesus College in Cambridge in 1660; Professor of Divinity at Lady Margaret College in 1661; Master of Trinity in 1662; and was consecrated Bishop of Chester in 1672. He was the author of several works, the most important of which was the *Exposition of the Creed* (1659), which continues to be a standard defence of the creed of the Anglican Church. This book has always had a high reputation, and is used as a text-book for students of theology. It has frequently been republished and abridged, and was translated into Latin by Arnold in 1691. Bishop Pearson was one of the commissioners on the review of the Liturgy at the Savoy. His last work, the *Two Dissertations on the Succession and*

Times of the First Bishops of Rome, formed the principal part of his *Opera Posthuma,* edited by Henry Iodwell in 1688.

THE RESURRECTION.

Besides the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow or crusted with frost and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and, being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, and preserved by perishing, and revived by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence into a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon His power we must conclude that we may, from His will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of His will to raise the dead, and that He hath not only delivered that intention in His Word, but hath also in several ways confirmed the same.— *An Exposition of the Creed.*

PECK, HARRY THURSTON ("RAFFORD PYKE"), an American critic and essayist; born at Stamford, Conn., November 24, 1856. He was graduated from Columbia in 1881, studied in Berlin, and in 1888 became professor of Latin at Columbia. In 1895 he became editor of *The Bookman,* and in 1900 was one of the editors of the *New International Encyclopædia.* For several years he was literary editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser.* His published works include *The Semetic Theory of Creation* (1887); *Suetonius* (1889); *Manual of Latin Pronunciation* (1902); *The Personal Equation* (1897); *What is Good English* (1898); *Graystone and Porphyry,* verse (1900); *Life of Prescott* (1904).

Professor Peck has been called "the American An-

drew Lang," from his versatility, and the wide range of topics discussed by him in the magazines and periodicals. Under the pseudonym of "Rafford Pyke" he has written hundreds of essays for the newspapers and magazines.

WIDOWS.

If we look through the pages of literature, we shall find that widows are not treated with much seriousness. From Balzac — or for that matter, from St. Jerome — down to the elder Weller, the widow is a subject for satire or jest or warning. And if we sum up what appears to be the concensus of opinion as expressed both in books and in casual conversation, we shall have to think of the typical widow as a woman who is not only *rusée* and therefore dangerous, but as one who is eager to marry again, who is clever at ensnaring men, and who is not overparticular as to who it is that presents himself to her eyes as a second husband.

The topic is too interesting to be dismissed in so offhand a fashion as this, and with so sweeping a generalization. The psychology of widowhood deserves a careful study, for it involves some rather nice problems in the science of humanity. In the first place, is the woman who has been married as attractive to men as the woman who is still unwedded and a maid? In answering this question we should first recall the fact that in general, the sexes are attracted to each other, *ceteris paribus*, on the complementary theory. That is, a man most often chooses the woman who possesses certain qualities which he himself lacks and which she possesses. This principle extends to physical as well as mental endowments. The undersized and meager man mates with the tall and robust woman. The albino seeks out for himself a pronounced brunette. And we see frivolous men married to wives who lack all sense of humor, serious men fascinated by feather-headed girls, sulky men figuring as the husbands of amiable women, and hot-tempered, irritable men united to placid, gentle women of beautifully even dispositions.

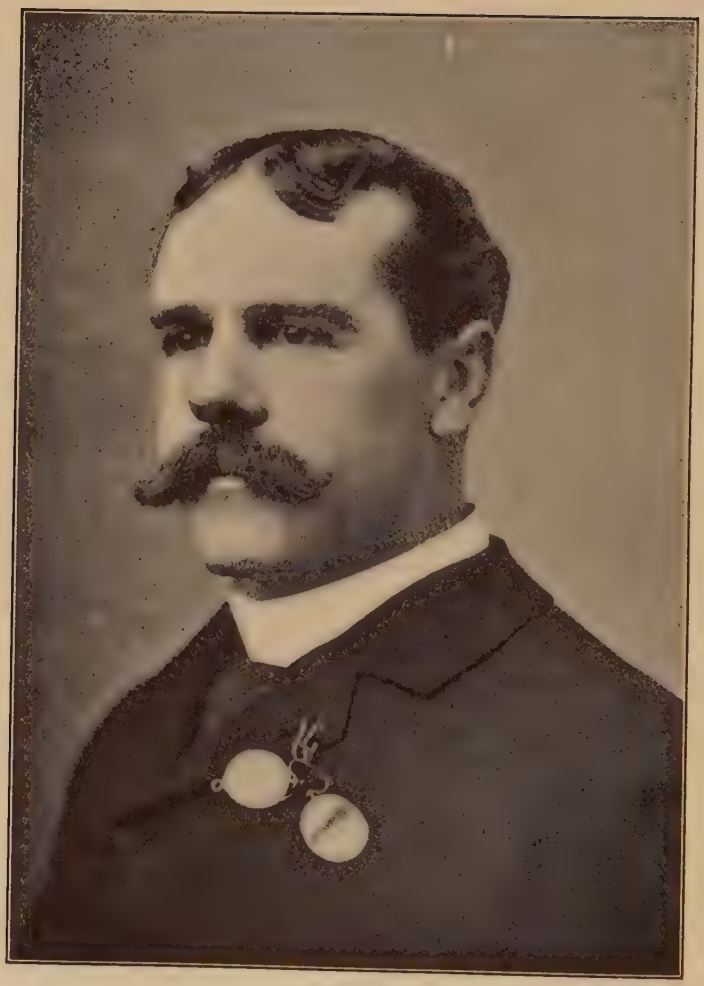
All this is in accordance with a law of nature which leads both men and women to mate in such a way as to insure an even balance in their offspring, excess supplementing defect, both physically and mentally and spiritually. And this makes for happiness. Now one gift which all human beings may acquire is the gift of experience — the knowledge of life as it really is. And there is nothing which more attracts and charms than this same experience and knowledge when they have mellowed rather than soured their possessor. This is why young girls so often regard youths of their own age with a sort of friendly indifference. They do not take seriously those who are as green and *gauche* as they feel themselves to be. They long for some one to whom they can look up and upon whom they can lean with perfect confidence and a delicious sense of safety. And so, too, it is with most young men. They are usually both vain and timid, and their self-consciousness has to be soothed into somnolence before they can be quite at ease and wholly natural. Only the tactfulness of a woman of the world can exercise this charm, and the serious attention of the woman of the world is infinitely flattering to them. But this sort of tactfulness, this exquisite art of pleasing, is possessed more fully by the widow than by the woman who is still unwedded. For whatever other women know, a widow knows still more; and she understands the full effect of every move she makes. So, with the general run of younger men, she has a real advantage, and this is why there exists a tacit feud between all maids and widows. Young girls will not acknowledge it — perhaps they are not always conscious of it — but none the less they always feel a definite and quite instinctive distrust of an attractive widow. They recognize the fact that in the game of conquest where men's hearts are given as the stakes, the widow has a wonderful advantage.

How is it with the man of more experience? Does he, too, find a charm in widowhood? Much more infrequently. He knows too well the meaning of the mysteries of life; and in him the wish to be the *first* is usually very strong. To kiss where another has kissed before him, to love where another has loved before him — this is distasteful

to a degree, and many who have believed at first that they would be reasonable and not care, have found the insistent thought of the one who was before them a horrible and intolerable torment. Yet this is not the invariable rule. There are men who have been *viveurs,* who have acquired a touch of cynicism, and who do not analyze too closely. These may find the *naïveté* and *niaiserie* of the young girl nothing but a bore, and such men experience a feeling of relief at the frank and ready understanding which they know the widow has. There is something just a little bit perverse in this, perhaps a little bit degenerate; but it is so — and the widow knows it.

And how about the widow? Is she really given over to the thought of a new marriage? Is marriage always in her mind? And is she indiscriminate in choosing? No one should say so. The loneliness of widowhood, of course, makes its strong appeal to her. If she was supremely happy in her early marriage, then this loneliness is all the greater. Yet just because she has been happy, she feels the more intimately and closely bound to that memory of the one who made her happy.. She longs for love, but it is for *his* love; and no other can be quite the same. I think that Miss Amélie Rives gave a most astonishingly true picture of this state of mind in her story *The Quick and the Dead* — a story which in its day created something of a scandal; but which now would be received with the appreciation which it well deserves.

And even if she has been utterly unhappy, the widow is not eager to seek her compensations in another marriage. Her first experience has taught her caution. She knows the meaning of too many things. And, unlike the young girl to whom almost any man is a delightful possibility, the widow can discriminate and weigh and judge. In the end, she will doubtless marry, but only if her cultivated instinct tells her that she has really met the man who can appeal to all that is within her, and give her back in the fullest measure the response without which she has learned that marriage has no meaning.— *The Twentieth Century Home.*



SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN, an American lyric poet; born at Tuscaloosa, Ala., November 4, 1854. He was graduated from the University of Alabama in 1876, and later studied medicine in New York. His verses have attracted more or less attention for their grace and melody. His first popular success, *I Wonder What Maud Will Say,* appeared in the *Century Magazine.* It was at once reproduced in nearly every newspaper of importance from Maine to California. It is the soliloquy of a bachelor on the eve of avowing his love to his fair lady Maud, and from beginning to end there is the spontaneity and lightness of touch, so essential in society verse, which the following lines show:

"The deed it were well to do quickly—
Macbeth makes a kindred remark:
I wonder if Mac felt as sickly
When he carved the old king in the dark!"

This poem was followed in the *Century* by a series of society verses which were equally fortunate in striking the popular fancy, among which may be mentioned *A Fair Attorney; An After Thought,* and *Bessie Brown, M.D.* Another of his society poems that won great popularity is *Dollie,* that appeared in the *Manhattan Magazine,* one stanza of which will indicate its charming simplicity:

"'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabric of her dreams—
But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
In her muff."

Mr. Peck's published works include *Cap and Bells* (1886); *Rings and Love Knots* (1892); *Rhymes and Roses* (1894); *Fair Women of Today* (1896); *The Golf Girl* (1900), and *Alabama Sketches* (1902), a volume of prose fancies.

COME, O PAN.

"Come, O Pan, why hast thou waited,
Why so long art thou belated?
Lo, beside the western sea
Gayly flits the mellow bee;
Long ago the birds were mated.

Come — the grapes hang purple-pated,
Flowers blow for garlands fated,
As of old in Arcady
Come, O Pan!

Quips and laughter unabated
Crown the cup with pleasure freighted.
I have kept a pipe for thee;
Come and swell the autumn glee,
Leading Dryades graceful gaited,
Come, O Pan!"

THE SONG OF MARIANA.

I linger at the gateway where once we stood together,
The withered lilies glimmer and beckon eerily,
O Truant Heart! come straightway; through fair and stormy weather
My love has ne'er grown dimmer — Dear Heart, come back to me!

The amber west is fading. The gloom begins to thicken
Above the streamlet lowly a-sobbing to the sea;
With tender light upbraiding, seest thou the starlets quicken?
Thou heedest them too slowly — Dear Heart, come back to me!

Ah, were I like the swallow, with joyful pinions lifted,
The cruel distance cleaving, I'd swiftly fly to thee;
But oh! I may not follow; amid the darkness drifted
I cry out in my grieving — Dear Heart, come back to me!

DOWN UPON THE OLD PLANTATION.

O, the balmy southern spring
Down upon the old plantation!
Where the skies their grace renew,
Tempest-washed to deeper hue
'Till a shimmering vault of blue
Arches over hill and vale,
Who could mourn the winter's wrath
As he views its chastened path
Blooming forth more sweet and hale.

Everywhere there meets the eye
Loveliness beyond relation;
Nothing but the pine trees sigh
Down upon the old plantation.

Dimpled pleasure smiles at care
Down upon the old plantation.
Lisping zephyrs every hour,
Laugh above some new-born flower,
Wood and field are beauty's dower.
Every echo speaks of bliss.
Where is any nook for grief
When each fragrant flower and leaf
Lures the sunlight with a kiss!

Far and near there greet the ear
Sweetest sounds in all creation.
Naught but night e'er sheds a tear
Down upon the old plantation.

Half the joys can ne'er be told
Down upon the old plantation.
Lofty pines and spicy bays,

Zigzag fences, woodland ways,
Birds and bees and jessamine sprays
Offer joys that never wane.
Swinging in the muscadine
Not for Lethe's cup I pine,
Fame and fortune tempt in vain.

Who would wish afar to roam
With such scenes for contemplation?
O, there is a place like home,
Down upon the old plantation!

PELLICO, SILVIO, an Italian poet; born at Saluzzo, Piedmont, June 24, 1789; died near Turin, January 31, 1854. While quite young he achieved a reputation, especially by his dramatic poems, *Laodamia* and *Francesca da Rimini,* the latter a tragedy which has held a high place in the estimation of theatre-goers for many years. He took part in the Carbonari movement; was arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to death; but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' close confinement in a prison of state. His first place of incarceration was at Milan, from which place he was removed to an island near Venice, and finally to Spielberg, in Moravia. His health broke down under the hardships to which he was subjected, and in 1830, when apparently near the point of death, he was liberated by imperial order, and took up his residence at Turin. The year following his liberation he published *My Prisons,* containing an account of his ten years' incarceration. This was immediately translated into several lan-

guages — into English by Thomas Roscoe. Pellico subsequently published several works in verse and prose, one of the latest being a treatise on *The Duties of Man,* highly praised for its moral teachings. Among his fellow-prisoners at Spielberg was his friend Pietro Maroncelli.

THE DEAF-AND-DUMB BOY.

At the commencement of my captivity I was fortunate enough to meet with a friend. It was neither the governor nor any of the Undersailors, nor any of the lords of the Process Chamber; but a poor deaf-and-dumb boy, five or six years old, the offspring of thieves who had paid the penalty of the law. This wretched little orphan was supported by the police, with several other boys in the same condition of life. They all dwelt in a room opposite my own, and were only permitted to go out at certain hours to breathe a little air in the yard. Little Deaf-and-Dumb used to come under my window, smile, and make his obeisance to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he looked, and gave a leap of joy; then ran to his companions, divided it, and returned to eat his own share under a window. The others gave me a wistful look from a distance, but ventured no nearer, while the deaf-and-dumb boy expressed signs of sympathy for me; not, I found, affected, out of mere selfishness. Sometimes he was at a loss what to do with the bread I gave him, and made signs that he had eaten enough, as also had his companions. When he saw one of the under-jailers going into my room, he would give him what he had got from me, in order to restore it to me. Yet he continued to haunt my window, and seemed to rejoice whenever I deigned to notice him.

One day the jailer permitted him to enter my prison, when he instantly ran to embrace my knees, actually uttering a cry of joy. I took him up in my arms, and he threw his little hands about my neck, and lavished on me the tenderest caresses. How much affection in his smile and manner! How eagerly I longed to have

him to educate, to raise him from his abject condition, and snatch him, perhaps, from utter ruin. I never learned his name; he did not know himself that he had one. He seemed always happy, and I never saw him weep except once, and that was on his being beaten, I know not why, by the jailer. Strange that he should be thus happy in a receptacle of so much pain and sorrow; yet he was as light-hearted as the son of a grandee. From him I learned at least that the mind need not depend on situations, but may be rendered independent of external things. Govern the imagination, and we shall be well wherever we happen to be placed.— *My Prisons.*

THE HEROISM OF MARONCELLI.

Maroncelli was far more unfortunate than myself. Although my sympathy for him caused me real pain and suffering, I was glad to be near him, to attend to all his wants, and to perform all the duties of a brother and a friend. It soon became evident that his ulcered leg would never heal. He considered his death as near at hand, and yet he lost nothing of his admirable calmness or his courage. The sight of all his suffering was at last almost more than I could bear.

Still, in this deplorable condition, he continued to compose verses; he sang, he conversed — and all this he did to encourage me by disguising a part of what he suffered. He lost his power of digestion, he could not sleep, was reduced to a skeleton, and very frequently swooned away. Yet the moment he was restored he rallied his spirits, and, smiling, told me not to be afraid. It is indescribable what he suffered during many months. At length a consultation was held. The head-physician was called in; he approved of all his colleagues had done, and took his leave without expressing any decided opinion. A few minutes after, the superintendent entered, and said to Maroncelli:

"The head-physician did not venture to express his real opinion in your presence; he feared you would not have fortitude to bear so terrible an announcement. I

have assured him, however, that you are possessed of courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it in bearing this terrible torture without howling. Is there anything he would propose?"

"Yes, sir — the amputation of the limb. Only, perceiving how much your constitution is broken down, he hesitates to advise you. Weak as you are, could you support the operation? Will you run the risk —"

"Of dying? And shall I not equally die if I go on, besides enduring this diabolical torture?"

"We will send off an account, then, direct to Vienna, soliciting permission; and the moment it comes, you shall have your leg cut off."

"What! Does it require a *permit* for this?"

"Assuredly, sir," was the reply.

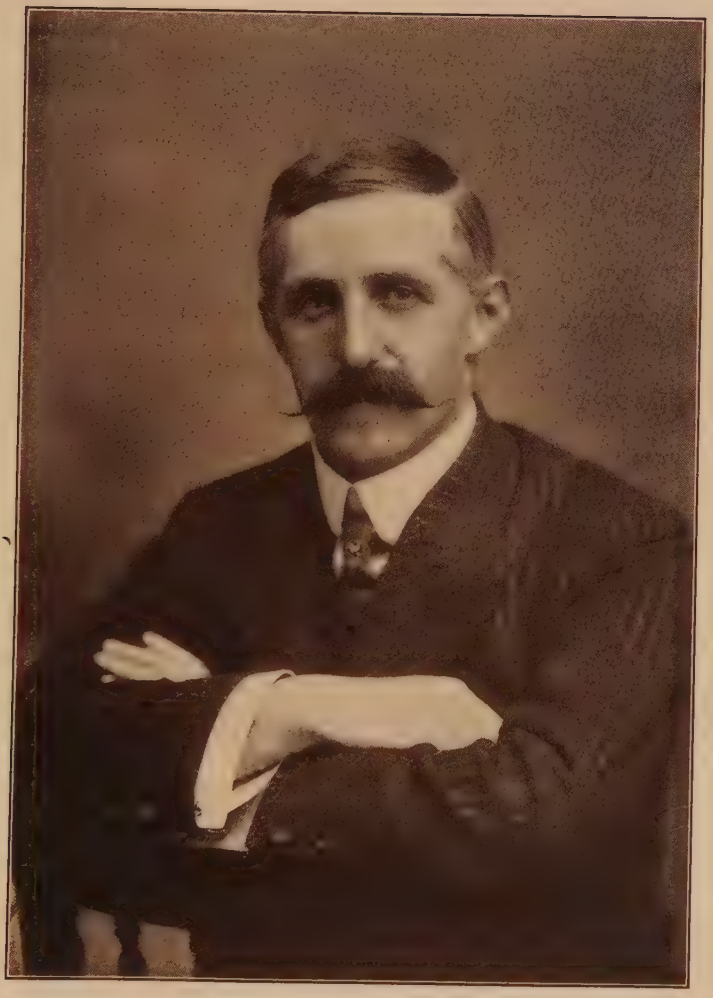
In about a week a courier arrived from Vienna, with the permission for the amputation. My sick friend was carried from his dungeon into a larger room. He begged me to follow him. "I may die under the knife," said he, "and I should wish, in that case, to expire in your arms." I promised, and was permitted to accompany him.

The sacrament was first administered to the prisoner; and we then quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeons. Maroncelli filled up the interval by singing a hymn. At length they came. One was an able surgeon, sent from Vienna to superintend the operation; but it was the privilege of our ordinary prison apothecary, and he would not yield it to the man of science, who must be contented to look on.

The patient was placed on the side of a couch, with his leg down, while I supported him in my arms. It was to be cut off above the knee. First an incision was made to the depth of an inch — then through the muscles; and the blood flowed in torrents. The arteries were next taken up, one by one and secured by ligaments. Next came the saw. This lasted some time; but Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carrying his leg away he cast on it one melancholy look; then, turning toward the surgeon, he said: "You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you." He

saw a rose placed in a glass in a window, and said, "May I beg you to bring hither that flower?" I brought it to him, and he then offered it to the surgeon, with an indescribable air of good-nature: "See, I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude." The surgeon took it as it was meant, and even wiped away a tear.— *My Prisons.*

PEMBERTON, Max, an English novelist; born at Birmingham, June 19, 1863. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1885 was a member of the editorial staff of London *Vanity Fair.* In 1896 he became editor of *Cassell's Magazine.* He has published *The Iron Pirate* (1894); *Sea Wolves* (1894); *The Impregnable City* (1895); *The Little Huguenot* (1896); *A Puritan's Wife* (1896); *A Gentleman's Gentleman* (1897); *Christine of the Hills* (1898); *The Garden of Swords* (1899); *The House Under the Sea* (1900); *Pro Patria* (1901); *Signors of the Night* (1901); *The Queen of the Jesters* (1902); *Feo* (1902); *Love, the Harvester* (1903); *The Gold Wolf* (1903); *Dr. Xavier* (1903); *A Daughter of the States* (1904); *Beatrice of Venice* (1904); and *The Hundred Days* (1905). As the title indicates, *Beatrice of Venice* is a tale of Venice, and is full of movement and color, and the love interest is conspicuous. The picture of Venice in the Napoleonic era is well-studied. The descriptive passages are vigorously written. His first novel, *The Iron Pirate,* gave him a world-wide reputation as a novelist.



MAX PEMBERTON.

THE PERFECT FOOL ASKS A FAVOR.

"En voiture! en voiture!"

If it has not been your privilege to hear a French guard utter these words, you have lost a lesson in the dignity of elocution which nothing can replace. "En voiture, en voiture; five minutes for Paris." At the well-delivered warning, the Englishman in the adjoining buffet raises on high the frothing tankard, and vaunts before the world his capacity for deep draughts and long; the fair American spills her coffee and looks an exclamation; the bishop pays for his daughter's tea, drops the change in the one chink which the buffet boards disclose, and thinks one; the traveled person, disdaining haste, smiles on all with a pitying leer; the foolish man, who has forgotten something, makes public his conviction that he will lose his train. The adamantine official alone is at ease, and, as the minutes go, the knell of the train-loser sounds the deeper, the horrid jargon is yet more irritating.

I thought all these things, and more, as I waited for the Perfect Fool at the door of my carriage in the harbor station at Calais. He was truly an impossible man, that small-eyed, short-haired, stooping mystery I had met at Cowes a month before, and formed so strange a friendship with. To-day he would do this, to-morrow he would not; to-day he had a theory that the world was egg-shaped, to-morrow he believed it to be round; in one moment he was hot upon a journey to St. Petersburg, in the next he felt that the Pacific islands offered a better opportunity. If he had a second coat, no man had ever seen it; if he had a purpose in life, no man, I hold, had ever known it. And yet there was a fascination about him you could not resist; in his visible, palpitating, stultifying folly there was something so amazing that you drew to the man as to that unknown something which the world had not yet given to you, as a treasure to be worn daily in the privacy of your own enjoyment. I had, as I have said, picked the Perfect Fool up at Cowes, whither I had taken my yacht *Celsis* for the

Regatta Week; and he had clung to me ever since with a dogged obstinacy that was a triumph. He had taken of my bread and eaten of my salt unasked; he was not a man such as the men I knew — he was interested in nothing, not even in himself — and yet I tolerated him. And in return for this toleration he was about to make me lose a train for Paris.

"*Will you come on?*" I roared for the tenth time, as the cracked bell jangled and the guards hoisted the last stout person into the only carriage where there was not a seat for her. "Don't you see we shall be left behind? Hurry up! Hang your parcels! Now then — for the last time, Hall, Hill, Hull, whatever your confounded name is, are you coming?"

Many guards gave a hand to the hoist, and the Perfect Fool fell upon his hat-box, which was all the personal property he seemed to possess. He apologized to Mary, who sat in the far corner, with more grace than I had looked for from him, woke Roderick, who was in his fifth sleep since luncheon, and then gathered the remnants of himself into a coherent whole.

"Did any one use my name?" he asked, gravely, and as one offended. "I thought I heard some one call me Hull?"

"Exactly; I think I called you every name in the directory, but I'm glad you answer to one of them."

"Yes, and I tell you what," said Roderick, "I wish you wouldn't come into a railway carriage on your hands and knees, waking a fellow up every time he tries to get a minute to himself; I don't speak for myself, but for my sister."

The Perfect Fool made a profound bow to Mary, who looked very pretty in her dainty yachting dress — she was only sixteen; I had known her all my life — and he said, "I can not make your sister an apology worthy of her."

"If that isn't a shame, Mr. Hall," replied the blushing girl. "I never go to sleep in railway carriages."

"No, of course you don't," said Roderick, as he made himself comfortable for another nap, "but you may go to sleep in *a* railway carriage;" then with a grunt,

"Wake me up at Amiens, old man," he sunk to slumber.

The train moved slowly over the sandy marsh which lies between Calais and Boulogne, and the vapid talk of the railway carriage held us to Amiens, and after. During the second half of the long journey Roderick was asleep, and Mary's pretty head had fallen against the cushion as the swing of the carriage gave the direct negative to her words at Calais station. At last, even the maker of commonplaces was silent; and, as I reclined at greater length on the cushions of the stuffy compartment, I thought how strange a company we were then being carried over the dull, drear pasture-land of France, to the lights, the music, and the life of the great capital. Of the man Martin Hall — I remembered his true name in the moments of repose — I knew nothing beyond that which I have told you; but of my friends Roderick and Mary, accompanying me on this wild-away journey, I knew all that was to be known. Roderick and I had been at Caius College, Cambridge, together, friends drawn the closer in affection because our conditions in kith and kin, in possession and in purpose, in ambition and in idleness, were so very like. Roderick was an orphan, twenty-four years of age, young, rich, desiring to know life before he measured strength with her, caring for no man, not vital enough to realize danger, an Englishman in tenacity of will, a good fellow, a gentleman. His sister was his only care. He gave to her the strength of an undivided love, and just as, in the shallowness of much of his life, there was matter for blame, so in this increasing affection and thought for the one very dear to him was there the strength of a strong manhood and a noble work.

For myself, I was twenty-five when the strange things of which I am about to write happened to me. Like Roderick, I was an orphan. My father had left me fifty thousand pounds, which I drew upon when I was of age; but, shame that I should write it, I had spent more than forty thousand in four years, and my schooner, the *Celsis*, with some few thousand pounds, alone remained to me. Of what was my future to be, I knew not. In the senseless purpose of my life, I said only, "It will come, the tide

in my affairs which taken at the flood should lead on to fortune." And in this supreme folly I lived the days, now in the Mediterranean, now cruising round the coast of England, now flying of a sudden to Paris with one they might have called a vulgarian, but one I chose to know. A journey frought with folly, the child of folly, to end in folly, so might it have been said; but who can foretell the supreme moments of our lives, when unknowingly we stand on the threshhold of action? And who should expect me to foresee that the man who was to touch the spring of my life's action sat before me — mocked of me, dubbed the Perfect Fool — over whose dead body I was to tread the paths of danger and the intricate ways of strange adventure?

But I would not weary you with more of these facts than are absolutely necessary for the understanding of this story, surpassing strange, which I judge it to be as much my duty as my privilege to write. Let us go back to the Gare du Nord, and the compartment wherein Mary and Roderick slept, while the Perfect Fool and I faced each other, surfeited with meteorological observations, sick to weariness with reflections upon the probability of being late or arriving before time. I would well have been silent and dozed as the others were doing; of a truth, I had done so had it not become very evident that the man who had begun to bore me wished at last to say something relating neither to the weather nor to the speed of our train. His restless manner, the fidgeting of his hands with certain papers which he had taken from his great-coat pocket, the shifting of the small gray eyes, marked that within him which suffered not show except in privacy; and I waited for him, making pretense of interest in the great plain of hedgeless pasture-land which bordered the track on each side. At last he spoke, and, speaking, seemed to be the Perfect Fool no longer.

"They're both asleep, aren't they?" he asked suddenly, as he put his hand, which seemed to tremble, upon my arm, and pointed to the sleepers. "Would you mind making sure — quite sure — before I speak? — that is, if you will let me, for I have a favor to ask."

To see the man grave and evidently concerned was to

me so unusual that for the moment I looked at him rather than at Roderick or Mary, and waited to know if the gravity were not of his humor and not of any deeper import. A single glance at him convinced me for the second time that I did him wrong. He was looking at me with a fitful, pleading look unlike anything he had shown previously. In answer to his request I assured him at once that he might speak his mind; that, even if Roderick should overhear us, I would pledge my word for his good faith. Then only did he unbosom himself and tell me freely what he had to say.

"I wanted to speak to you some days ago," he said, earnestly and quickly, as his hands continued to play with the paper, "but we have been so much occupied that I have never found the occasion. It must seem curious in your eyes that I, who am quite a stranger to you, should have been in your company for some weeks, and should not have told you more than my name. As the thing stands, you have been kind enough to make no inquiries; if I am an impostor, you do not care to know it; if I am a rascal hunted by the law, you have not been willing to help the law; you do not know if I have money or no money, a home or no home, people or no people, yet you have made me, shall I say, a friend?"

He asked the question with such a gentle inflection of the voice that I felt a softer chord was touched, and in response I shook hands with him. After that he continued to speak.

"I am very grateful for all your trust, believe me, for I am a man that has known few friends in life, and I have not cared to go out of my way to seek them. You have given me your friendship unasked, and it is the more prized. What I wanted to say is this: if I should die before three days have passed, will you open this packet of papers I have prepared and sealed for you, and carry out what is written there as well as you are able? It is no idle request, I assure you; it is one that will put you in the place where I now stand, with opportunities greater than I dare to think of. As for the dangers, they are big enough, but you are the man to overcome them as I hope to overcome them — if I live!"

The sun fell over the lifeless scene without as he ceased to speak. I could see a crimson beam glowing upon a crucifix that stood on the wayside by the hill-foot yonder; but the cheerless monotony of plow land and of pasture, stretching away leafless, treeless, without bud or flower, herd or herdsman, church or cottage, to the shadowed horizon, looming dark as the twilight deepened, was in sympathy with the gloom which had come upon me as Martin Hall ceased to speak. I had thought the man a fool and witless, flighty in purpose and shallow in thought, and yet he seemed to speak of great mysteries — and of death. In one moment the jester's cloak fell from him, and I saw the mail beneath. He had made a great impression upon me, but I concealed it from him, and replied jauntily and with no show of gravity:

"Tell me, are you quite certain that you are not talking nonsense?"

He replied by asking me to take his hand. I took it; it was chill with the icy cold as of death, and I doubted his meaning no more; but determined to have the whole mystery, then so faintly sketched, laid before me.

"If you are not playing the fool, Hall," said I, "and if you are sincere in wishing me to do something which you say is a favor to you, you must be more explicit. In the first place, how did you get this absurd notion that you are going to die into your head? secondly, what is the nature of the obligation you wish to put upon me? It is quite clear that I can't accept a trust about which I know nothing, and I think that for undiluted vagueness your words deserve a medal. Let us begin at the beginning, which is a very good place to begin at. Now, why should you, who are going to Paris, as far as I know, simply as a common sightseer, have any reason to fear some mysterious calamity in a city where you don't know a soul?"

He laughed softly, looking out for a moment on the sunless fields, but his eyes flashed lights when he answered me, and I saw that he clinched his hands so that the nails pierced the flesh.

"Why am I going to Paris without aim, do you say? Without aim — I, who have waited years for the work I

believe that I shall accomplish to-night — why am I going to Paris? Ha! I will tell you: I am going to Paris to meet one who, before another year has gone, will be wanted by every government in Europe; who, if I do not put my hand upon his throat in the midst of his foul work, will make graves as thick as pines in the wood there before you know another month; one who is mad and who is sane, one who, if he knew my purpose, would crush me as I crush this paper; one who has everything that life can give and seeks more, a man who has set his face against humanity, and who will make war on the nations, who has money and men, who can command and be obeyed in ten cities, against whom the police might as well hope to fight as against the white wall of the South Sea; a man of purpose so deadly that the wisest in crime would not think of it — a man, in short, who is the product of culminating vice — him I am going to meet in this Paris where I go without aim — without aim, ha!"

"And you mean to run him down?" I asked, as his voice sunk to a hoarse whisper, and the drops stood as beads on his brow. "What interest have you in him?"

"At the moment, none; but in a month the interest of money. As sure as you and I talk of it now, there will be fifty thousand pounds offered for knowledge of him before December comes upon us!"

I looked at him as at one who dreams dreams, but he did not flinch.

"You meet the man in Paris?" I went on.

"To-night I shall be with him," he answered; "within three days I will win or lose all — for his secret will be mine. If I fail, it is for you to follow up the thread which I have unraveled by three years' hard work — "

"What sort of person do you say he is?" I continued; and he replied:

"You shall see for yourself. Dare you risk coming with me? I meet him at eight o'clock."

"Dare I risk! Pooh! there can't be much danger."

"There is every danger! But, so, the girl is waking!"

It was true. Mary looked up suddenly as we thundered past the fortifications of Paris, and said, as people do say

in such circumstances: "Why, I believe I've been asleep!" Roderick shook himself like a great bear, and asked if we had passed Chantilly; the Perfect Fool began his banter, and roared for a cab as the lights of the station twinkled in the semi-darkness. I could scarce believe, as I watched his antics, that he was the man who had spoken to me of great mysteries ten minutes before. Still less could I convince myself that he had not many days to live. So are the fateful things of life hidden from us.— *The Iron Pirate.*

PENN, WILLIAM, an English theologian, founder of the Colony of Pennsylvania; born at London, October 14, 1644; died at Ruscombe, Berks, July 30, 1718. From about his twentieth year he was an earnest and consistent Quaker, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and was in high favor at Court during the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and the whole of that of James II. Penn was a voluminous writer. His *Select Works* occupy five volumes in the edition of 1782, and three stout volumes in the more compact edition of 1825. Most of them relate directly to the history and doctrines of the Quakers. Besides these are his *No Cross, No Crown* (1669), written during an eight months' imprisonment for the offence of preaching in public, and *Fruits of a Father's Love,* being wise counsels to his children, published eight years after his death.

ON PRIDE OF NOBLE BIRTH.

That people are generally proud of their persons is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any

pretence either to blood or beauty. But as to the first: What a pother has this noble blood made in the world: antiquity of name or family; whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother was best descended or allied? What stock or of what clan they came of? What coat-of-arms they have? Which had of right the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it. What matter is it of whom anyone descended who is not of ill fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I am neither the better nor the worse for my forefathers; no, to be sure not, in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries easier, or reject favors the more, for coming from the hands of a man well or ill descended.

I confess it were greater honor to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth. But that was never found; not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean pious Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth. Those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and, though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so, too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the braver man of the two? — *No Cross, No Crown.*

PATERNAL COUNSELS.

Betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life: and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those who have

the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And, being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring.

Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bonds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Let your industry and your parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children if the Lord gives you any, and that in moderation. I charge you help the poor and needy. Let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others. . . .

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words, I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak; hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speak as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither avenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your Heavenly Father. In making friends consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction; for that becometh not the good and virtuous. . . .

And as for you who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey — especially the first — I do charge you before the Lord God and His holy angels that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Keep upon the square, for God sees you; therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears.— *Fruits of a Father's Love.*

SAMUEL PEPYS.

PEPYS, Samuel, an English chronicler of small gossip of the reign of Charles II.; born February 23, 1633; died at London, May 26, 1703. Though he was of an ancient family, his early years were passed in humble circumstances. When about twenty-seven he obtained a small post in the exchequer; and he gradually passed from one position to a better one during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., becoming in the end Secretary to the Admiralty. He was also President of the Royal Society from 1684 to 1686. The accession of William III., in 1688, occasioned his retirement from public life. He left to Magdalen College, Cambridge, his rare collection of prints, books, and manuscripts, which is known as the "Pepysian Library." He is known almost wholly by his *Diary*, kept in shorthand, from 1660 to 1669, when the failure of his eyesight compelled him to abandon it. This *Diary* was first partly deciphered about 1820, and portions of it were printed in 1825, edited by Lord Braybrooke. This, however, was greatly abridged and even mutilated. Several editions, each more full than the preceding one, have subsequently been published. The *Diary* is simply a mass of pure gossip, but so naïvely told as to be exceedingly readable. Indeed, without it we should hardly be able to obtain a picture of life in England during the early years of the reign of Charles II. Among the earliest entries in the *Diary* is the following, made in 1660, when Pepys was just beginning to get his head fairly above water:

MRS. PEPYS GETS A NEW PETTICOAT.

August 18, 1660.— Toward Whitefiars by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26s a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. . . . 19, *Lord's Day.*— This morning Sir W. Baten, Pen, and myself went to church. We heard Mr. Mills, a very good preacher. Home to dinner, where my wife had on the new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but it being of a light color, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

Among the later entries is the following, dated May 1, 1669, which shows that Pepys was getting along in the world, and had indeed set up a coach.

MR. AND MRS. PEPYS TAKE A DRIVE.

Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there put on a summer suit the first time this year but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and colored camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, and I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made last year, which is now repaired, and so did go to the office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon got home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced extremely pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over, and mighty earnest to go, though the day was extremely lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town, with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean and green reins, that the people did mightily look upon us. And the truth

is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all that day.

But we set out out of humor — I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine. And she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did see in the Pell Mell; and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach; but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant; the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain. And what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was Mr. W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the Lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things; cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry.

MR. PEPYS DOES NOT LIKE "HUDIBRAS."

December 26, 1662. — To the wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2*s.* 6*d.* But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and, by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.* *February 6.* — To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Gardens, which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again; it being certainly some ill humor to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. *November 28.* — To St. Paul's Churchyard, and there looked upon the Second Part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily

up; though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

MR. PEPYS GETS A GLIMPSE AT ROYALTY.

Hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honor to the Park; and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying there to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress — a white laced waistcoat, and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence* — mighty pretty; and the King rode hand-in-hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she 'light did anybody press — as she seemed to expect, and staid for it — to take her down. She looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome; but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody.

I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that I ever did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, and her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine — at least in this dress. Nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

MR. PEPYS QUARRELS WITH HIS WIFE.

May 11, 1667.— My wife being dressed this day in fair hair, did make me so mad, that I spoke not one

word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my first, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. (*Lord's Day.*)— Up and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to expect against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more — of whom she had more reason to suspect that I had heretofore of Pembleton — she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman — at least, to have here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of bœuf-à-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6s.— *Diary.*

PERCIVAL, James Gates, an American scientist and poet: born at Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795: died at Hazel Green, Wis., May 2, 1856. He was graduated from Yale in 1815: was for a time engaged in teaching, then studied medicine at Philadelphia. In 1824 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, and was detailed as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1827 he took up his residence at New Haven, and engaged in various kinds of literary work, including the revision of the manuscript of Webster's *Dictionary*, and a translation of Malte-Brun's *Geography*. In 1835 he was appointed to make a geological and mineral survey of the State of Connecticut, but his Report did not appear until 1842. Between 1841 and 1844 he contributed to different journals metrical versions of German and Slavic lyrics. In 1854 he was appointed Geologist of the State of Wisconsin. His first *Report* was published in 1855, and he was engaged in the preparation of his second Report at the time of his death. At various intervals between 1821 and 1843 he published small volumes of poems. A complete edition of his *Poems* appeared in 1859.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and grassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the finny snow:

From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless depths of the upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar.
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

THE PLEASURES OF THE STUDENT.

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, while the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?
He has his pleasures; he has his reward
For there is in the company of books—

The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days:
In these and in the visions that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the wise and good —
There is an elevating influence
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of Heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old times.
With eye upturned, watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory and his hopes,
Till past becomes reality, and joys
That beckon in the future nearer draw,
And ask fruition. Oh, there is a pure,
A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
As something far too tender, and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads her snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along the pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind heave their foam
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom silver lake!
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

PERCY ANECDOTES, THE, a collection of popular anecdotes, published originally in monthly parts in London between 1820 and 1823. They were assumed to be from the pens of "Sholto and Reuben Percy, brothers of the Benedictine monastery of Mount Bengar." The real names of the authors were Thomas Byerley (died 1826), first editor of *The Mirror of Literature,* and Joseph Clinton Robertson (died 1852), editor of *The Mechanics' Magazine.*

The Percy Coffee House in Rathbone Place, London, was the customary place of meeting of the authors, and the book derived its name from this circumstance.

The Percy Anecdotes are regarded as a classic among anecdotal works.

THE ANECDOTE.

The literary history of the Anecdote carries us back to the classic ages; though this form of composition was scarcely employed by the ancients in the sense in which we now use it. Anecdote is derived from a Greek word, and the Greeks called an unmarried lady an Anecdote. Cicero speaks of a book of Anecdotes on which he was engaged; but which he talks of confiding to a single friend only, as if it was not intended to be ever published; and the earliest book of the kind which has come down to us is the *Anecdotes of Procopius,* an English translation of which, under the title of *The Secret History of the Court of Justinian,* was published in London in 1674.

Dr. Johnson seems to have taken his definition of the word from Cicero; for our lexicographer describes it as "something yet unpublished; secret history;" giving, as an example of its use in this sense, Prior's lines: —

> Some modern anecdotes aver,
> He nodded in his easy chair."

Johnson adds, however, "It is now used, after the French, for a biographical incident, a minute passage of private life;" to which Melmoth has added, "A narration of a particular incident or event." And it seems to promise that kind of information which Sir Walter Scott has somewhat grandiloquently described in the opening sentence of his paper on Pepys's *Memoirs,* in the *Quarterly Review:* "There is a curiosity implanted in our nature which receives much gratification from prying into the action, feelings and sentiments of our fellow-creatures."

Such collections, or *Anæ,* have been made in all ages, and in every country where literature has been cultivated. In modern times, *Ana* has been used to denote collections, either of remarks by celebrated individuals in conversation, or of extracts from their note-books, letters, or even published works — or generally, of particulars respecting them. Of these collections Voltaire has said, in his wicked way, that we are indebted for them, for the most part, to those bookmakers who live on the follies of the dead.

Well considered Anecdotes, however, take higher ground that the French *Ana,* one of which was suppressed for its malicious scandals, and deserved to be "set down in the list of printed lies, and, above all, of lies in which there is no wit." Of our English *Ana,* by far the most celebrated is the *Walpoliana* of the conversational remarks of Horace Walpole; which, in curious information and liveliness of manner, may be favourably compared with the best French publications of the same class. Still, its Anecdotes scarcely reach the standard of excellence which Walpole himself characterized, in speaking of certain Memoirs published in his day, as "worthy of being inserted in the history of mankind; which, if well chosen and well written, would precede common histories, which are but repetitions of no uncommon events."

It is to Anecdotes of this class that the compilers of the Percy collection directed their attention when they set about producing their work of many volumes, which is known to have received the encomium of Lord Byron, himself one of the most agreeable anecdotical letter-writers of his day. The object of the Brothers Percy was "to combine instruction with amusement; with scrupulous regard to truth, to probability, and morals'; paramount aims in a work for family reading. Hitherto, collections of Anecdotes had scarcely been compiled with sufficient regard to the character and tendency of their contents. The Brothers Percy, however, aimed at the improvement of the heart, as well as of the mind; and this they sought to secure by rejecting everything profane or impure; thus adding to the recreative character, as

well as of the higher value of their collection, by keeping in mind Roscommon's oft-quoted couplet, —

> "Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of decency is want of sense."—

In the *Percy Anecdotes,* intended for the innocent tastes of a large class of readers, while the art of telling a story has been studied, the narrator has not been allowed to stray into diffuseness, or the chronicle of small beer, or tales made up of "the drowsy syrups of the world." These faults have been eschewed in the present collection, while the historical gossip, which in a literary feast corresponds with the sauces, the savory dishes, and sweetmeats of a splendid banquet, has not here been lost sight of. A popular writer has well characterized this enjoyment: "We, who do not know our next-door neighbor's name, nor exhibit the least curiosity to pry into affairs which do not concern us, are delighted with the tattle of Boswell and Horace Walpole, read Cowper's letters as if they were written to ourselves; and like nothing better than to peer over little Burney's shoulder, as she indites her *Diary.* We know how many cups of tea Dr. Johnson used to take of a night; wonder what he did with his collections of orange-peel; laugh at Gibbon, as he makes a declaration of love upon his knees, and can't get up again; and can see Pitt distinctly, eating his raw beefsteak, and drinking his bottle of port, before he enters the House of Commons to enact another page of history. If it is unsafe to indulge a curiosity of this kind when the objects of it are living, we are under no such restraint with regard to the dead. We cannot offend them with our impertinent curiosity. Their movements are not hampered by our prate. Their friends are not compromised by our revelations."

Meanwhile, as the *Percy Anecdotes* were specially intended for family circles of readers, the compilers have sought to invest their narratives with a domestic interest and character, and thus to add to the happiness of home and local attachments. There is much to be learned from domestic annals, which, it has been said, "illustrate

the state and progress of society better than could be done by the most elaborate historian."—*Preface to the Percy Anecdotes.*

PERRAULT, CHARLES, a French poet; born at Paris, January 12, 1628; died there, May 16, 1703. When nine years of age he was sent to the Collège de Beauvais, his father assisting him in his studies. He liked exercises in verse and disputes with his teacher of philosophy better than regular study, and at length, accompanied by an admiring fellow-student named Beaurin, left the college-halls for the gardens of the Luxembourg, where they laid out their own course of study, which they followed for three or four years. A burlesque translation of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* was the first fruit of this self-appointed curriculum, the young translator's brother Claude, architect of the Louvre, illustrating it with India-ink drawings. In 1651 Perrault was admitted to the bar; but, finding the law wearisome, he accepted a clerkship under his brother, the Receiver-General of Paris. This position he held for ten years, employing his abundant leisure in reading and making verses, which were handed about among his friends and gained him considerable reputation. He also planned a house for his brother, and thus attracted the notice of Colbert, who, in 1663, procured his appointment to the superintendence of the royal buildings, which he exercised for twenty years. On his retirement he devoted himself to authorship and to the education of his children. In 1686 he published

Saint Paulin Eveque de Nole, with an *Ode aux Nouveaux Convertis.* The next year he offended Boileau and others by comparing the ancient poets unfavorably with those of his own time, in a poem, *Le Siecle de Louis XIV.,* read before the Academy, to which he had been admitted in 1671. The "Battle of the Books" raged furiously, and Perrault defended his position in *Le Parall le des Anciens et des Modernes* (1688). His last work, *Eloges des Hommes Illustres du Siècle de Louis XIV.,* finely illustrated with portraits, was published in two volumes (1696–1701). In 1694 he brought out a small volume of tales in verse, contributed to a society paper of Paris and to a magazine published at The Hague. It was followed in 1697 by a volume of prose tales entitled *Histoires et Contes du Temp Passé,* bearing on its title-page the name of Perrault's young son, P. Darmancour, and containing those immortal favorites of childhood, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood; Little Red Riding-Hood; Blue Beard; Puss in Boots; Cinderella; Riquet of the Tuft,* and *Hop o' My Thumb.*

THE PRINCESS AWAKENED.

At the end of a hundred years the son of the reigning king, who belonged to another family than that of the sleeping princess, being out hunting in these parts, asked what tower it was that he saw rising out of a wide, dense wood not far away. Everybody answered according to what he had heard — some that it was a haunted castle, others that it was a meeting-place for witches, others that it was the residence of an ogre, to which he carried all the children that he caught, in order that he might devour them at leisure, and without fear of being followed, since no one else could find a way through the forest. While the prince stood in doubt what to believe, an aged peasant spoke: "My prince,"

said he, "more than fifty years ago I heard my father say that the loveliest princess in the world lay asleep in that castle, and that when she had slept a hundred years she should be awakened by a king's son who was destined to be her husband." At these words the prince was on fire to see the end of the adventure. He instantly resolved to penetrate the forest, whatever he might find there. Scarcely had he taken a step forward when the great trees, the thickets, and the thorns, parted to let him pass. He went toward the castle, which stood at the end of a long avenue, and felt somewhat surprised when he saw that not one of his train had been able to follow him, the branches having sprung together again as soon as he had passed.

When he entered the court-yard he was for a moment chilled with horror. A frightful silence reigned; the image of death was everywhere; what seemed the corpses of men and animals lay stretched upon the ground. The prince knew, however, by the pimpled noses and red faces of the porters, that they were only asleep, and he saw by the few drops of wine which still remained in their glasses, that they had fallen asleep while drinking. He passed through a large court paved with marble, ascended the stairs, entered a saloon where the guards, with their muskets on their shoulders, stood in a row, snoring their loudest, traversed several rooms filled with ladies and gentlemen, some bolt upright, some seated, but all sound asleep, came to a chamber gilded everywhere, and saw upon a bed with parted curtains the most beautiful sight he had ever beheld — a sleeping princess not more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and of dazzling, almost divine, loveliness. He approached her and fell upon his knees beside her. Then, the enchantment being ended, the princess awoke, and fixing her eyes tenderly upon him said: "Is it you, my Prince? You have been awaited a long time." The prince, charmed by her words, and still more by the tone in which they were spoken, knew not how to manifest his joy and gratitude; he assured her that he loved her better than himself. Their speech was broken; they wept, there was little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more embarrassed than she, be-

cause he was taken by surprise, while she had had time to think of what she should say to him, for it seems (though we are not told how) that the good Fairy had filled her long sleep with pleasant dreams. They talked for four hours without saying half of what they had to say.

In the meantime the whole palace had awakened with the princess. Everybody resumed his work, but, as the others were not lovers, they were all dying with hunger. The first maid of honor became impatient, and called loudly to the princess that dinner was ready. The prince aided the princess to rise. She was magnificently dressed, but he kept it to himself that she was dressed like his grandmother. Nevertheless she was not the less beautiful. They entered an apartment lined with mirrors and there supped. The officers of the princess's household served them, and the violins and haut-boys played excellent old pieces, although it was a hundred years since they had played anything.—*The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.*

PERRY, Nora, an American poet; born at Dudley, Mass., in 1832; died there, May 13, 1896. Her education was received at home and in private schools. At the age of eighteen she began to write, and her first serial story, *Rosalind Newcomb*, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1859–60. For several years she was the Boston correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* and the Providence *Journal*. She was a frequent contributor to the *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and was the author of *After the Ball and Other Poems* (1874, new ed., 1879); *The Tragedy of the Unexpected and Other Stories* (1880); *Book of Love Stories* (1881); *For a Woman* (1885); *New*

Songs and Ballads (1886); *A Flock of Girls* (1887), and *Lyrics* and *Legends* (1891).

AFTER THE BALL.*

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
  Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
  After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille;
  Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who, over the fire, when all is still,
  Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
  Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
  For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
  The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
  For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
  Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
  And the little, bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
  All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
  Maud and Madge together —

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
  The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
  After the revel is done —

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Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden cithern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech —

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal-bannered room,
To the golden cithern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press —

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;

But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
  The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
  Queen of heaven and bridge of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
  The kisses another hath won!

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.*

When the February sun
Shines in long, slant rays, and the dun
Gray skies turn red and gold,
And the winter's cold
Is touched here and there
With the subtle air
That seems to come
From the far-off home
Of the orange and palm,
With their breath of balm,
And the bluebird's throat
Swells with a note
Of rejoicing gay,
Then we turn and say,
  "Why, Spring is near!"

When the first fine grass comes up
In pale green blades, and the cup
Of the crocus pushes its head
Out of its chilly bed,
And purple and gold
Begin to unfold
In the morning sun,
While rivulets run
Where the frost had set
Its icy seal, and the sills are wet
With the drip, drip, drip,
From the wooden lip
Of the burdened eaves
Where the pigeon grieves,

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And coos and woos,
And softly sues,
Early and late,
Its willing mate,
Then, with rejoicing gay,
We turn to say,
"Why, Spring is here!"

When all the brown earth lies,
Beneath the blue, bright skies,
Clothed with a mantle of green,
A shining, varying sheen,
And the scent and sight of the rose,
And the purple lilac-blows,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Meet one and greet one till
One's senses tingle and thrill
With the heaven and earth-born sweetness
The sign of the earth's completeness,
Then lifting our voices, we say,
"Oh, stay, thou wonderful day!
Thou promise of Paradise,
That to heart and soul doth suffice.
Stay, stay! nor hasten to fly
When the moon of thy month goes by,
For the crown of the seasons is here —
June, June, the queen of the year!"

HESTER BROWNE.*

Oh, you are charming, Hester Browne,
So do not, every time you pass
The little looking-glass,
Find some disorder in your gown!

In every ringlet of your hair,
In every dimple of your cheek,
Whene'er you smile or smiling speak,
There lurks a cruel, charming snare.

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What use to preach of "better things,"
And tell her she is false as gay?
Be still, and let her have her day,
And count her lovers on her rings.

And let her break a hundred hearts,
And mend them with a glance again;
Be sure the pleasure heals the pain
Of little Hester's cruel arts.

PERSIUS, Flaccus Aulus, a Roman poet and satirist; born at Volaterræ, Etruria, A.D. 34; died in 62. He was educated under the care of the stoic Cornutus, and lived on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished personages of his time in Rome, among whom were Lucan and Seneca. The principal authority for his life is an abridgment of a "Commentary" by one Probus Valerius, which presents the character of the satirist in a most amiable light. Modest and gentle in his manners, virtuous and pure in his whole conduct and relations, he stood out conspicuously from the mass of corrupt and profligate persons who formed the Roman "society" of his age; and vindicated for himself the right to be severe, by leading a blameless and exemplary life. His six *Satires* are very commonly printed with those of Juvenal. They were immensely admired in his own day, and long after, all down through the Middle Ages. The Church fathers, Augustine, Lactantius, and Jerome, were particularly fond of him — the latter, it is said, has quite saturated his style with the expressions of the heathen satirist; but the estimate which modern critics have formed

of his writings, in a literary point of view, is not quite so high. They are remarkable for the sternness with which they censure the corruption of morals then prevalent at Rome, contrasting it with the old Roman austerity and with the stoic ideal of virtue. The language is terse, homely, and sometimes obscure, from the nature of the allusions and the expressions used, but his dialogues are the most dramatic in the Latin tongue. *The editio princeps* appeared at Rome in 1470; later editions are those of Casaubon (1605); Passou (1809); Jahn (1843), and Heinrich (1844). Persius has been often translated; about fourteen English, twenty French, and considerably more German versions, being known. The best English translations are those of Dryden and Gifford.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

To use my fortune, Bassus, I intend:
Nor, therefore, deem me so profuse, my friend;
So prodigally vain, as to afford,
The costly turbot, for my freedman's board;
Or so expert in flavors, as to show
How, by the relish, thrush from thrush I know.
"Live to your means"—'tis wisdom's voice you hear—
And freely grind the produce of the year:
What scruple checks you? Ply the hoe and spade,
And lo! another crop is in the blade.
True; but the claims of duty caution crave.
A friend scarce rescued from the Ionian wave
Grasps a projecting rock, while, in the deep,
His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep:
I see him stretched, desponding, on the ground,
His tutelary gods all wrecked around,
His bark dispersed in fragments o'er the tide,
And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide.
Sell then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice,
Of this your land, and send your friend the price:

Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor,
He asks cheap charity, from door to door.
"But then, my angry heir, displeased to find
His prospects lessened by an act so kind,
May slight my obsequies; and, in return,
Give my cold ashes to a scentless urn;
Reckless what vapid drugs he flings thereon,
Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon! —
Can I, bethink in time, my means impair,
And with impunity, provoke my heir?"
— Here Bestius rails "A plague on Greece," he cries,
"And all her pedants! — there the evil lies;
For since their mawish, their enervate lore,
With dates and pepper, cursed our luckless shore;
Luxury has tainted all; and ploughmen spoil
Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil."
What muttering still? draw near,
And speak aloud for once, that I may hear.
"My means are not so low, that I should care
For that poor pittance you may leave your heir."
Just as you please; but were I, sir, bereft
Of all my kin; no aunt, no uncle left;
No nephew, niece; were all my cousins gone,
And all my cousins' cousins, every one,
Aricia soon some Manlius would supply,
Well pleased to take that "pittance," when I die.
"Manlius! a beggar of the first degree,
A son of earth, your heir!" Nay, question me,
Ask who my grandsires' sire? I know not well,
And yet, on recollection, I might tell;
But urge me one step farther — I am mute:
A son of earth, like Manlius, past dispute.
Thus, his descent and mine are equal proved,
And we at last are cousins, though removed.
But why should you, who still before my run,
Require my torch, ere yet the race be won?
Think me your Mercury: Lo! here I stand,
As painters represent him, purse in hand.
Will you, or not, the proffered boon receive,
And take, with thankfulness, whate'er I leave?
Something, you murmur, of the heap is spent,

True: as occasion called, it freely went;
In life 'twas mine; but death your chance secures,
And what remains, or more, or less, is yours.
Of Tadius' legacy no questions raise,
Nor turn upon me with a grand-sire phrase,
"Live on the interest of your fortune, boy;
To touch the principal is to destroy."
"What, after all, may I expect to have?"
Expect! — Pour oil upon my viands, slave,
Pour with unsparing hand! shall my best cheer,
On high and solemn days, be the singed ear
Of some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest;
That your descendant, while in earth I rest,
May gorge on dainties?
Shall I, a hapless figure, pale and thin,
Glide by transparent, in a parchment skin:
That he may strut with more than priestly pride,
And swag his portly paunch from side to side?
Go, truck your soul for gain! buy, sell, exchange;
From pole to pole, in quest of profit range.
Double your fortune — treble it, yet more —
'Tis four, six, tenfold what it was before:
O bound the heap — you, who could yours confine,
Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit mine!

—*Translation of* WILLIAM GIFFORD.

PESTALOZZI, JOHANN HEINRICH, a Swiss educator and novelist; born at Zurich, January 12, 1746; died at Brugg, February 17, 1827. He studied theology and jurisprudence at Zurich, and subsequently gave his attention to agriculture. He determined to devote his life to the education of the people, and in 1775 he established on his estate, Neuhof, a poor school, the expenses of running which were to be raised by popular subscription. He, however, had to

give this up in 1780. At this time he published the first account of his method of instruction in Iselin's *Ephemeriden* with the title *Abendstunden Eines Einsiedlers,* or *Evening Hours of a Hermit.* His principal work is the novel *Lienhard and Gertrude,* a book for the people, written between 1781 and 1785. In 1798 he received the support of the government in founding an institution for poor children at Stanz, which was, however, given up one year later. He then took charge of a school at Burgdorf, which was twice removed to Münchenbuchsee, and Yverdon, and existed until 1825, at which time, notwithstanding the renown his system of teaching had acquired, the enterprise was abandoned. His collected works were published at Brandenburg, 1869–72, in sixteen volumes. They include *Wie Gertrude ihre Kinder lehrt* (How Gertrude Teaches Her Children, 1801); *Meine Lebenschicksale* (1826).

The following extract from Eva Channing's translation of Pestalozzi's *Lienhard and Gertrude* introduces us to the one good woman of the dismal hamlet of Bonnal — Gertrude, the mason's wife: who trudges many miles to see the county magistrate, and beg work for her husband, and to complain of the bad acts of the wicked bailiff, whose beer makes her husband drunk:

GERTRUDE'S MISSION.

She prayed throughout the sleepless night, and the next morning took her blooming baby and walked two long hours to the Castle.

The nobleman was sitting under a linden-tree at the gate, and saw her as she approached, with tears in her eyes and the infant on her arm. "Who are you, my daughter, and what do you wish?" he asked, in so kind

a tone that she took heart to answer: "I am Gertrude, wife of the mason Lienhard in Bonnal."

"You are a good woman," said Arner. "I have noticed that your children behave better than all the others in the village, and they seem better fed, although I hear you are very poor. What can I do for you, my daughter?"

"O gracious, Sir, for a long time my husband has owed thirty florins to the Bailiff Hummel, a hard man, who leads him into all sorts of temptation. Leonard is in his power: so he dares not keep away from the tavern, where day after day he spends the wages which ought to buy bread for his family. We have seven little children, Sir, and unless something is done we shall all be beggars. I ventured to come to you for help, because I know that you have compassion for the widowed and fatherless. I have brought the money I have laid aside for my children, to deposit with you, if you will be so good as to make some arrangement so that the bailiff shall not torment my husband any more until he is paid."

Arner took up a cup which stood near, and said to Gertrude: "Drink this tea, and give your pretty baby some of this milk." She blushed, and was moved even to tears by his fatherly kindness.

The nobleman now requested her to relate her causes of complaint against the Bailiff, and listened attentively to her story of the cares and troubles of many years. Suddenly he asked her how it has been possible to lay aside money for her children in the midst of her distress.

"It was very hard, gracious Sir; yet I could not help feeling as if the money were not mine, but had been given me by a dying man on his death-bed in trust for his children. So when in the hardest times I had to borrow from it to buy bread for the family, I gave myself no rest till by working late and early I had paid it back again."

Gertrude laid seven neat packages on the table, each of which had a ticket attached, saying whose it was; and if she had taken anything from it, the fact was noted, and likewise when she had replaced it. She saw him read these tickets through attentively, and said blush-

ing: "I ought to have taken those papers away, gracious Sir."

Arner only smiled, and admired the modesty which shrank from even merited praise. He added something to each parcel, saying: "Carry back your children's money, Gertrude; I will lay aside thirty florins until the Bailiff is paid. Now go home; I shall be in the village to-morrow, at all events, and will settle the matter with Hummel."

"God reward you, gracious Sir!" she faltered, and started joyfully with her baby on the long homeward way. Lienhard saw her as she approached the house. "Already back again?" he cried: "You have been successful with Arner."

"How do you know?"

"I can see it in your face, my dear wife — you cannot deceive me."

From this time forward, when the mason's children said their prayers at morning and evening, they prayed not only for their father and mother, but also for Arner, the peoples' father.

PETÖFI, SANDOR, an Hungarian poet; born at Kis-Körös, Pest, in 1823; died near Schässburg, July 31, 1849. He was one of a troop of strolling players for several years, and later entered the army. In 1844 he published a collection of verse which established his national fame as a poet. In 1848 he became a leader of the revolutionists and wrote the spirited lyric *Talpra, Magyar* (Up, Magyar), which was sung throughout Hungary. In 1848 he served with distinction under General Bem, and in the following year was killed at the battle of Schässburg.

Much of Petöfi's work attained a true folk-character and he succeeded in banishing false rhetoric from Hungarian poetry. His verse has been translated into English by Sir John Bowring (1866); Loew in *Gems from Petöfi and Other Hungarian Poets* (1881), and Phillips (1885). A critical edition of his *Works* was published in 1894.

PROPHECY.

One thought alone worries my soul
To die in bed, amid soft cushions.
To fade slowly like a flower
Gnawed upon by secret worms.
Or to dwindle little by little
Like a candle in a lone room.
My God! Let not death come to me
In that form, I pray to thee!
Let me be an oak uprooted by storm
Or by a lightning bolt rent asunder!
Or let me be a rock cast down and torn
Into fragments by heaven-shaking thunder!
When the time comes, this slavish people
Tiring of the yoke will move to the field
With glowing faces and waving banners
And with this word on the banners they wave:
World-freedom!
When this is shouted the world over,
Shouted from East to West with increasing power,
And when they meet in battle the tyrannic power
There shall I fall on the battlefield,
There shall my youthful heart yield my blood.
And when my lips utter the last joyous shout
Let that be drowned by the roar of the throng,
The boom of the cannon, the crackling of guns.
Over my dead body let the cavalry charge
To a victory won gloriously,
And let me remain there trampled upon,
There shall I rest in the common tomb
Of the heroes who died for thee,
Holy world-freedom!

PETRARCH, Francesco, an Italian ecclesiastic, diplomat and poet; born at Arezzo, July 20, 1304; died at Arqua, near Padua, July 18, 1374. After beginning the study of law he became an ecclesiastic, and in time was made Archdeacon of Milan. During his career he was the associate of Doges, Princes, Kings, Emperors and Popes, by whom he was repeatedly appointed to discharge important diplomatic functions in Italy, France, and Germany.

In his twenty-third year he first saw the lady whom he has immortalized as "Laura," and conceived for her a love which not only continued through the one-and twenty years in which she lived, but endured through the almost thirty remaining years of his life. It has been held by some that Laura was an altogether imaginary personage; but it is now pretty well ascertained that she was the daughter of a Provençal nobleman, was married not unhappily, and at the time of her death was the mother of a large family. Beyond these facts we know little of her except what we gather from the sonnets of Petrarch, in which it is quite probable that her beauty and her virtues are over-painted. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that she at all reciprocated the intense passion with which she inspired him. But neither this passion nor his ecclesiastical profession prevented Petrarch from forming a permanent connection with another woman, who bore him several children (the eldest born when he was three-and-thirty), for whom he cared as sedulously as if they had been born in lawful wedlock.

Petrarch was one of the foremost scholars of his age. He wrote and spoke Latin with perfect ease, and had a fair mastery of Greek. He may be said to have been one of the four creators of the Italian language — doing for it much what Luther did for the German. Among his numerous Latin works are several ethical essays which Cicero might not have been ashamed to have written, and *Africa,* an epic poem upon which he was occupied at intervals for many years, and which he considered to be the work by which he would be remembered in after ages.

Of his Italian poems the longest is *I Trionfi,* "The Triumphs" of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. The general purport of the poem is that Love triumphs over Man; Chastity over Love; Time over Chastity; Fame over Time; and Eternity over Fame. The other Italian poems are collected together under the title *Rima di Francesca Petrarca.* They consist of some three hundred *Sonnets,* most of which relate directly to Laura, and some fifty *Odes.*

The bibliography of Petrarch is very extensive. As early as 1820 Marsano had collected a library of nine hundred volumes relating to Petrarch, and the number has since been much increased. The most pretentious of the English Lives of Petrarch is that of Thomas Campbell (2 vols., 1841). A very convenient edition of the Italian poems, consisting of translations by fully a score of persons, is to be found in "Bohn's Poetical Library" (1860), to which are prefixed the most important portions of Campbell's *Biography.* Of the more than two hundred Sonnets relating to Laura we give sufficient to afford a fair view of the entire series.

LAURA'S BEAUTY AND VIRTUES.

The Stars, the Elements, and the Heavens have made,
With blended powers, a work beyond compare;
All their consenting influence, all their care,
To frame one perfect creature lent their aid,
Whence Nature views her loveliness displayed
With sun-like radiance divinely fair;
Nor mortal eyes can that pure splendor bear;
Love, sweetness, in unmeasured grace arrayed.
The very air, illumed by her sweet beams,
Breathes purest excellence; and such delight,
That all expression far beneath it gleams.
No base desire lives in that heavenly light,
Honor alone and virtue! Fancy's dreams
Never saw passion rise refined by rays so bright.

—*Translation of* CAPEL LOFFT.

ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

Alas! that touching glance, that beautiful face!
Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
That roused the coward glory to embrace!
Alas! that smile which in me did encase
That fatal dart, whence here I hope for nought!
Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovereign grace!
In thee I breathed; life's flame was nursed by thee,
For it was thine; and since of thee bereaved,
Each other woe hath lost its venomed sting;
My soul's best joy! when last thy voice on me
In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived;
Alas! thy words have sped on Zephyr's wings.

—*Translation of* WOLLASTON.

LAURA IN HEAVEN.

O my sad eyes! our sun is overcast—
Nay, borne to Heaven, and there is shining,
Waiting our coming, and perchance repining

At our delay; there shall we meet at last,
And there, mine ears, her angel words float past,
  Those who best understand their sweet divining.
  Howe'er, my feet, unto the search inclining.
Ye cannot reach her in those regions vast.
  Why do ye then torment me thus? for oh!
It is no fault of mine that ye no more
  Behold and joyful welcome her below;
Blame Death — or rather praise Him, and adore
  Who binds and frees, restrains and letteth go,
And to the weeping one can joy restore.
—*Translation of* WROTTESLEY.

A noble poem is the magnificent Canzone, or Ode, addressed to the Princes of Italy, exhorting them to lay aside their jealous and petty quarrels and make common cause against the German "Barbarians," whose hands were even then laid heavily upon Italy.

TO THE PRINCESS OF ITALY.

O my dear Italy! though words are vain
  The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
  Yet it may soothe my pain
  To sigh forth Tiber's woes
And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing) I wander and my numbers pour.
Ruler of Heaven! by the all-pitying love
  That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lonely sojourner on earth,
Turn, Lord, on this thy chosen land thine eye.
  See, God of charity,
From what light cause this cruel war hath birth,
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled.
  Then, Father, from on high
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may yield.

Ye, to whose sovereign hand the Fates confide
  Of this fair land the reins —

This land for which no pity wrings your breast —
Why does the stranger's sword her plans infest?
  That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins,
  Beguiled by error weak?
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek:
  When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands,
Of hideous deluge, gathered in strange lands,
  That rushes down amain,
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
  Alas! if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, what shall our cause
    sustain?

Well did kind Nature — guardian of our State —
  Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate;
But blind Ambition, seeking his own ill,
  With ever restless will,
To the pure gates contagion foul invites.
  Within the same straight fold
The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong:
  And these — oh, shame avowed!
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold.
  Fame tells how Marius's sword
  Erewhile their bosom gored;
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred their record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters nursed, drank of a comrade's blood.

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
  Poured forth the ensanguined tide
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins.
But now — nor know I what ill stars preside —
  Heaven holds this land in hate!
To you the thanks whose hands control the helm!
  You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!

Are you impelled by Judgment, Crime, or Fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes, and from humble toil,
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire? —
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lays inspire.

Nor mark ye yet — confirmed by proof on proof —
Barbarian's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping Death aloof?
Shame worse than aught of loss in honor's eye!
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore! —
Yet give one hour to thought,
And you shall learn how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
O Latin blood of old!
Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
For, if Barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours, ours the crime! Not such.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here in cradled rest
Was I not softly hushed; here fondly reared?
Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
By every filial tie;
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie!
Oh! by this tender thought —
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought —
Look on this people's grief!
Who, after God, of you expect relief.
And if ye but relent,
Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent;
Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight,

For no — the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name.

Mark, Sovereign Lords! how Time, with pinion strong,
Swift hurries life along!
Even now behold! Death presses on the rear:
We sojourn but a day — the next are gone!
The soul disrobed, alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
Oh, at the dreaded bourne
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn
(Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!)
And ye, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
Of heart, or hand, or intellect aspire
To win the honest need
Of just renown — the noble mind's desire —
Thus sweet on earth the stay!
Thus to the spirit pure unbarred is Heaven's way.

My song! with curtesy, and number's sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace;
For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse!
Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtuous few, the truly great!
Tell them — but who shall bid my lessons cease?
Peace! Peace! on thee I call! Return, O Heaven-born
Peace! —*Translation of* LADY DACRE.

THE DAMSEL OF THE LAUREL.

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Unto the foot of the obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A-sighing have I gone from shore to shore.
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with alter'd hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore —
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are pass'd by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.

—*Translation of* CHARLES BAGOT CAYLEY.

PEYTON, THOMAS, an English poet; born in 1595; died, probably, about 1625. He studied at Cambridge, and at eighteen was entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, London; but his father dying not long after, he came into possession of ample paternal estates. In 1620 he published the First Part of *The Glasse of Time,* which was followed by a Second Part in 1623. At the close a continuation was promised; but as none ever appeared, it is inferred that the author died not long after the publication. The fate of the poem was somewhat singular. Its very existence was forgotten for wellnigh two centuries, until 1816, when the library of Mr. Brindley was sold. In it was a copy of *The Glasse of Time,* which was purchased by Lord Bolland for £21 17*s*. This copy is now in the British Museum. It was read by a few persons, and in 1860, the *North American Review* contained an article embodying many extracts, and saying in conclusion: "This book should be reprinted. Its usefulness would be manifold. . . . While it impressed more deeply the thoughtful mind with the majestic superiority of Milton, it would give to this obscure poet his rightful honor — that of having been the first to tell in epic verse the story of *Paradise Lost.*" About 1870 John Lewis Peyton, of Virginia, then residing in London, caused a perfectly accurate copy to be made of *The Glasse of Time,* and this was finally published at New York in 1886. The poem in the original edition consists of two handsome volumes, quite correctly printed, though somewhat defective in the matter of punctuation, and not perfectly uniform in spelling. The full title is

The Glasse of Time, in the First and Second Ages. Divinely handled. By Thomas Peyton of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Seene and Allowed. London: Printed by Bernard Alsop, for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his Shop over against Staple Inne. To the poem, which contains about 5,500 lines, are prefixed four long dedicatory "Inscriptions"—the first to King James I., the second to Prince Charles, soon to be King Charles I., the third to Francis Lord Verulam, Lord Chancellor of England, the fourth to The Reader. From this last we take a few lines:

"Unto the Wise, Religious, Learned, Grave,
Judicious Reader, out this work I send,
The lender sighted that small knowledge have,
Can little lose, but much their weaknesse mend:
And generous spirits which from Heaven are sent,
May solace here, and find all true content. . . .

"Peruse it well for in the same may lurke
More (obscure) matter in a deeper sence,
To set the best and learned wits on worke
Than hath as yet in many ages since,
Within so small a volume beene
Or on the sudden can be found and seene." . . .

We question whether during the first half of the seventeenth century (or, say, between 1615 and 1665) there was produced in the English language any other poem of merit equal to *The Glasse of Time.* Its interest to us, however, lies mainly in the fact that it contains the seminal idea of *Paradise Lost.* Let it be borne in mind that when *The Glasse of Time* was a new book, and easily to be had, young Milton was an eager buyer of books; that Peyton's poem antedates that of Milton by more than forty years, and it will

appear beyond a question that much of the thought, and not a little of the expression, of *Paradise Lost* was borrowed, perhaps quite unconsciously, after so long an interval, from *The Glasse of Time.*

THE INVOCATION TO THE HEAVENLY MUSE.

Urania, soveraigne of the muses nine
Inspire my thoughts with sacred worke divine,
Come down from heaven, within my Temples rest,
Inflame my heart and lodge within my breast,
Grant me the story of this world to sing,
The *Glasse of Time* upon the stage to bring,
Be *Aye* within me by thy powerful might,
Governe my *Pen,* direct my speech aright.
Even in the birth and infancy of Time,
To the last age, season my holy rime:
O lead me on, into my soul infuse
Divinest work, and still be thou my muse,
That all the world may wonder and behold
To see times passe in ages manifold,
And that their wonder may produce this end,
To live in love their future lives to mend.

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

Now art thou compleat (Adam) all beside
May not compare to this thy lovely bride,
Whose radiant tress in silver rays do wave,
Before thy face so sweet a choice to have,
Of so divine and admirable mould
More dantier farre than is the purest gold,
And all the jewels on the earth are borne,
With those rich treasures which the world adorne. . .

So the two lights within the Firmament,
As hath thy God his glory to thee lent,
Compos'd thy body exquisite and rare,
That all his works cannot to thee compare,
Like his owne Image drawne thy shape divine,

With curious pencil shadowed forth thy line.
Within thy nostrihls blown his holy breath,
Impal'd thy head with that inspiring wreath,
Which binds thy front, and elevates thine eyes
To mount his throne above the lofty skyes,
Summons his angels in their winged order,
About thy browes to be a sacred border:
Gives them in charge to honour this his frame,
All to admire and wonder at the same.

THE TEMPTATION AND THE FALL.

But Lucifer that soard above the skye,
And thought himself to equal God on high,
Envies thy fortunes and thy glorious birth,
In being fram'd but of the basest earth,
Himself compacted of pestiferous fire,
Assumes a Snake to execute his ire,
Winds him within that winding crawling beast,
And enters first whereat thy strength was least. . . .
Adam what made thee wilfully at first,
To leave thy offspring, to this day accurst;
So wicked foul, and overgrowne with sinne;
And in thy person all of it beginne?
That hadst thou stood in innocence fram'd,
Death, Sin, and Hell, the world and all thou hadst tamed
Then hadst thou been a Monarch from thy birth;
God's only darling both in Heaven and Earth:
The world and all at thy command to bend,
And all Heaven's creatures on thee t'attend.
The sweetest life that ever man could live;
What couldst thou ask but God to thee did give?
Protected kept thee like a faithful warden,
As thy companion in that pleasant garden;
No canker'd malice once thy heart did move;
Free-will thou hadst endude from him above:
What couldst thou wish, all words content and more?

Milton says that none of the fabled paradises could compare with Eden; not even

"Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
By Nilus head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high."

Peyton has more than a hundred lines about Mount Amara, not a few of which are worthy even of Milton.

MOUNT AMARA.

What may we think of that renowned hill,
Whose matchless fame full all the world doth fill:
Within the midst of Ethiopia fram'd,
In *Africa* and *Amara* still nam'd,
Where all the Gods may sit them down and dine,
Just in the east, and underneath the line.
Pomona, Ceres, Venus, Juno chast,
And all the rest their eyes have ever cast
Upon this place so beautiful and neat,
Of all the Earth to make it still their seat:
A cristal river down to *Nilus* purl'd,
Wonder of nature, glory of this world. . . .
O *Amara* which thus hast been beloved.
Still to this day thy foot was never moved:
But in the heat of most tempestuous warres,
God hem'd thee in with strong, unconquered barres.

But Peyton, foredating Milton, places Eden elsewhere than on Mount Amara. He is rather inclined to give it a more definite location than Milton has ventured. But the description of this possible Eden in *The Glasse of Time* will not suffer greatly by a comparison with the one in *Paradise Lost.*

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

The goodly region in the *Sirian* land,
Is thought the place wherein the same did stand
Where rich Damascus at this day is built,
And *Habels* blood by *Caine* was spilt:

The wondrous beauty of whose fruitful ground,
The great content which some therein have found,
The sweet increase of that delightful soil,
The damask roses and the fragrant flowers,
The lovely fields and pleasant arbord bowers,
And every thing that in abundance breed,
Have made some think this was the place indeede
Where God at first did on the Earth abide,
With holy Adam and his lovely bride.

The expulsion from Paradise is told quite differently in *The Glasse of Time* and in *Paradise Lost.* In the former it is marred by not a few trivial or uncouth illustrations. But omitting these — as we have done — the scene is certainly a striking one.

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

Adam and Eve about the glistening walls
Of Paradise, with mournful cries and calls,
Repenting sore, lamenting much their sin,
Longing but once to come againe within,
In vaine long time about the walls did grope,
Not in despair as those are out of hope,
But all about in every place did feele,
To find the Door with all their care and paine,
To come within their former state againe. . . .
Even so is Adam in that urcked place,
The flaming sword still blazing in his face,
On every side the glistering walls do shine,
The sun himselfe just underneath the line,
The radiant splendor of those Cherubims
Dazles, amates, his tender eye sight dims. . . .
When many days are past away and spent,
Finding at last they mist of their intent:
And that their toil and travell to their paine
Was frustrate quite, their labour still in vaine:
Much discontented for their sad mishap,
Yet once againe upon the walls they rap,
Then weepe and howle, lament, yearne, cry and call,

But still no helpe nor answer had at all.
Perplext in mind, and dazled with the light,
With grief and care distempered in their sight
Amazed both just as the wind them blew,
To Paradise they had their last adieu:
Like those are moapt, with wandering hither, thither,
From whence they went, themselves they knew not whither.

PHILIPS, FRANCIS CHARLES, an English novelist and dramatist; born at Brighton, Sussex, February 3, 1849. He was educated at Brighton College, entered the army, where he served three years, and became a barrister in 1884. His first novel, *As in a Looking Glass* (1885), was dramatized and played by Sarah Bernhardt and others. His novels include *The Dean and His Daughter* (1887); *Mrs. Bouverie* (1894); *The Luckiest of Three* (1896); *Men, Women and Things* (1898). He collaborated in writing the plays *A Woman's Reason; The Fortune of War;* and *Papa's Wife.*

THE DIARY.

Ostend, September.

A neat little volume, containing blank pages, is staring me in the face, and I am about to commence a diary. I have always heard it is an idiotic thing to do, and I scarcely know what has prompted me to do it, unless it is that yearning for a confidant which I suppose comes sooner or later, even to the hardest-hearted and most unlikely people. I certainly have no *friend* whom I should care to make the recipient of my private doings and sayings. Women are proverbially untrustworthy, and men too high-minded, or would make one believe so, to receive

one's confidence; hence the purchase of this book, which I shall treat as I could treat no human being, and inscribe therein my innermost thoughts, successes and failures.

I arrived here last night from the Engadine. It is a pleasant change. The air seems quite as bracing, and the people certainly less depressing. Anything more nauseating than the combination of Church and Stage which I have encountered in Switzerland, I cannot possibly conceive. The worthy people there belong, one and all, to the "Mutual Admiration and Flattery Society," and it was positively sickening to see a hoary-headed old parson metaphorically on his knees before an ex-breakdown dancer, and a third-rate *jeune premier* holding wool for a decrepit old dowager. Yet there was nothing else in the way of society; *c'était à prendre ou à laisser.* A few beardless youths from the Universities, whose distressing blushes, if one looked at them, reminded one of the sunrise they had come so far to see; and that was all. I belong neither to the Church nor to the Stage. It is needless, therefore, to say that I was rather out of it. At first I attempted mildly to ingratiate myself with two or three old women who did not belong to the profession to which Mrs. Langtry has devoted her genius and beauty; but I soon found that I was no match for the toadies who surrounded them, that I could not compete with people who *live* by acting. They had the ear of the psalm-singers, and were quite determined to prevent any new-comer from entering the charmed circle.

Ladies who, like Sarah Bernhardt, had had "accidents" before they were married, turned up their noses in proud disdain when I attempted to converse with them. Others, who had probably passed their early childhood in the purlieus of Drury Lane, complained to the proprietor of the hotel that I had smoked a cigarette in my bedroom, and that they were made quite faint all day from the smell of it! As for men — well, I have heard lately that the stage is being adopted by the "sons of gentlemen" as a profession; but, if so, I can only say that that class must have been too busy studying to take a holiday, and had remained at home. No, it was absolutely necessary to be either an artist or a Christian (as they modestly call

themselves), and although I have some pretensions to belonging to the latter class, I have none to the former, and was therefore glad to shake the dust off my feet, and make for Brussels. In the evening I went to the Galerie St. Hubert, where Monbazon was playing in *La Mascotte.* I took Félicie, my maid, which, I believe, is about the most compromising thing one can do, the maid being the usual accompaniment of *ces dames* when *they* go to the play. I soon found out the mistake I had made, as an enterprising "brave Belge," struck by my charms, and having evidently dined not wisely but too well, sent me a note by the *ouvreuse* to suggest that, if *la soirée de Madame* were not *"prise,"* I should confer a great favor on him by accepting an invitation to supper at the Café Riche. I returned the note with a lofty air to the harridan who had brought it, and said there must be some mistake, as I had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance. Félicie grinned from ear to ear, and I regretted more than ever having brought her. This is the only incident in my two days' stay in Brussels, and, though it is a vulgar and uninteresting one, it came as a relief after the humbug and *ennui* of Switzerland.

If the Engadine is full of Christians, Ostend, *par contraire,* is full of Jews. Noses are but of one pattern in this most delightful of watering-places. The hook predominates, but it belongs to a very different kind of Hebrew to those who make life unbearable at Brighton, and turn other sea-side places into Houndsditch during the summer. Here are wealthy bankers from Berlin and Vienna, and the *haute gomme* of the London money-lenders. They live and are treated, at any rate by the hotel proprietors, *en prince,* and no wonder, when you see them occupying the best suite of rooms in the largest hotels, and imbibing champagne at every meal as if it were lager beer.

I met Lady Damer at the Kursaal last night. She looks as young as ever, and I believe still vows she is not yet thirty, though that must be without counting *les mois de nourrice!* It appears that she has not yet been divorced; though how in the name of Providence she has escaped making her appearance in that Court (the only

one she is ever likely to be seen in) passes my comprehension. She will, however, be useful here, as she seems to know people, and has always been very kind to me.

"Damer is shooting in Scotland, my dear," she said to me, "and begs me to join him by every post, but you know I hate the Highlands, and moreover, I have been ordered sea-bathing, so here I am, and here I intend to remain till the end of the month."

Damer, I know, loathes her, and goes to Scotland expressly to get rid of her, and I verily believe that every bird he shoots he wishes were his wife; so I knew exactly how much of *that* little taradiddle to believe.

"Is there any one here one can know?" I asked her.

"Oh, there are a few decent people," she said; "and I know most of them, but I doubt if *you* would care about them." I forebore to ask her what she meant by that ambiguous remark, but said sweetly that I was sure I should like *any* friend of *hers*.

"You see," she continued, "this is a dull place for ladies. There is only the eternal Kursaal, and suspicious-looking *donzelles,* accompanied by the most obviously *hired* mothers, are so rife in the evening that I never care to remain there after nine o'clock. The men have their baccarat, which they play at two or three *soi-disant* clubs of most magnificent appearance, both inside and out, and which are accessible to any one with money to lose. Black balls, are, I should think, unknown in those establishments, and Charlie Gordon told me that the waiter of our hotel advised him strongly to belong to one which he named, as being so much more *comme il faut* than the others, and he added that he (the waiter) would personally undertake to get Charlie elected if he cared to join it. Charlie Gordon himself having come a cropper over Goodwood, and having run across here in preference to putting in an appearance at Tattersall's declined the honor, but he couldn't help laughing at the waiter's condescension and *naïvete.*"

We chatted pleasantly for an hour, and abused all our dearest friends to our hearts' content; but I could not discover, even at the end of that time, what was her attraction at Ostend — sea-bathing I knew to be a farce, as dear

Lady Damer has a wholesome horror of cold water, and never gets beyond a *bain de son,* plentifully mingled with Lubin and eau-de-Cologne. She has asked me to dinner to-morrow night. She said she had some dreadful relations of her husband's to entertain, who are here on their way home from Homburg, "and you are so clever at entertaining dull people," she complimentarily added, "that you must come. They are Sir Thomas and Lady Gage. He is music mad, so your playing and singing will delight him; he is fearfully henpecked by his wife, who considers herself an *esprit forte,* and shows her supreme contempt for men in general, and her husband in particular."

At this moment her maid came up with a note, which she had evidently been told to bring as soon as it arrived. Lady Damer opened it feverishly; but it apparently contained bad news, as she frowned ominously as it was put back into the envelope.

"Avez vouz porte la lettre chez Monsieur le Vicomte?" she asked sharply of her maid, who replied in the affirmative.

"Monsieur le Vicomte!" There, then, is the object of this *séjour* at Ostend, and to-morrow I shall probably make his acquaintance; but to-night I am longing for bed, so I wish her good-night, and go back to my hotel. I am too sleepy to speculate on the identity of the vicomte or to write any more in my diary. I am reading Zola's *Pot-Bouille.* It is nasty, but not amusing, and soon has the desired effect of sending me to sleep.—*As in a Looking Glass.*

PHILLIPS, DAVID GRAHAM, an American novelist and journalist; born in Indiana in 1867. He was educated in the public schools and Greencastle University, entered journalism and became well known as a popular contributor to the magazines and periodicals. His novels include *The Great*

God Success (1899); *Her Serene Highness* (1900); *A Woman Ventures* (1901); *Golden Fleece* (1902); *The Master Rogue* (1903); *The Cost* (1904); *The Plum Tree* (1905).

The Master Rogue is the autobiographical record of one James Galloway, who, determining to become immensely wealthy by any means, succeeds at a comparatively early age. His first million, acquired at the cost of the ruination of his partner, soon makes others. The barns have to be pulled down and greater ones built in order to bestow all his fruits and goods. Railroads are secured, competitors are sent to the wall, and still the whisper is: "Soul, I will pull them down and build greater ones," until the day comes, when he hears another voice whispering: "Thou fool," and, as he then confesses, all to whom he has said, "You must," are avenged.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

"Under which king?" Every American must take his choice. For whatever may be his private views in political action he can be effective only as a direct socialist or as an indirect socialist. The quarter of a century of diligent education of the popular instinct for socialism has borne its legitimate, its inevitable fruit. Individualism may have its turn some day; but that is a speculation. We are established and in full motion in the highroad of socialism; and the two chauffeurs, disputing for control of the motor, are disputing only as to how far and how fast we should go.

The people, except a handful of theoretical individualists, want at Washington a strong central government directed by a strong man, wise enough to project policies of prosperity and honest enough to compel a "square divide."

The radical socialists say: "Why not the direct dis-

tribution of prosperity? Let the government own and control all the great public utilities and all the departments of production that concern necessities of life. Let the government issue paper money whenever such issues are in its judgment wise, instead of letting the bankers issue it when they think an issue expedient. Let the government gradually, but speedily, become the chief direct provider not only of employment for capital but also of employment for labor. Instead of bottling the sunshine of prosperity and giving the bottles to plutocrats to distribute, let the government turn the sun full and direct upon the people!"— *The Reader Magazine.*

SENATOR BEVERIDGE.

A man is interesting only as an illustration of an idea, — one man as a dandy, another as a wit, a third as "a great success with the ladies," a fourth as an embodiment of some one of the strong energies that form the very structure and fiber of the race. Of the last kind are the typical Americans. To us Americans they are the most profoundly interesting because they seem to be projections of our own inner selves,— embodiments of what we should like to be,— of our strongest aspiration. Since our country gained its independence, their story has been repeated hundreds of times. And, as long as we remain American, the story, always the same, yet always new, of how they won or are winning their spurs of leadership will remain the most fascinating of romances. Beveridge, as a boy on an Ohio farm,— Beveridge, as a youth getting his education as a logger and college student and book agent and lawyer's clerk, — Beveridge, as a young man developing as the tree develops from the sapling,— Beveridge, paving his way to the United States senate,— is his not the story of every American who has counted as one, or is counting as one, or shall count as one? — is his not the inspiring story of democracy? — *Success Magazine.*

PHILLIPS, John, an English poet; born at Bampton, near Oxford, December 30, 1676; died at Hereford, February 15, 1708. He was educated at Winchester School, and then at Oxford. He was an apt scholar, an ardent and successful student of the classics, became thoroughly familiar with Virgil, and was a diligent student of science; and with a view to the practice of medicine he studied botany and kindred sciences. He was a careful and critical reader of the English poets, and devoted much time to Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. The two former influenced his diction, and to the movement and harmonies of Milton's blank verse he adapted the form of his own writings. He was in fact the first to have a genuine appreciation of Milton. He was already well known for scholarship and literary genius when, in 1703, the appearance of *The Splendid Shilling* brought him under the favorable notice of critics. Going to London, he was asked to celebrate the victory of Blenheim. His *Blenheim* was published in 1705. It is evident that in this poem, which was not conspicuously successful, he was hampered by the necessity of being seriously sublime. In 1706 he published his most ambitious work, a didactic poem, in two books, entitled *Cyder,* written in imitation of the *Georgics* of Virgil; and at the time of his death he was meditating another work.

His *Splendid Shilling* was included, without his consent, in a *Collection of Poems* published by David Brown and Benjamin Tooke in 1701; and on the appearance of another false copy early in 1705 Phillips printed a correct folio edition in February of that

year. This piece, which Addison called "the finest burlesque poem in the British language," was an "imitation of Milton," and in playful mock-heroic strains depicted — perhaps for the benefit of his impecunious friend, Edmund Smith — the miseries of a debtor, in fear of duns, who no longer had a shilling in his purse. The most important result of the production of this poem was that Phillips was employed to write verses upon the battle of Blenheim which were intended as the Tory counterpart to Addison's *Campaign*.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man, who void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
[Awhile] he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corps sustain:
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and — wonderful to tell! —
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,

And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode: in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes — ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men! — Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious — as whilom knights were wont —
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So — poets sing —
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely rue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then with envenomed jaws, the vital blood

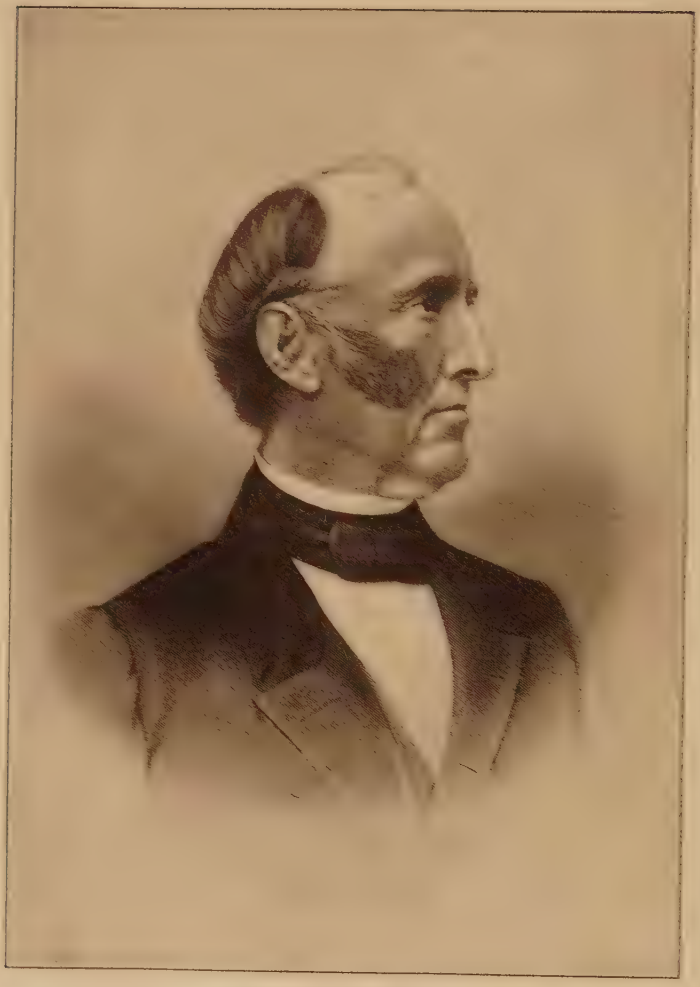
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued — what will not time subdue! —
A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through the Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian till, cruising near
The Lybian shore, with hideous crash
On Scylla or Charybdis — dangerous rocks! —
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
Vain efforts! still the battering waves rush in,

Implacable; till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

PHILLIPS, STEPHEN, an English poet; born at Somertown, near Oxford, July 28, 1868. His first serious attempt at verse, *Eremus* (1894), attracted little notice. In 1896 he published *Christ in Hades and Other Poems,* and in 1897 he issued *Poems,* a small collection which was regarded as the best poetic work of the year. In his later work, *Paola and Francesca* (1899); *Herod* (1900), and *Ulyssus* (1902) he successfully revived the English poetic drama. He published *The Sin of David* in 1904, and *Nero* in 1905. Mr. Phillips is a poet of unusual talent, a dramatist of great power, and a conscientious literary artist. *The Sin of David,* the fruit of three years' work, was heartily praised, on the ground of its increased dramatic power over his former plays, and also because of its beauty as poetry. The New York *Evening Mail* noted the fact that while Mr. Phillips may have broken away from the tradition founded by the Elizabethan masters, "he does not disdain the heritage of their artistry. The spirit of the greatest of them all dwells in many a line of this drama."

LUCREZIA TO GIOVANNI.

"Bitterness — am I bitter? Strange, O strange!
How else? My husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move.



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. O those children, mine!
Mine, doubly mine: and yet I cannot touch them,
I cannot see them, hear them — Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
That muffled call of birds how like to babes;
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve —
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift!
Omitted by His casual dew!"

— *Paola and Francesca.*

LUCREZIA EXULTS.

"Close,
I hold you close: it was not all in vain,
The holy babble and pillow kissed all o'er!
O my embodied dream with eyes and hair!
Visible aspiration with soft hands;
Tangible vision! . . .
And now I have conceived and have brought forth;
And I exult in front of the great sun:
And I laugh out with riches in my lap!"

— *Paola and Francesca.*

PHILLIPS, WENDELL, an American orator, abolitionist and reformer; born at Boston, Mass., November 29, 1811; died there, February 2, 1884. He received his education at Harvard College, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. His sympathies were strongly aroused by the persecution of the early abolitionists. In 1837 a meeting of the citizens of Massachusetts was held in Faneuil Hall for the pur-

pose of expressing public disapproval of the murder of Lovejoy, who was killed at Alton, Ill., November 7th, in defence of the freedom of the press. Pro-slavery sentiment was at that time very strong in Boston, and the object of the meeting was in danger of being defeated through the influence of Attorney-General Austin, who demanded "Why should Lovejoy merit the distinction of being thus commemorated? Died not Lovejoy as the fool dieth?" At the conclusion of his speech Phillips arose, and in an extemporaneous outburst of eloquent indignation rebuked the craven spirit of those who sought to condone a great crime against the freedom of speech and the rights of humanity. He refrained from the practice of his profession as a lawyer because he could not conscientiously subscribe to the Constitution of the United States, which he characterized as an unrighteous compact between freedom and slavery.

In 1870 he was a candidate for Governor of the State of Massachusetts on the Labor Reformers' and Prohibitionist Ticket. A volume of his speeches was published in 1863.

BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

How feeble words seem here! How can I hope to utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to disturb the harmony which his life breathes round this home. One and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I have known him five years," "I have known him ten years." It seems to me as if we had none of us known him. How our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by day, as he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave tender, Christian life! We see him walking with radiant, serene face to the scaffold, and think, what an iron heart, what devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning "My dear wife and children, every one."— see him stoop

on the way to the scaffold and kiss that negro child — and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Marvellous old man! We have hardly said it when the loved forms of his sons, in the bloom of young devotion, encircle him, and we remember he is not alone, only the majestic centre of a group. Your neighbor farmer went, surrounded by his household, to tell the slaves there will still be hearts and right arms ready and nerved for the service. From this roof four, from a neighboring roof two, to make up that score of heroes. How resolutely each looked into the face of Virginia, how loyally each stood at his forlorn post, meeting death cheerfully, till that master voice said, "It is enough." And these weeping children and widow seem so lifted up and consecrated by long, single-hearted devotion to his great purpose that we dare, even at this moment, to remind them how blessed they are in the privilege of thinking that in the last throbs of those brave young hearts, which lie buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, thoughts of them mingled with love to God and hope for the slave.

He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones that we appreciate least. Men walked Boston streets when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Foolish man! Threw away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?" Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months — a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slavery system; it only breathes — it does not live — hereafter. — *From a speech delivered at the grave of John Brown, at North Elba, N. Y., December 8, 1859.*

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.*

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,— you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen,— the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,— the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,— their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conqured; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under

* Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the greatest statesmen and generals of the nineteenth century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the negroes of Hayti. He then joined the negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon sent a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to France at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the negro army; and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The negroes no sooner disbanded their army, than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel, hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon, and finally starved to death.

his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,— rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,— anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in

the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr Toussaint L'Ouverture.

THE ELOQUENCE OF O'CONNELL.*

I do not think I should exaggerate if I said that God, since he made Demosthenes, never made a man so fit for the great work as he did O'Connell. You may think I am partial to my hero, very naturally. But John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old slaveholder held up his hands and said: "This is the man; these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." And I think he was right.

Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a Senate; Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand; but no one of them could do more than that one thing. The wonder of O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin; he could charm a college better than Everett; delude a jury better than Choate, and leave Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a Senate. I have heard all the grand and majestic orators of America, who are singularly famed on the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to melt under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun; but all three together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, the great Irishman. In the first place, he had — that is half the power with a popular orator — he had a majestic presence. God put that royal soul into a body as royal.

He had, in early youth, the brow of Jove or Jupiter, and the stature of Apollo; a little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sidney Smith said of Lord John Russell's five feet, when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had been carried, that the

* Daniel O'Connell, the distinguished Irish patriot, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, August 9, 1775. He died at Genoa, Italy, May 15, 1847.

stalwart hunters of Yorkshire said: "That little shrimp! What! *he* carry the Reform Bill?" "No, no," said Sidney; "no; he was a large man; but the labors of the bill shrunk him." Do you remember the story of Webster, that Russell Lowell tells, when we, in Massachusetts, were about to break up the Whig party? Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest; and four thousand Whigs went to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before the sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder, and he said: "I am a Whig — a Massachusetts Whig, a Revolutionary Whig, a constitutional Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig party, where am I to go?" And Russell Lowell says: "We held our breaths, thinking where he could go. But if he had been five feet five," said Lowell, "we would have said: 'Well, hang it, who cares where you go?'"

Well, O'Connell had all that. Then he had, besides, what Webster never had, and what Clay had, the magnetism and grace that melts a million souls into his. When I saw him he was sixty-six — lithe as a boy; his every attitude was beauty; every gesture was grace. Macready or Booth never equaled him. Why, it would have been delightful even to look at him, if he had not spoken at all; and all you thought of was a greyhound. Then he had — what so few American speakers have — a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once, in Exeter Hall, say: "Americans, I send my voice careering, like the thunder storm, across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the negroes that the dawn of their redemption is breaking." And I seemed to hear the answer come re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh. And the next moment tears were in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears.

PHILLPOTTS, Eden, a British essayist and novelist; born at Mount Aboo, India, November 4, 1862. Among his novels are *Down Dartmoor Way* (1895); *Lying Prophets* (1897); *Children of the Mist* (1898); *Sons of the Morning* (1900); *The Good Red Earth* (1901); *The Striking Hours* (1901); *The River* (1902); *My Devon Year* (1903); *The Golden Fetish* (1903); *The Farm of the Dagger* (1904); *The Secret Woman* (1905), and *Knock at a Venture* (1905). Rude and romantic characters, descriptions of lonely and picturesque Devonshire scenery, and a simple plot in which love and passion play strong parts, are part of the secret of Mr. Phillpotts' very strong hold on the public. Slow-acting and slow-speaking but deep-feeling peasants play their parts in each drama amid a characteristically wild but sympathetic environment.

One of Mr. Phillpotts' striking essays, in which he eulogizes Richard Doddridge Blackmore, the author of *Lorna Doone,* was published in *The Critic.*

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

Never has an age been more apt than the present to take a man at his own valuation, though so to do is always to err. A striking example of this wrong judgment was manifested at the passing of Blackmore. His determination towards privacy and retirement left its mark. He was accepted at his personal estimate: as a humble and unimportant person, and scarcely a ripple touched the sea of literature when he sank from it. So, doubtless, Blackmore would have willed, for this generation, wherein men of letters seek fame from the daily newspaper and learn of bagmen and Cheap Jacks how to push their wares, can claim little kinship with Black-

more. His rare and manly modesty scorned our modern methods of advertisement, and among the matters that most amazed his latter time was the spectacle of his profession bending the knee to the journalist, and struggling with tradesmen and theatrical folk for those blessings and imaginary benefits conferred by the "interview" and the "friendly paragraph." The trumpet blare of a system fitly expressed by that one richly vulgar expression, "boom," was in Blackmore's esteem offensive beyond power of words to describe. He rightly held that the very soul of a man must suffer in this disgusting struggle.

And so it came about that the fry of the press, either respecting or resenting his consistent attitude in life, let him go down into the grave unmarked.

Biography he would have none, but that is not a reason why no memorial other than his works should be created for him; and certain it is that the hosts who have won joy from Blackmore will not be backward to record their gratitude when an opportunity is offered of doing so.

The late Mr. Black has now a light-house to keep his memory bright; it is not meet that a greater should be forgotten.

As summed in his books and reflected in his sequestered life, the message of Blackmore can be easily gleaned. He taught, as the artist must, without intention, and his lesson was how a man may be modest and self-reliant. Of late, no demand has existed for these virtues; and consequently during the last few years of his career Blackmore enjoyed a seclusion and peace that would render our successful modern story-tellers most uneasy. His inner life and his home were sacred in his opinion, and that antiquated idea he chose to maintain against all comers. So the unthinking supposed that he had retreated from the van of the fight; whereas, in reality, he stood there to the end, watching the progress of his beloved art with critical eyes — stood there beside the two remaining great novelists still left to us. In subtlety the others exceeded him; in the quality of a sea-deep, sane humor and tolerance of humanity, he stood far above either.

The old, spacious treatment of fiction — the long story that demands time for the telling, and winds like a noble, natural valley amid high hills and under various skies — will presently vanish. For those who are heard seldom paint upon big canvases to-day. But Blackmore belongs to the voluminous men in this respect, and, without pretending to any special admiration for bulk, yet in a generation of mediocrity, where the writers who count at all are so often engaged upon mosaic and miniature painting, one loves these spacious stories full of clean air, broad light and shade, and honest laughter from the lungs.

Blackmore was an artist first and last. Unconsciously — because conviction laid at the root of his philosophy and dominated him at his tree-pruning, trout-fishing, and story-telling — he taught faith, courage, honesty, and clean living. His heroes were men of no finical complexity; his heroines were women upon the noble, feminine, and gracious lines of Shakespeare's women. Clear-eyed, pure-spirited, and stately they move through their loves and sorrows. He set forth the beauty of healthy manhood and womanhood; and he was thankful that the canker he had seen fasten upon literature and art — that passing glorification of decay and disease — had already begun to dry up and heal before he died.

It is the fashion to speak of Blackmore as the writer of *Lorna Doone* rather than as an artist who produced a dozen great stories, and another dozen, amply sufficient for the passport of any novelist in the second rank. *Lorna Doone* indeed has the lifeblood of the author, and John Ridd stands as near to him as ever character stood to its creator; but his work abounds in men as great and single-hearted; while of humorous personages John Ridd is by no means first. Perhaps Davy Llewellyn in *The Maid of Sker* enjoys pride of place from that standpoint, for the old sailor is Shakespearian in his surprises, in his breadth, boldness of outline, and glorious humor.

Absolutely without fear, Blackmore answered to none but his own ideal, and no critic ever handled his work with such severity as he did himself. His humor kept him sound on all self-estimates; his modesty alone misled him to rate himself too low. His work will surely endure.

Lorna Doone; The Maid of Sker; Perlycross; Springhaven; Mary Anerley; Alice Lorraine; Christowell and other stories — because they give a true picture of our national life and character at various great periods in history — will take their proper rank with the enduring fiction of the nineteenth century; and it may well be that weary of the "short long story," or the "long short story," or whatever the particular production in question is called, with its straining and its fever, its neurotics, its "problems," and its frantic pursuit of the phrase, that scanty party of the elect among novel-readers, which requires to be taken seriously in each generation, will turn again to Blackmore and find in his broad sweep, like the roll of an ocean wave, his manliness, his laughter, his detestation of what is mean, and small, and dirty, a sort of tonic they may come to cry for in years not far distant.

Full of the very sap and scent of country life are all his stories and long before the advent of Richard Jefferies, you shall find Blackmore noting the details of rural scenery through the procession of the seasons and setting them forth, as only an artist can, in their due relation to the mass of mountains, to the volume of rivers, to the life of men and women. Indeed, while to appreciate the greatest in Blackmore one needs only to be a student of our common nature, there is another quality in which he stands absolutely alone; and for understanding his achievement in this sort, a man must know the country and know it well. The love and appreciation of green growing things is a fruitful secret of his inspiration. His harvests of the years are painted in such mellow colors as only autumn knows, and his fruit pieces have not been equalled in the language. The welfare of fruit was near his heart. He labored upon that theme, and the Royal Horticultural Society mourned his passing, for he did good work through many years with that great institution. The cherry, the strawberry, the peach, and the vine flourish in his works as no artist shall ever make them upon canvas, for Blackmore paints with dawns and twilights, the varying warmth of the sun and the diamond dews born of starry nights. For him the garden filled no small part of life, and out of sheer love, he studied

all natural things from the seed and egg to their full accomplishment. Such love all may indeed share, but his inner knowledge and understanding only a lifetime of frank service can win, and only genius yield again in adequate literary form. But we are prone to be sceptical concerning high qualities in a writer which we lack the catholicity or knowledge to appreciate, and these real triumphs are not understood by many urban critics who have discussed Blackmore. Mr. W. E. Henley, for example, does not know whether *Lorna Doone* is a great book. So Hazlitt, had he appreciated the difference between an oak and an ash, or ever picked a primrose, or trodden a west country lane, could not have written what he wrote about Robert Herrick. But the writers of the soil have all to endure the indifference of your brick-and-mortar men. The latter do not fully appreciate the significance of environment.

None who ever wrote fiction was so free from any shadow of vanity as Blackmore. He knew the volatile ingredients of popular success, and his knowledge made him more than common humble, for his modesty did not perceive that only to the transcendent ability of a Blackmore (as of a Dickens) is it allowed to be at once a great artist and a great favorite. The first authors of the world have all been popular; and those great writers who have not won wide acclaim belong to a lower order of genius. The fact, if fact it is, seems worthy of examination, for one is unwilling to build upon it any fabric which shall alter a right estimation of popularity.

Again one ventures to hope that an adequate memorial of Richard Doddridge Blackmore may shortly be undertaken. His memory meantime is safe enough, and his faith in goodness and manly optimism shall long hearten us upon the road of life. He was of the pith and marrow of his native land — a great artist, a great Englishman. — *The Critic Magazine.*

PIATT, JOHN JAMES, an American poet; born at James's Mills, Ind., March 1, 1835. After serving an apprenticeship in a printing office he became connected with the Louisville *Journal.* In 1861 he received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington; after six years he resigned this position, and became a journalist at Cincinnati. In 1871 he was made Librarian to the House of Representatives at Washington, and from 1882 to 1894 was United States Consul at Cork, Ireland. In 1860 appeared a volume of *Poems by Two Friends* (J. J. Piatt and W. D. Howells). Among his other volumes are *The Nests at Washington,* with Mrs. Piatt (1864); *Poems of Sunshine and Firelight* (1866); *Western Windows* (1869); *Landmarks* (1871); *Poems of House and Home,* with Mrs. Piatt (1875); *The Children Out of Doors* (1884); *At the Holy Well* (1887); *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley* (1888); *The Ghost's Entry* (1895); *Odes in Ohio* (1897); and *The Hesperian Tree* (1900).

THE MORNING STREET.

Alone I walked the morning street,
Filled with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems as strange, as still, as dead,
As if unnumbered years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky.
The light wind walks with me alone,
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat;
The dew is on the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the noon shines? — the hurrying crowd,
Whose footsteps make the city loud --
The myriad faces — hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts — far in the Past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's gray prime,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew;
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart,
Quickening the marble breast of Art,
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life, upheaved on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmed solitude.
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
This busy place, in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet
The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam;
The Life shall move, the Death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train
Together, face to face, shall meet,
And pass within the morning street.

THE MICROSCOPE AND TELESCOPE.

Look down into the Microscope, and know
  The boundless wonder in the hidden small;
Look up into the Telescope, and, lo!
  The hidden greatness in the boundless all!

AFTER WEALTH.

Diamonds in tropic river-beds, they say,
Are found when the fierce floods are drained away;
So, in our lives, where passion-torrents flow
No more, shine wisdom's precious-stones below.

SUCCESS.

The noblest goal is never reached, because
Ever withdrawn by the high god that draws;
And he who says, content, "Success is mine,"
Gaining the world, has lost the soul divine.

NEW FLIGHTS.

How glad yet sad is he whom gods have given,
With wings that lift him ever toward their Heaven;
The sight that looks beyond the farthest star
And sees, each higher flight, the Heaven more far!

THE FISHERMAN'S LIGHT-HOUSE.

A picture in my mind I keep,
  While all without is shiver of rain;
Warm, firelit shapes forgotten creep
  Away, and shadows fill my brain.

I see a chill and desolate bay
  That glimmers into a lonely wood,
Till, darkling more and more away,
  It grows a sightless solitude.

No cheerful sound afar to hear,
  No cheerful sight afar to see; —
The stars are shut in heavens drear,
  The darkness holds the world and me.

Yet, hark! — I hear a quickening oar,
  The burden of a happy song,
That echo keeps along the shore
  In faint, repeating chorus long.

And whither moves he through the night,
  The rower of my twilight dream?
A compass in his heart is bright,
  And all his pathway is a gleam!

No light-house leaning from the rock
  To tell the sea-tossed mariner
Where breakers, fiercely gathering, shock —
  A fiery-speaking messenger!

But see, o'er water lighted far,
  One steadfast line of splendor come! —
Is it in heaven the evening-star?
  The fisher knows his light at home!

And which is brighter — that which glows
  His evening-star of faith and rest,
Or that which, sudden-kindled, goes
  To meet it from his eager breast?

THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.

The angels come, the angels go,
  Through open doors of purer air;
Their moving presence oftentimes we know,
  It thrills us everywhere.

Sometimes we see them; lo, at night,
  Our eyes were shut, but open seem;
The darkness breathes a breath of wondrous light,
  And thus it was a dream.

—*Poems of House and Home.*

PIATT, Sarah Morgan Bryan, an American poet; born at Lexington, Ky., August 11, 1836. She is the granddaughter of Morgan Bryan, an early settler in Kentucky. She was graduated at Henry Female College, Newcastle, Ky., in 1854, and married John James Piatt in 1861. Her early poems were printed in the Louisville *Journal* and in the New York *Ledger*. Her writings include *A Woman's Poems* (1871); *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles and Other Poems* (1874); *That New World and Other Poems* (1876); *Poems in Company with Children* (1877); *Dramatic Persons and Moods* (1879); *An Irish Garland* (1884); *A Book of Verses by Two in One House* (1884); *Selected Poems* (1885); *In Primrose-Time* (1886); *Child's World Ballads* (1887); *The Witch in the Glass* (1889); *An Irish Wild Flower* (1891); *An Enchanted Castle* (1893), and *Poems* (1894).

OVER A LITTLE BED AT NIGHT.

Good-by, pretty sleepers of mine —
  I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
  Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
  With the wild bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
  And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
  And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
  With this kiss, through these tear-drops, Good-by!

With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair —
But older than yours are, by hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine —
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;
Ah, never in dew nor in rain.

IN PRIMROSE-TIME.

(Early Spring in Ireland.)

Here's the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
And her white cap. What joy
Has touched the ash-man? On my word, he's humming
A boy's song, like a boy!
He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes,
Just where it likes, the grass.
The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
His hat to all who pass;
And the blue-jacket sailor — hear him whistle,
Forgetting Ireland's ills!
Oh, pleasant land — (who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
Upon your happy hills
The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
The world is in its prime
(Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache not)
In Primrose-time.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty
With face and hands in bloom,
Thinking of anything but household duty
In her thatched cabin's gloom —
Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
Her blue eyes dream for hours.
Hush! There's her mother — coming with the baby
In the fair quest of flowers.
And her grandmother! — hear her laugh and chatter,
Under her hair frost-white!

Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
And common folk polite,
And all the birds of heaven one of a feather,
And all their voices rhyme,
They sing their merry songs, like one, together,
In Primrose-time.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
It were to see but one);
The snakes — but here, though, since St. Patrick, no man
Has seen them in the sun;
The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his brother,
And half as good as he;
The rival carmen all love one another,
And jest, right cheerily;
The compliments among the milkmen savor
Of pale gold blossoming;
And everybody wears the lovely favor
Of our sweet Lady Spring,
And through the ribbons in a bright procession
Go toward the chapel's chime —
Good priests, there be but few sins for confession
In Primrose-time.

How all the children in this isle of fancy
Whisper and laugh and peep!
(Hush, pretty babblers! Little feet be wary,
You'll scare them in their sleep —
The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
Out of the sun, and lie
Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes hither) —
The new-made butterfly
Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
On its lone rock and gray,
Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
Gone on their dusty way,
But listens to the bee, on errands sunny.
A thousand years of crime
May all be melted in a drop of honey
In Primrose-time.

AN EMIGRANT SINGING FROM A SHIP.

Sing on; but there be heavy seas betwéen
The shores you leave and those
Toward which you sail. Look back and see how green,
How green the shamrock grows;
How fond your rocks and ruins toward you lean;
How bright the thistle blows,
How red the Irish rose!

He waves his cap, and, with a sorry jest,
Flees, singing like a bird
That is right glad to leave its island nest.
I wonder if he heard,
That time he kissed his hand back to the rest,
The cry, till then deferred,
The mother's low, last word.

Boy-exile, youth is light of heart, I ween;
And fairy-tales come true,
Sometimes, perhaps, in lands we have not seen.
Sing on; the sky is blue.
Sing on (I wonder what your wild words mean);
May blossoms strange and new
Drift out to welcome you!

Sing on, the world is wide, the world is fair,
Life may be sweet and long.
Sing toward the Happy West — yet have a care
Lest Ariel join your song!
(You loved the chapel-bell, you know a prayer?)
If winds should will you wrong,
God's house is builded strong.

Sing on, and see how golden grain can grow,
How golden tree and vine,
In our great woods; how apple-buds can blow,
And robins chirp and shine.
And — in my country may you never know,

Ah, me! for yours to pine,
As I, in yours, for mine.

—*From In Primrose-Time.*

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

There were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath:
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew,
A charmèd Bird before them flew,
Through sun and storm one followed it:
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A Rose whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach: ah, well,
Into the other's arms it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear,
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground:
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the Dragon fought, to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain:
The other breathed the garden's air,
And gathered precious Apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his Fortune, one his Fate:
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other torn and empty hands.

At Bird, and Rose, and Gem, and Fruit,
The King was sad, the King was mute;
At last he slowly said, "My son,
True pleasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a Kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

PIERPONT, JOHN, an American clergyman and poet; born at Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; died at Medford, Mass., August 27, 1866. He was graduated from Yale in 1804; then went to South Carolina, where for four years he was tutor in a private family. Returning to New England in 1809, he studied law and entered upon practice at Newburyport, Mass. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile business at Baltimore, in partnership with John Neal, who, in 1866, wrote a biographical sketch of him. This enterprise proving unsuccessful, he studied theology at Cambridge, and in 1819 was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. He retired from this charge in 1845, and was subsequently minister of churches at Troy, N. Y., and at Medford, Mass., resigning the latter charge in 1856. At the outbreak of the Civil War, although he had reached the age of seventy-six, he became chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment; but he soon afterward received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, which he held until his death. In 1816 he published the *Airs of Palestine,* the main purpose of which was to exhibit the power of music, combined with local scenery and national character in various countries of the world, more especially in Palestine. Most of his subsequent poems

were composed for special occasions. He also prepared a series of Reading Books for schools.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes; he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that he is not there.

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there.

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there.

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought, that he is not there.

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm, with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I'm in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there.

Not there! — Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked. He is not there.

He lives! — in all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see him *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our Heaven to find that he is there!

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Read it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! — From the vale
On they come! — And will ye quail? —
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may — and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!
— *Airs of Palestine and Other Poems.*

PIGNOTTI, Lorenzo, an Italian poet, fabulist and historian; born at Figlini, Tuscany, in 1739; died at Pisa in 1812. Having taken his degree in medicine in 1763, and begun to practice at Florence, he at the same time became known as a poet. He was a successful teacher of physics at Florence and Pisa, and became historiographer of Etruria in 1801, councillor for public schools in 1802, and auditor of the University of Pisa in 1807, to be made rector in 1809. His fables (1779), which have had many editions, are highly esteemed in Italy. In verse, he has written *Tomba de Shakespeare* (1778); *L'Ombra di Pope* and *Felicita dell' Austria e della Toscana* (1791). *Storia della Toscana,* published in Pisa in nine volumes in 1813, is an instructive compilation, which, however, enjoyed but small popularity. His

complete poems were published at Florence in six volumes in 1812–13.

THE MOUSE TURNED HERMIT.

In winter, when my grandmother sat spinning
  Close in the corner by the chimney-side,
To many a tale, still ending, still beginning,
  She made me list with eyes and mouth full wide,
Wondering at all the monstrous things she told,
Things quite as monstrous as herself was old.

She told me how the frogs and mice went fighting,
  And every deed and word of wolves and foxes,
Of ghosts and witches in dead night delighting,
  Of fairy spirits rummaging in boxes;
And this in her own strain of fearful joy,
While I stood by, a happy, frightened boy.

One night, quite sulky, not a word she uttered,
  Spinning away as mute as any fish,
Except that now and then she growled and muttered;
  At last I begged and prayed, till, to my wish,
She cleared her pipes, spat thrice, coughed for a while,
And thus began with something like a smile:

"Once on a time, there was a mouse," quoth she,
  "Who, sick of worldly tears and laughter, grew
Enamored of a sainted privacy;
  To all terrestrial things he bade adieu,
And entered far from house, or cat, or man,
A thick-walled cheese, the best of Parmesan.

"And, good soul, knowing that the root of evil
  Is idleness, that bane of heavenly grace,
Our hermit labored hard against the devil,
  Unweariedly in that same sacred place,
Where further in he toiled, and further yet,
With teeth for holy nibbling sharply set.

"His fur skin jacket soon became distended,
And his plump sides could vie with any friar's:
Happy the pious who, by heaven befriended,
Reap the full harvest of their just desire!
And happier they, whom an eternal vow
Shuts from the world, who live — we know not how.

"Just at that time, driven to the very brink
Of dire destruction, was the mousal nation;
Corn was locked up, fast, close, without a chink,
No hope appeared to save them from starvation;
For who could dare Grimalkin's whiskered chaps,
And long-clawed paws, in search of random scraps?

"Then was a solemn deputation sent
From one and all to every neighboring house,
Each with a bag upon his shoulder went,
And last they came unto our hermit-mouse,
When squeaking out a chorus at his door,
They begged him to take pity on the poor.

"'Oh, my dear children,' said the anchorite,
'On mortal happiness and transient cares
No more I bend my thoughts, no more delight
In sublunary, worldly, vain affairs;
These things I have foresworn, and must, though loath,
Reprove your striving thus against my oath.

"Poor, helpless as I am, what can I do?
A solitary tenant of these walls;
What can I more than breathe my prayers for you?
And Heaven oft listens when the pious calls!
Go, my dear children, leave me here to pray,
Go, go, and take your empty bags away.'"

"Ho! grandmother," cried I, "this matches well
This mouse of yours so snug within his cheese,
With many a monk as snug within his cell,
Swollen up with plenty and a life of ease,
Who takes, but cannot give to a poor sinner,
Proclaims a fast and hurries home to dinner."

. . . . . .

"If e'er you talk so naughtily again,
I promise you 'twill be a bitter day!"
So spoke my grandmother, nor spoke in vain;
She looked so fierce I'd not a word to say;
And still I'm silent, as I hope to thrive,
For many grandmothers are yet alive.

PIKE, ALBERT, an American journalist, lawyer and poet; born at Boston, Mass., December 29, 1809; died at Washington, D. C., April 2, 1891. He studied at Harvard, but did not complete the course; and after teaching for a while at Newburyport, set out in 1831 for the far West. At St. Louis he joined a caravan going to the Mexican territories, and visited the head-waters of the Red and Brazos rivers. He, with four others, separated from the party, and traveled five hundred miles on foot to Fort Smith, in Arkansas. In 1834 he became proprietor and editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, published at Little Rock. After two years he was admitted to the bar, gave up journalism, and devoted himself mainly to his profession. He served as a volunteer in the war with Mexico; and after the outbreak of our Civil War, he organized a body of Cherokee Indians, at whose head he was engaged at the battle of Pea Ridge. He was appointed Indian Commissioner under the Confederate Government after the breaking out of the Civil War, and was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Besides several professional works, he has published *Hymns to the Gods* (1831, reprinted in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1839); *Prose*

ALBERT PIKE.

Sketches and Poems (1834); *Nugæ*, a collection of poems, and two similar collections (1873–82.)

BUENA VISTA.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the icy lakes of Maine
Let all exult! For we have met the enemy again.
Beneath their stern old mountains we have met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide,
Where the enemy came surging, like Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast.
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands — yea, with more than four to one —
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!

Upon them with your squadrons, May! Out leaps the flaming steel;
Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain. Now to the left, they stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair;
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring;
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, brave artillery! bold dragoons! Steady, my men, and calm!

Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each
gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker
than the hail,
We'll stand against them as the rock stands firm against
the gale!
Lo! their battery is silenced now; our iron hail still
showers.
They falter, halt, retreat! Hurrah! the glorious day is
ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes
are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries; his strong reserve
moves on.
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight
is won!
Now for your wives and children stand! Steady, my
braves, once more!
Now for your lives, your honor, fight, as you never
fought before!

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely! McKee and Bissell
there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the aston-
ished air.
The lancers are upon them, too; the foe swarms ten to
one;
Hardin is slain; McKee and Clay the last time see the
sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate
fray,
Grows cold — its last thoughts turning to its loved ones
far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared, but died away at last;
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows
fast;
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver
shield,

And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field:
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna fled.

PINDAR (Gr., Πίνδαρος), a lyric poet of ancient Greece; born at Cynoscephalæ, near Thebes, in Bœotia, about 520 B.C.; died at Argos about 440 B.C. He was the son of Daiphantus, or, according to some writers, of Pagondas. Little is known of his early history. It is said that he studied poetry and music at Athens, under Lasus, and that he was a pupil of the celebrated Corinna, who advised him to choose themes for his muse from mythology. He afterward composed an ode in which all the legends of Thebes were interwoven. He became a professional composer of choral odes, and was employed by various states and princes of Greece to write odes for special occasions. He was a great favorite of the Athenians, whose city he praised in an ode, and who presented him with 3,000 drachmæ. The remains of Pindar's works that have come down to us entire are forty-four Epicinia, or triumphal odes, which were written in honor of victories won in the great national public games; and there are fragments consisting of hymns, pæans, choral dithyrambs, processional songs, choral songs for maidens, choral dance-songs, encomia (songs in praise of men), scolia (to be sung by a chorus at a banquet), and dirges.

Horace attributes to Pindar unrivalled skill in several forms of versification. He particularly excelled in energy, picturesque effect, and sublimity. The best

translations of Pindar into English are those of H. F. Cary and Abraham Moore.

FROM THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE

Strophe.

Golden lyre that Phœbus shares with the Muses violet-crowned,

Thee, when opes the joyous revel, our frolic feet obey.
While thy chords ring out their preludes, and guide the dancers' way,
Thou quenchest the bolted lightning's heat,
And the eagle of Zeus on the sceptre sleeps, and closes his pinion fleet.

Antistrophe.

King of birds! His hookèd beak hath a darkling cloud o'ercast,
Sealing soft his eyes. In slumber his rippling back he heaves.
By thy sweet music fettered fast,
Ruthless Ares's self the rustle of bristling lances leaves,
And gladdens awhile his soul with rest.
For the shafts of the Muses and Leto's son can melt an immortal's breast.

Epode.

But, whom Zeus loves not, back in fear all senseless cower, as in their ear
The sweet, Pierian voices sound, in earth or monstrous oceans round.
So he, heaven's foe, that in Tartarus lies,
The hundred-headed Typho, erst
In famed Cilician cavern nurst —
Now, beyond the Cumæ, pent below
Sea-cliffs of Sicily, o'er his rough breast rise
Ætna's pillars, skyward soaring, nurse of year-long snow!

— *Translation of* F. D. Maurice.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

The powers of Heaven can lightly deign boons that
Hope's self despairs to gain:
And bold Bellerophon with speed won to his will the
wingèd steed
Binding that soothing spell his jaws around.
Mounting all mailed, his courser's pace the dance of war
he taught to trace,
And, borne of him, the Amazons he slew,
Nor feared the bows their woman-armies drew,
Chimæra breathing fire, and Solymi —
Swooping from frozen depths of lifeless sky.
Untold I leave his final fall!
His charger passed to Zeus's Olympian stall! . . .

Well, ere now, my song hath told
Of their Olympic victories;
And what shall be, must coming days unfold.
Yet hope have I — the future lies
With Fate — yet bless but Heaven still their line
Ares and Zeus shall all fulfil! For by Parnassus's frown-
ing hill,
Argus, and Thebes, their fame how fair! And, oh, what
witness soon shall bear,
In Arcady, Lycæus's royal shrine!

Pellené, Sicyon, of them tell — Megara, and the hallowed
dell
Of Æacids; Eleusis; Marathon bright;
And wealthy towns that bask near Ætna's height;
Eubœa's island. Nay, all Greece explore —
Than eye can see you'll find their glories more!
Through life, great Zeus, sustain their feet;
And bless with piety, and with triumphs sweet!

— *Translation of* F. D. MAURICE.

PINKNEY, Edward Coate, an American lawyer and poet; born at London, England, October 1, 1802; died at Baltimore, Md., April 11, 1828. His father, William Pinkney, was United States Minister to Great Britain. At the age of fourteen the boy became a midshipman in the United States Navy, but resigned his commission in 1824, and entered upon the practice of law. He was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres at the University of Maryland, in recognition of his poetic gifts. In 1825 he published *Rodolph and Other Poems,* and in 1827, *The Marylander.*

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions changing oft, so *fill* her, she appears

The image of themselves by turns — the idol of past
years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the
brain;
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain.
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's, but
hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone;
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more
of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

A SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which than on the stars above
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up — look out, and be
A sister to the night.

Sleep not! thy image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast.
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

PITT, WILLIAM, an English statesman; born at Hayes, near Bromley, Kent, May 28, 1759; died at Putney, January 23, 1806. He was a son of the Earl of Chatham. His health being delicate, he was educated by a private tutor, but under the careful supervision of his father, until he was fourteen years old, when he entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was at this time proficient in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He had chosen law as his profession, and on leaving college he took chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1780. The next year he entered Parliament for Appleby, and before the close of the second session he stood in the first rank of debaters. On the formation of the Lord Shelburne Ministry in July, 1782, he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. But this ministry having been defeated in March, 1783, resigned, and Pitt was urged by the King to accept the premiership, but declined. In December, 1783, Fox and Lord North having been dismissed, he was again offered the premiership, which he accepted. He had to contend against a strong opposition led by Fox, Lord North, and others, and was defeated in March, 1784, when Parliament was dissolved. He appealed to the people and was triumphantly sustained by them. In 1793 his administration having involved England in war with France, which increased the national debt three hundred millions, his popularity began to wane. He resigned office in 1801, and was succeeded by Addington; but a coalition of Whigs and Tories formed against Addington and compelled him to resign, and Pitt was again appointed Prime-Minister in 1804.

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I have shown how great is the enormity of this evil, even on the supposition that we take only convicts and prisoners of war. But take the subject in the other way; take it on the grounds stated by the right honorable gentleman over the way, and how does it stand? Think of EIGHTY THOUSAND persons carried away out of their country by we know not what means! for crimes imputed! for light or inconsiderable faults! for debt perhaps! for the crime of witchcraft! or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts! besides all the fraud and kidnapping, the villanies and perfidy, by which the slave-trade is supplied. Reflect on these eighty thousand persons annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice; yet what an office of humiliation and meanness it is in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What, sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them into the study, of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. Some evidences say that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and ultimately themselves. Are these, then, the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labor of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions men of whom we know nothing by authentic in-

quiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved, in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connections which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder! Do you think nothing of the miseries in consequence that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement? A happiness which you withhold from them so long as you permit the slave-trade to continue. What do you know of the internal state of Africa? You have carried on a trade to that quarter of the globe from this civilized and enlightened country; but such a trade, that, instead of diffusing either knowledge or wealth, it has been the check to every laudable pursuit. Instead of any fair interchange of commodities; instead of conveying to them, from this highly favored land, any means of improvement; you carry with you that noxious plant by which everything is withered and blasted; under whose shade nothing that is useful or profitable to Africa will ever flourish or take root. Long as that continent has been known to navigators, the extreme line and boundaries of its coasts is all with which Europe is yet become acquainted; while other countries in the same parallel of latitude, through a happier system of intercourse, have reaped the blessings of a mutually beneficial commerce. But as to the whole interior of that continent you are, by your own principles of commerce, as yet entirely shut out: Africa is known to you only in its skirts. Yet even there you are able to infuse a poison that spreads its contagious effects from one end of it to the other, which penetrates to its very centre, corrupting every part to which it reaches. You there subvert the whole order of nature; you aggravate every natural barbarity, and

furnish to every man there living motives for committing, under the name and pretext of commerce, acts of perpetual violence and perfidy against his neighbor.

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Slaves, as we may read in Henry's *History of Great Britain,* were formerly an established article of our export. "Great numbers," he says, "were exported like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market." It does not distinctly appear by what means they were procured; but there was unquestionably no small resemblance, in this particular point, between the case of our ancestors and that of the present wretched natives of Africa — for the historian tells you that "adultery, witchcraft, and debt were probably some of the chief sources of supplying the Roman market with British slaves — that prisoners taken in war were added to the number — and that there might be among them some unfortunate gamesters, who, after having lost all their goods, at length staked themselves, their wives, and their children." Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And these circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proof, that Africa labors under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honorable gentleman, and pointing to *British barbarians,* have predicted with

equal boldness, "*There* is a people that will never rise to civilization — *there* is a people destined never to be free — a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world." Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa?

We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism — we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians — we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting, even to this hour, as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understanding, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favored above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society: we are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice; we are living under a system of government which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and the wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must forever have been shut out had there been any

truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct toward us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If, then, we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us, had Great Britain continued to the present times to be the mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts! — *From a Speech Delivered April 2, 1792.*

PLATO (Gr., Πλάτω), a Greek philosopher; born at Aegina about 429 B.C.; died at Athens about 347 B.C. His original name was Aristocles; but this in time was changed to PLATON ("Broad"), possibly on account of the unusual breadth of his shoulders. While a young man he wrote epic, lyric and dramatic poems, all of which he destroyed, only a few fragments, and those of doubtful authenticity, remaining. He was a pupil of Socrates during the last eight or nine years of that philosopher's life, and became thoroughly conversant with the Socratic system of dialectics. After the death of Socrates, in 399 B. C., Plato traveled for some years in the Grecian states, also visiting Egypt. Legend, for which there seems no valid foundation, says that he even visited Syria, Babylonia, Persia and India. Returning to Athens, he established a kind of open-air school in a grove which had belonged to a man named Academos, and was hence styled the *Academeia.* Here he orally expounded his philosophy, and composed the numerous works which have come down to us. These are mainly in the form of dialogues, Socrates being made one of the interlocutors, usually as the exponent of Plato's own views. The works of Plato have found many translators into all languages. Altogether the best translation into English is that of Jowett (1871), which is accompanied by elaborate analyses and introductions. Valuable also is Grote's *Plato and the Other Companions of Socrates* (1865). The eschatology of Plato is best set forth in *The Vision of Er,* which forms the conclusion of *The Re-*

public, the longest but one, and, in the view of Professor Jowett, "the best of Plato's Dialogues."

THE VISION OF ER, IN THE OTHER WORLD.

Well — said Socrates — I will tell you a tale; not one of those tales which Odysseus tells to the hero Alcinous; yet, this, too, is a tale of a brave man, Er, the son of Armenius, a Pamphylian by birth. He was slain in battle, and ten days afterward, when the bodies of the dead were taken up, already in a state of corruption, his body was unaffected by decay, and carried home to be buried. And on the twelfth day, as he was lying on the funeral pile, he returned to life, and told them what he had seen in the other world.

He said that when he left the body his soul went on a journey with a great company, and that they came to a mysterious place at which there were two chasms in the earth; they were near together, and over against them were two other chasms in the heaven above. In the intermediate space there were judges seated, who bade the just, after they had judged them, ascend by the heavenly way on the right hand, having the signs of the judgment bound on their foreheads. And in like manner the unjust were commanded by them to descend by the lower way on the left hand; these also had the symbols of their deeds fastened on their backs. He drew near, and they told him that he was to be the messenger who would carry the report of the other world to men; and they bade him hear and see all that was to be heard and seen in that place.

Then he beheld and saw on one side the souls departing at either chasm of heaven and earth when sentence had been given them; and at the two other openings other souls, some ascending out of the earth dusty and worn with travel, some descending out of heaven clean and bright. And always on their arrival they seemed as if they had come from a long journey; and they went out into the meadow with joy, and encamped as at a festival; and those who knew one another embraced and conversed, the souls which came from the earth curi-

ously inquiring about the things above, and the souls which came from Heaven about the things beneath. And they told one another of what had happened by the way — those from below weeping and sorrowing at the remembrance of the things which they had endured and seen in their journey (now the journey had lasted a thousand years), while those from above were describing heavenly delights and visions of inconceivable beauty.

There is not time to tell all, but the sum is this: —

He said that for every wrong which they had done to anyone they suffered tenfold; that is to say, once in every hundred years — the thousand years answering to the hundred years which are reckoned as the life of man. If, for example, there were any who had been the cause of many deaths, or had betrayed or enslaved cities or armies, or been guilty of any other evil behavior, for each and all of these they received punishment ten times over; and the rewards of beneficence and justice and holiness were in the same proportion. I need hardly repeat what he said concerning young children dying almost as soon as they were born. Of piety and impiety to gods and parents, and of murders, there were retributions other and greater far, which he described.

He mentioned that he was present when one of the spirits asked another, "Where is Aridæus the Great?" (Now this Aridæus lived a thousand years before the time of Er. He had been the tyrant of some city of Pamphylia, and had murdered his aged father and his elder brother, and was said to have committed many other abominable crimes.) The answer was, "He comes not hither, and never will come. For this was one of the miserable sights witnessed by us: We were approaching the mouth of the cave, and, having seen all, were about to reascend, when of a sudden Aridæus appeared, and several others, most of whom were tyrants; and there were also, besides the tyrants, private individuals who had been great criminals. They were just at the mouth, being, as they fancied, about to return into the upper world; but the opening, instead of receiving them, gave forth a sound when any of these

THE FATES.

incurable or unpunished sinners tried to ascend; and then wild men of fiery aspect, who were standing by, and knew what that meant, seized and carried off several of them; and Aridæus and others they bound head and hand, and threw them down, and flayed them with scourges, and dragged them along the road at the side, carding them on thorns like wool, and declaring to the passers-by what were their crimes, and that they were being taken away to be cast into hell." And of the many terrors which they had endured, he said that there was none like the terror which each of them felt at that moment lest they should hear the Voice; and when there was silence, one by one they ascended with joy. "These," said Er, "were the penalties and retributions, and there were rewards as great."

Now when the spirits which were in the meadow had tarried seven days, on the eighth day they were obliged to proceed on their journey; and on the fourth day after, he said that they came to a place where they could see a line of light, like a column let down from above, extending right through the whole heaven and through the earth, in coloring resembling a rainbow, only brighter and purer. Another day's journey brought them to the place; and there, in the midst of the light they saw reaching from Heaven to the ends by which it was fastened. For this light is the belt of Heaven, and holds together the circle of the universe, like the undergirders of a trireme. From these ends is extended the spindle of Necessity, on which all the revolutions turn. . . .

The spindle turns on the knees of Necessity: and on the upper surface of the eight circles [which are described as the orbits of the fixed stars and the planets] is a Siren who goes round with them, hymning a single sound and note. The eight together form one harmony. And round about at equal intervals, there is another band, three in number, each sitting upon her throne. These are the Fates, daughters of Necessity, who are clothed in white raiment, and have crowns of wool upon their heads — Lachesis and Clotho and Atropos — who accompany with their voices the harmonies of the sirens; Lachesis singing of the Past, Clotho of

the Present, and Atropos of the Future; Clotho now and then assisting with a touch of her right hand the motion of the outer circle or whole of the spindle, and Atropos with her left hand touching the inner ones, and Lachesis laying hold of either in turn, first with one hand and then with the other.

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis. But first of all there came a Prophet who arranged them in order. Then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of life, and going up to a high place, spake as follows: "Hear the words of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of mortal life. Your Genius will not choose you, but you will choose your Genius; and let him who draws the first lot first choose a life, which shall be his destiny. Virtue is free; and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her; the chooser is answerable — God is justified."

When the Interpreter had thus spoken, he scattered lots among them, and each one took up the lot which fell near him — all but Er himself (he was not allowed) — and each, as he took his lot, perceived the number which he had obtained. Then the Interpreter placed on the ground before them the samples of lives; and there were many more lives than the souls present; and there were all sorts of lives — of every animal and of man in every condition.

And there were tyrannies among them, some continuing while the tyrant lived, others which broke off in the middle, and came to an end in poverty and exile and beggary. And there were lives of famous men; some who were famous for their form and beauty, as well as for their strength and success in games; or, again, for their birth and the qualities of their ancestors; and some who were the reverse of famous for the opposite qualities; and of women likewise. There was not, however, any definite character in them, because the soul must of necessity be changed according to the life chosen. But there was every other quality; and they all mingled with one another, and also with elements of

wealth and poverty, and disease and health. And there were mean estates also.

And here — said Socrates — is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may find someone who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. . . . For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after death. A man must take with him into the world below an adamantine faith in Truth and Right, that there, too, he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villanies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself. But let him know how to choose the mean, and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life, but in all that is to come. For this is the way to happiness.

And, according to the report of the messenger, this is exactly what the Prophet said at the time: "Even for the last comer, if he choose wisely, and will live diligently, there is appointed a happy and not undesirable existence. Let not him who chooses first be careless, and let not the last despair."

And while the Interpreter was speaking, he who had the first choice came forward, and in a moment chose the greatest tyranny. His mind having been darkened by folly and sensuality, he had not thought out the whole matter, and did not see at first that he was fated, among other evils, to devour his own children. But when he had time to reflect, and saw what was in the lot, he began to beat his breast and lament over his choice, not abiding by the proclamation of the Prophet; for instead of throwing the blame of his misfortune upon himself, he accused Chance and the Gods, and everything rather than himself.

Most curious, said the messenger, was the spectacle of the election — sad and laughable and strange; the souls generally choosing with a reference to their ex-

perience of a previous life. There he saw the soul which had been Orpheus choosing the life of a swan, out of enmity to the race of women, hating to be born of a woman, because they had been his murderers; he saw also the soul of Themyras choosing the life of a nightingale; birds, on the other hand, like the swan and other musicians, choosing to be men.

The soul which obtained the twentieth lot chose the life of a lion; and this was Ajax, the son of Telamon, who would not be a man — remembering the injustice which was done him in the judgment of the arms. The next was Agamemnon, who chose the life of an eagle, because, like Ajax, he hated human nature on account of his sufferings. About the middle was the lot of Atalanta; she, seeing the great fame of an athlete, was unable to resist the temptation. After her came the soul of Epeus, the son of Panopeus, passing into the nature of a woman cunning in the arts. And, far away among the last who chose, the soul of the jester Thersites was putting on the form of a monkey.

There came also the soul of Odysseus, having yet to make a choice, and his lot happened to be the last of them all. Now the recollection of his former toils had disenchanted him of ambition, and he went about for considerable time in search of a private man who had no cares. He had some difficulty in finding this, which was lying about and had been neglected by everybody else; and when he saw it he said he would have done the same had he been first instead of last, and that he was delighted at his choice.

And not only did men pass into animals, but I must also mention that there were animals, tame and wild, who changed into one another, and into corresponding human natures — the good into gentle, and the evil into savage, in all sorts of combinations.

All the souls had now chosen their lives, and they went in the order of their choice to Lachesis, who sent with them the Genius whom they had severally chosen to be the guardian of their lives and the fulfiller of the choice. This Genius led the soul first to Clotho, who drew them within the revolution of the spindle impelled

by her hand, thus ratifying the choice; and then, when they were fastened to this, carried them away to Atropos, who spun the threads and made them irreversible. Then, without turning round, they passed beneath the throne of Necessity. And when they had all passed, they marched on in a scorching heat to the plain of Forgetfulness, which was a barren waste destitute of trees and verdure; and then toward evening they encamped by the river of Unmindfulness, the water of which no vessel can hold. Of this they were all obliged to drink a certain quantity, and those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary; and each one, as he drank, forgot all things. Now after they had gone to rest, about the middle of the night, there was a thunder-storm and earthquake; and then in an instant they were driven all manner of ways, like stars shooting upward to their birth. Er himself was hindered from drinking the water. But in what manner or by what means he returned to the body he could not say; only in the morning, awakening suddenly, he saw himself on the pyre.

And thus — says Socrates in conclusion — the tale has been saved, and has not perished, and will save us, if we are obedient to the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of Forgetfulness, and our soul will not be defiled. Wherefore, my counsel is, that we hold fast to the heavenly way, and follow after Justice and Virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal, and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, both while remaining here and when, like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward. And it shall be well with us both in this life and in the pilgrimage of a thousand years which we have been reciting.— *Translation of* JOWETT.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Those who belong to this small class have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession philosophy is, and have also seen and been satisfied of the madness of the mul-

titude, and know that there is no one who ever acts honestly in the administration of states, nor any helper who will save anyone who maintains the cause of the just. Such a Saviour would be like a man who has fallen among wild beasts, unable to join in the wickedness of his friends, and would have to throw away his life before he had done any good to himself or others. And he reflects upon all this, and holds his peace, and does his own business. He is like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along; and when he sees the rest of mankind full of wickedness, he is content if only he can live his own life, and be pure from evil or unrighteousness, and depart in peace and good-will, with bright hopes.— *The Republic.*

PLAUTUS, Titus Maccius, a Roman comic dramatist; born at Sarcina, Umbria, about 254 B.C.; died, probably at Rome, about 184 B.C. The name "Plautus," by which he is known, was a mere nickname, meaning "flat foot." He was of humble origin, some say a slave by birth. He went to Rome at an early age, made a little fortune, which he soon lost in trade, after which he is said to have supported himself for a while by turning a hand-mill. While thus engaged he produced three comedies which proved successful, and for the forty remaining years of his life he was a popular playwright. Varro, who lived a century and a half after Plautus, says that in his time there were extant one hundred and thirty plays attributed to Plautus, though there were only twenty-one which he considered to be unquestionably authentic. The existing comedies of Plautus

(all more or less corrupt) number about a score. Of the plays — if we may credit the assertion of Cicero — *Pseudolus* (The Trickster) was the favorite of the author. In the following scene Balbus, a slave-dealer, enters, accompanied by four flogging slaves, and followed by a gang to whom the master addresses himself, punctuating his objurgations by a liberal use of the scourge — which we may be sure was great fun to the Roman playgoers.

AN INDULGENT MASTER.

Balbus.— Come out here! move! stir about, ye idle rascals!
The very worst bargain that man ever made.
Not worth your keep! There's ne'er a one of ye
That has thought of doing honest work.
I shall never get money's worth out of your hides,
Unless it be in *this* sort! Such tough hides, too!
Their ribs have no more feeling than an ass's —
You'll hurt yourself long before you'll hurt *them.*
And this is all their plan — these whipping-posts;
The moment they've a chance, it's pilfer, plunder,
Rob, cheat, eat, drink, and run away's the word,
That's all they'll do. You'd better leave a wolf
To keep the sheep than trust a house to them.
Yet, now, to look at 'em, they're not amiss;
They're all so cursedly deceitful. Now — look here;
Mind what I say, the lot of ye; unless
You all get rid of these curst sleepy ways,
Dawdling and maundering there, I'll mark your backs
In a very peculiar and curious pattern —
With as many stripes as a Campanian quilt,
And as many colors as an Egyptian carpet.
I warned you yesterday, you'd each your work;
But you're such a cursed, idle, mischievous crew
That I'm obliged to let you have *this* as a memorandum.
Oh! *that's* your game, then, is it? So you think
Your ribs are hard as this whip is? Now, just look!

They're minding something else! Attend to this;
Mind *this* now, will you? Listen while I speak!
You generation that were born for flogging;
D'ye think your backs are tougher than this cow-hide?
Why, what's the matter? Does it *hurt?* Oh, dear!
That's what slaves get when they won't mind their masters!

Translation of W. Lucas Collins.

Sometimes (as in the Prologue to *The Shipwreck*) Plautus rises into poetry. Some critics will have it that in this the Roman playwright is translating from somebody — possibly from some Greek play. The Prologue is spoken in the character of Arcturus — a constellation whose rising and setting were supposed to have much to do with storms and tempests.

PROLOGUE TO "THE SHIPWRECK."

Of his high realm who rules the earth and sea,
And all mankind, a citizen am I.
Lo, as you see, a bright and shining star,
Revolving ever in unfailing course
Here and in heaven: Arcturus am I hight.
By night I shine in heaven, amidst the gods;
I walk unseen by men on earth by day.
So, too, do other stars step from their spheres,
Down to the lower world: so willeth Jove,
Ruler of gods and men. He sends us forth
Each on our several paths throughout all lands,
To note the ways of men and all they do:
If they be just and pious; if their wealth
Be well employed or squandered harmfully;
Who in a false suit use false witnesses;
Who, by a perjured oath forswear their debts;
Their names do we record and bear to Jove.
So learns He, day by day, what ill is wrought
By men below; who seek to gain their cause
By perjury; who wrest the law to wrong;
Jove's court of high appeal rehears the plaint,

And mulcts them tenfold for the unjust decree.
In separate tablets doth he note the good.
And though the wicked in their hearts have said
He can be soothed with gifts and sacrifice,
They lose their pains and cost, for that the god
Accepts no offering from a perjured hand.
— *Translation of* W. Lucas Collins.

PLINY (Caius Plinius Secundus), usually styled "Pliny the Elder"; a Roman scientific writer; born A.D. 23; died in 79. Both Verona and Novum Comum, the modern Como, have been mentioned as his birthplace, but the general belief inclines to the latter town, as the family estates were there, and his nephew and adopted son, the younger Pliny, was born there. At the age of twenty-three he entered the army, and served in Germany under L. Pomponius Secundus until the year 52, when he returned to Rome and became a pleader in the law-courts. Not succeeding in this capacity, he returned to his native town, and applied himself to authorship. In the intervals of military duty as commander of a troop of cavalry, he had composed a treatise on throwing the javelin on horseback and part of a history of the Germanic wars. Several works were the fruit of his retirement, among them a grammatical treatise in eight books, entitled *Dubius Sermo*. Toward the close of Nero's reign he was a procurator in Spain. He returned to Rome in 73, and, being in favor with Vespasian, divided his life between his duties to the Emperor and his studies, which he prosecuted often in hours stolen from sleep. During the eruption of

Vesuvius in 79 he set out from Misenum with a fleet of galleys to relieve the sufferers from the eruption. His desire to study the phenomena of that mighty outburst led him to land at Stabiæ, where he was suffocated by the poisonous vapors from the volcano.

Two years before his death he published the work by which he is best known, the *Historia Naturalis,* in thirty-seven books, embracing many subjects now not included as a part of natural history — as astronomy, mineralogy, botany, and the fine arts. Though a compilation rather than the result of original investigation, the work is of great value as a storehouse of facts and speculations of which we have no other record. Pliny left at his death a collection of notes filling one hundred and sixty volumes.

THE EARTH — ITS FORM AND MOTION.

That the earth is a perfect globe we learn from the name which has been uniformly given to it, as well as numerous natural arguments. For not only does a figure of this kind return everywhere into itself, requiring no adjustments, not sensible of either end or beginning in any of its parts, and is best fitted for that motion with which, as will appear hereafter, it is continually traveling round; but still more because we perceive it, by the evidence of sight, to be in every part convex and central, which could not be the case were it of any other figure.

The rising and setting of the sun clearly prove that this globe is carried round in the space of twenty-four hours in an eternal and never-ending circuit, and with incredible swiftness. I am not able to say whether the sound caused by the whirling about of so great a mass be excessive, and therefore far beyond what our ears can perceive; nor, indeed, whether the resounding of so many stars, all carried on at the same time, and revolving in their orbits may not produce a delightful har-

mony of incredible sweetness. To us, who are in the interior, the world appears to glide silently along both by day and by night.

POSITION AND SIZE OF THE EARTH.

It is evident from undoubted arguments that the earth is in the middle of the universe; but it is most clearly proved by the equality of the days and the nights at the equinox. It is demonstrated by the quadrant, which affords the most decisive confirmation of the fact, that unless the earth was in the middle, the days and the nights could not be equal; for, at the time of the equinox, the rising and the setting of the sun are seen on the same line; and at the winter solstice, its rising is on the same line with its setting at the summer solstice; but this could not happen if the earth were not situated in the centre. . . .

Some geometricians have estimated that the earth is 252,000 stadia in circumference. That harmonical proportion which compels Nature to be always consistent with itself, obliges us to add to the above measure 12,000 stadia, and thus makes the earth one ninety-sixth part of the whole universe.— *Natural History, Book II.*

ON MAN.

Our first attention is justly due to Man, for whose sake all other things appear to have been produced by Nature; though, on the other hand, with so great and so severe penalties for the enjoyment of her bounteous gifts that it is far from easy to determine whether she has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless stepmother.

In the first place, she obliges him, alone of all animated creatures, to clothe himself with the spoils of the others; while to all the rest she has given various kinds of coverings — such as shells, crusts, spines, hides, furs, bristles, hair, down, feathers, scales and fleeces. Man, alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and —

a thing that is the case with no other animal — to tears; this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence. But as for laughter, why, by Hercules! to laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to any man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.

Introduced thus to the light, man has fetters and swathings instantly placed upon all his limbs — a thing that falls to the lot of none of the brutes even that are born among us. Born to such singular good-fortune, there lies the animal which is bound to command all the others: lies fast bound hand and foot, and weeping aloud: such being the penalty which he must pay on beginning life, and that for the sole fault of having been born.

The earliest presage of future strength, the earliest bounty of time, confers upon him naught but the resemblance to a quadruped. How soon does he gain the faculty of speech? How soon is his mouth fitted for mastication? How long are the pulsations of the crown of his head to proclaim him the weakest of all animated beings? And then the diseases to which he is subject, the numerous remedies which he is obliged to devise against his maladies — and those thwarted every now and then by new forms and features of disease.

While other animals have an instinctive knowledge of their natural powers: some of their swiftness of pace, some of their rapidity of flight, and some of their power of swimming — man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught. He can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat; and, in short, he can do nothing, at the prompting of Nature only, but to weep. For this it is that many have been of opinion that it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment. — *Natural History, Book VIII.*

ON TREES.

The trees formed the first temples of the gods, and even at the present day, the country people, preserving in all their simplicity their ancient rites, consecrate the

finest of their trees to some divinity. Indeed, we feel ourselves inspired to adoration not less by the sacred groves, and their very stillness, than by the statues of the gods, resplendent as they are with gold and ivory. Each kind of tree remains immutably consecrated to some divinity: the beech to Jupiter, the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Minerva, the myrtle to Venus, and the poplar to Hercules; besides which, it is our belief that the Sylvans, the Fauns, and the various kinds of goddess Nymphs have the tutelage of the woods, and we look upon those deities as especially appointed to preside over them by the will of heaven. In more recent times it was the trees that by their juices, more soothing even than corn, first mollified the natural asperity of man; and it is from these that we now derive the oil of the olive that renders the limbs so supple, and the draught of wine that so effectually recruits the strength; and the numerous delicacies which spring up spontaneously at the various seasons of the year, and load our tables with their viands.— *Natural History, Book XII.*

OF METALS.

We are now to speak of metals — of actual wealth the standard of comparative value — objects for which we diligently search within the earth in various ways. In one place, for instance, we undermine it for the purpose of obtaining riches to supply the exigencies of life — searching for either gold or silver, electron or copper. In another place, to satisfy the requirements of luxury, our researches extend to gems and pigments with which to adorn our fingers and the walls of our houses. While in a third place we gratify our rash propensities by a search for iron which, amid wars and carnage, is deemed more desirable even than gold.

We trace out all the veins of the earth; and yet, living upon it, undermined as it is beneath our feet, are astonished that it should occasionally cleave asunder or tremble: as though, forsooth, these signs could be any other than expressions of the indignation of our sacred parent. We penetrate into her entrails, and seek for

treasures even in the abodes of the Shades, as though each spot we tread upon were not sufficiently bounteous and fertile for us.

And yet, amid all this, we are far from seeking curatives, the object of our researches; and how few, in thus delving into the earth, have in view the promotion of medicinal knowledge! For it is upon her surface, in fact, that she has presented us with these substances, equally with the cereals; bounteous and ever ready as she is in supplying us with all things for our benefit. It is what is concealed from our view, what is sunk far beneath the surface — objects, indeed, of no rapid formation — that send us to the very depths of Hades.

As the mind ranges in vague speculation, let us only consider, proceeding through all ages, as these operations are, what will be the end of thus exhausting the earth; and to what point will avarice finally penetrate! How innocent, how happy, how truly delightful even, would life be, if we were to desire nothing but what is to be found upon the surface of the earth; in a word, nothing but what is provided ready to our hands.— *Natural History, Book XXXIII.*

After having traversed the whole field of Physical Science as it was known in his day, Pliny concludes by giving a summary of the most important valuable products of the earth. It must be premised that in a few cases it is by no means certain what really are the substances which he enumerates.

VALUABLE NATURAL PRODUCTS.

As to productions themselves, the greatest value of all among the products of the sea is attached to pearls. Of objects that be upon the surface of the earth it is crystals that are most highly esteemed. And of those derived from the interior, adamas, smaragdus, precious stones, and murrhine are the things upon which the highest value is placed.

The most costly things that are matured by the earth

are the kermes-berry and laser: that are gathered from trees, nard and the seric tissues; that are derived from the trunks of trees, logs of citrus-wood; that are produced by shrubs, cinnamon, cassia and amomum; that are yielded by the juices of trees or shrubs, amber, opobalsamum, myrrh and frankincense; that are found in the roots of trees, the perfumes derived from the costus.

The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of the elephants; by animals of the sea, tortoise-shell; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the Seres dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of ladannum; by creatures that are common to both land and sea, the purple of the murex.

With reference to birds, beyond the plumes for warriors' helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Comagne, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value; and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth.

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! And do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who alone of all the citizens of Rome, have in thy every department thus made known thy praises.— *Natural History, Conclusion.*

PLINY (CAIUS PLINIUS CÆCILIUS SECUNDUS), a Roman chronicler, styled "Pliny the Younger," to distinguish him from his maternal uncle and adopted father, "Pliny the Elder"; born at Como, A.D. 62; died about 107. He was carefully educated under the best teachers, among whom was Quintilian. At the age of fourteen he composed a tragedy in Greek; at nineteen he began to practice in the Roman courts; passed through high civic offices,

and was made Consul at thirty-eight. In 103 he was sent by Trajan as Proprætor to the important province of Pontus and Bithynia. He held this position for two years, after which he returned to Italy. His principal work consists of a series of epistles, written at various times to various persons. Some of these letters give a graphic account of the daily life of a Roman gentleman of good estate and devoted to literary pursuits. Pliny wrote, besides several works that are lost, a *Panegyric on Trajan,* which is greatly admired. In one of the epistles, addressed to Tacitus, the historian, he describes the great eruption of Vesuvius, of which he was an eye-witness from Misenum. He does not, however, describe the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, of which he could only know from hearsay.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, A.D. 79.

When my uncle had started from Stabiæ, I spent such time as was left in my studies. It was on this account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth which had, however, caused but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campanico. But that night it was so violent that one thought that everything was being not merely moved, but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber. I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awaking her, should she have been asleep.

We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. And now — I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was only in my eighteenth year — I called for a volume of Livy, read it as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even contrived to make some extracts which I had begun. Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, and when he saw that we were sitting down, and that I was even

reading, he rebuked my mother for her patience, and me for my blindness to the danger.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered that in the place where we were, which, though open, was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable. So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and they pressed on us and drove us on as we departed, by their dense array. When we had got away from the buildings, we stopped.

There we had to endure the sight of many marvellous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones, they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high-and-dry upon the sands. Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame. These last were like sheet-lightning, though on a larger scale.

It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could. I might do so, she said, for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die if she did not bring death upon me. I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company. I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me. Ashes now began to fall, still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense, dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the way," I said, "whilst we can still see, for fear that should we fall in

the road we should be trodden under foot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us."

We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us; not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize, by the voices that replied, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were now convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory of Misenum had fallen; that another was on fire. It was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew somewhat light again. We felt that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us. Then came darkness again, and a thick, heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by their weight. I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me — a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I have spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it wont to bear in an eclipse. Our eyes, which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered with ashes, as if with snow.

We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could, spent a night of anxiety, of mingled hope

and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many terrified persons, with terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced, and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away until we could hear news of my uncle.

News was received before long. The elder Pliny had gone to Stabiæ, which was nearer Vesuvius. He tarried there too long, and in trying to make his escape, being old and fat, he was unable to go far; fell down, and died, suffocated as his nephew supposed, by the sulphurous fumes from the volcano.

When Pliny, in his forty-first year, was sent as Proprætor to Pontus, he found the Christians very numerous in the province. They persistently refused to sacrifice to the Roman gods and to burn incense before the statue of the Emperor. This refusal, according to Roman views, was equivalent to treason and must be punished. He writes to Trajan, setting forth the action he had taken, and asking for instructions.

PLINY TO TRAJAN.

It is my invariable rule to refer to you in all matters about which I feel doubtful: who can better remove my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any trials of Christians, so that I do not know what is the nature of the charges against them, or what is the usual punishment; whether any difference or distinction is made between the young and persons of mature years; whether repentance of their fault entitles them to pardon; whether the very profession of Christianity, unaccompanied by any criminal act, or whether only the crime

itself involved in the profession, is a matter of punishment. On all of these points I am in great doubt.

Meanwhile, as to those persons who have been charged before me with being Christians, I have observed the following methods: I asked them whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice, and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them at once to be punished. I could not doubt that, whatever might be the nature of their opinions, such inflexible obstinacy deserved punishment. Some were brought before me possessed with the same infatuation who were Roman citizens. These I took care should be sent to Rome.

As often happens, the accusation spread from being followed, and various phases of it came under my notice. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a great number of names. Some said they neither were and never had been Christians; they repeated after me an invocation of the gods and offered wine and incense before your statute (which I ordered to be brought for that purpose, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is, it is said, no forcing those who are really Christians into any of these acts. Those I thought ought to be discharged. Some among them, who were accused by witness in person, at first confessed themselves Christians; but immediately after denied it; the rest owned that they had once been Christians, but had now (some above three years, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced the profession. They all worshipped your statue and those of the gods, and uttered imprecations against the name of Christ. They declared that their offence or crime was summed up in this: that they met on a stated day before daybreak and addressed a form of prayer to Christ, as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for any wicked purpose; but never to commit fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their word or to deny a trust when called upon to deliver it up. After which it was their custom to separate, and then to reassemble, and to eat together a harmless repast. From this custom, however, they desisted, after the

proclamation of my edict by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies.

In consequence of their declaration, I judged it necessary to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves, who were said to officiate in their assemblies; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. And so I adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult you.

It seems to me a matter deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes. The contagion of the superstition is not confined to the cities; it has spread into the villages and the country. Still, I think it may be checked. At any rate, the temples, which were almost abandoned, again begin to be frequented: and the sacred rites, so long neglected, are revived; and there is also a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately found few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed, if a general pardon were granted to those who repent of their error.

The reply of Trajan to this letter has also come down to us. The two documents are of high historical value. They are almost the only definite information which we have from any pagan source of the Christian community during the first century of its existence.

TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have adopted the right course in investigating the charges made against the Christians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If they are brought before you, and the offence is proved, you must punish them; but, with this restriction, that when the person denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking the gods, he is to be pardoned, notwithstanding any former sus-

picion against him. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age.

PLUTARCH, (Gr. Πλούταρχος), a Greek biographer; born at Chæronea, Bœotia, about 46 A.D.; died there about 125. We learn from himself that in 66 he was a student of philosophy at Delphi. He was living at Chæronea in 106. He is best known by his *Parallel Lives,* a series of biographical sketches of forty-six Greeks and Romans, arranged in groups of two, a Greek and a Roman, the biographies of each pair being followed by a comparison between the two characters. Among the men thus linked together are *Theseus and Romulus; Alcibiades and Coriolanus; Pyrrhus and Marius; Alexander and Cæsar; Demosthenes and Cicero.* These biographies have been equally and deservedly popular in all times.

Plutarch's other works, embraced under the general title, *Morals,* consist of more than sixty essays, full of good sense and benevolence, and, apart from their merit in these respects, valuable on account of numerous quotations from other Greek authors, else lost to posterity. Among these essays are *On Bashfulness; On the Education of Children; On the Right Way of Hearing; On Having Many Friends; On Superstition; On Exile; On the Genius of Socrates; On the Late Vengeance of the Deity.*

ON BASHFULNESS.

Some plants there are, in their own nature wild and barren, and hurtful to seed and garden-sets, which yet among able husbandmen pass for infallible signs of a rich and promising soil. In like manner some passions of the mind, not good in themselves, yet serve as first shoots and promises of a disposition which is naturally good, and also capable of improvement. Among these I rank Bashfulness — the subject of our present discourse: — no ill sign; but is the cause and occasion of a great deal of harm. For the bashful oftentimes run into the same enormities as the most hardened and impudent; with this difference only, that the former feel a regret for such miscarriages, but the latter take a pleasure and satisfaction therein.

The shameless person is without sense of grief for his baseness, and the bashful is in distress at the very appearance of it. For bashfulness is only modesty in the excess and is aptly enough named *Dysopia* —"the being put out of countenance"— since the face is in some sense confused and dejected with the mind. For as that grief which casts down the eyes is termed Dejection, so that kind of modesty that cannot look another in the face is called Bashfulness. The orator, speaking of a shameless fellow, said: he "carried harlots, not virgins, in his eyes." On the other hand, the sheepishly bashful betrays no less the effeminacy and softness of mind in his looks, palliating his weakness, which exposes him to the mercy of impudence, with the specious name of Modesty.

Cato, indeed, was wont to say of young persons that he had a greater opinion of such as were subject to color than of those that turned pale; teaching us thereby to look with greater apprehension on the heinousness of an action than on the reprimand that might follow, and to be more afraid of the suspicion of doing an ill thing than of the danger of it. However, too much anxiety and timidity lest we may do wrong is also to be avoided; because many men have become cowards, and been deterred from generous undertakings, no less from fear of calumny

and detraction than by the danger or difficulty of such attempts.

While, therefore, we must not suffer the weakness in the one case to pass unnoticed, neither must we abet nor countenance invincible impudence in the other. A convenient mean between both is rather to be endeavored after by repressing the over-impudent, and animating the too meek-tempered. But as this kind of cure is difficult, so is the restraining such excesses not without dangers. Nurses who too often wipe the dirt from their infants are apt to tear their flesh and put them to pain; and in like manner we must not so far extirpate all bashfulness from youth as to leave them careless or impudent.— *Morals.*

ON THE LOVE OF WEALTH.

From what other evils can riches free us, if they deliver us not even from an inordinate desire of them? It is true, indeed, that by drinking men satisfy their thirst for drink, and by eating they satisfy their longing for food; and he that said, " Bestow a coat on me, the poor, cold Hipponax," if more coats had been heaped on him than he needed would have thrown them off, as being ill at ease. But the love of money is not abated by having silver and gold; neither do covetous desires cease by possessing still more. But one may say to wealth, as to an insolent quack, " Thy physic's naught and makes my illness worse."

When this distemper seizes a man that needs only bread and a house to put his head in, ordinary raiment and such victuals as come first to hand, it fills him with eager desires after gold and silver, ivory and emeralds, hounds and horses; thus seizing upon the appetite and carrying it from things that are necessary after things that are troublesome and unusual, hard to come by and unprofitable when attained. For no man is poor in respect of what nature requires, and what suffices it. No man borrows money on usury to buy meal or cheese, bread or olives. But you may see one man run into debt for the purchase of a sumptuous house; another for an adjoining olive-orchard; another for corn-fields or vineyards; another for Galatian mules; and another, by a vain expense

for fine horses, has been plunged over head and ears into contracts and use-money, pawning and mortgages. Moreover, as they that are wont to drink after they have quenched their thirst, and to eat after their hunger is satisfied, vomit up even what they took when they were athirst, or hungry, so they that covet things useless and superfluous enjoy not even those that are necessary. This is the character of these men.— *Morals.*

ON PUNISHMENTS.

Is there not one and the same reason to company the Providence of God and the Immortality of the Soul? Neither is it possible to admit the one if you deny the other. Now, then, the soul surviving after the decease of the body, the inference is the stronger that it partakes of punishment and reward. For during this mortal life the soul is in a continual conflict like a wrestler; but after all these conflicts are at an end, she then receives according to her merits. But what the punishments and what the rewards of past transgressions, or just and laudable actions, are to be while the soul is yet alone by itself is nothing at all to us who are alive; for either they are altogether concealed from our knowledge, or else we give but little credit to them.

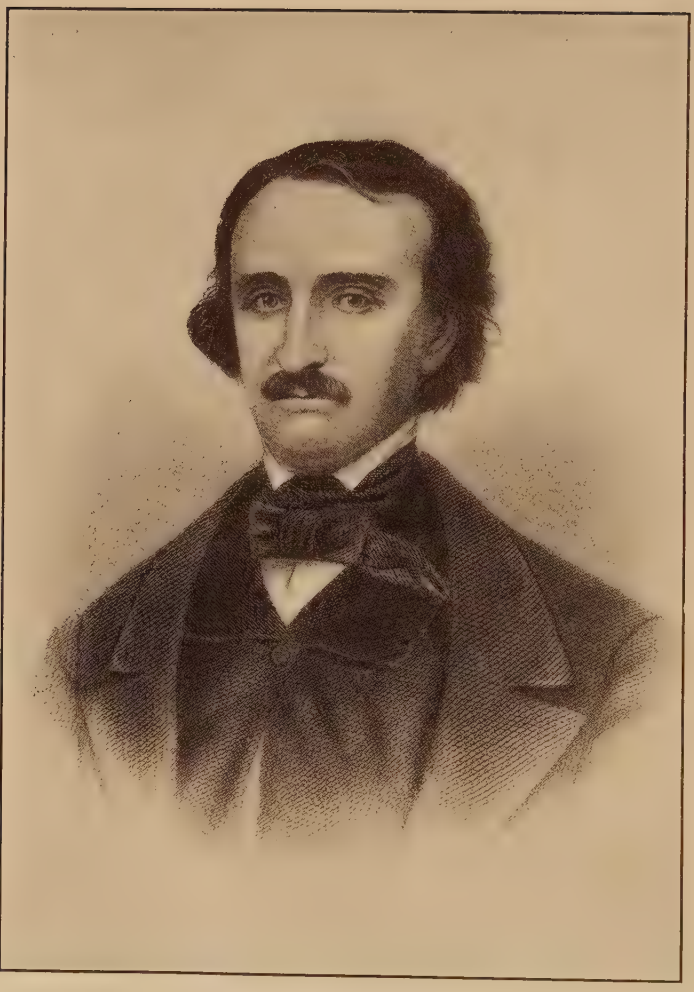
But those punishments that reach succeeding posterity, being conspicuous to all that are living at the same time, restrain and curb the inclinations of many wicked persons. Now I have a story which I might relate to show that there is no punishment more grievous, or that touches more to the quick, than for a man to behold his children, born of his body, suffer for his crimes; and that if a soul of a wicked and lawless criminal were to look back to earth and behold — not his statues overturned and his dignities reversed — but his own children, his friends, or his earnest kindred ruined and overwhelmed with calamity — such a person, were he to return to life again, would rather choose the refusal of all Jupiter's honors than abandon himself a second time to his wonted injustice and extravagant desires.— *Morals.*

ON EATING FLESH.

You ask me for what reason it was that Pythagoras abstained from the eating of flesh. I, for my part, do much wonder in what humor, with what soul or reason, the first man with his mouth touched slaughter, and reached to his lips the flesh of the dead animal; and having set before people courses of ghastly corpses and ghosts, could give those parts the names of meat and victuals that but a little before lowed, cried, moved, and saw; how his sight could endure the blood of the slaughtered, flayed, and mangled bodies; how his smell could bear their scent; and how the very nastiness happened not to offend the taste.

And truly, as for those people who first ventured upon the eating of flesh, it is very probable that the whole reason of their doing so was scarcity and want of other food; for it is not likely that their living together in lawless and extravagant lusts, or their growing wantonness and capriciousness through the excessive variety of provisions then among them, brought them to such unsociable pleasures as these against Nature. Yea, had they at this instant but their sense and voice restored to them, I am persuaded they would express themselves to this purpose:

"Oh, happy you, and highly favored of the gods! Into what an age of the world you have fallen who share and enjoy among you a plentiful portion of good things! What abundance of things spring up for your use! What fruitful vineyards you enjoy! What wealth you gather from the fields! What delicacies from trees and plants, which you may gather! As for us, we fell upon the most dismal and affrightening part of time, in which we were exposed at our first production to manifold and inextricable wants and necessities. There was then no production of tame fruits, nor any instruments of art or invention of wit. And hunger gave no time, nor did seed-time then stay for the yearly season. What wonder is it if we made use of the beasts, contrary to Nature, when mud was eaten and the bark of wood; and when it was thought a happy thing to find either a sprouting grass or the root



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

of any plant. But whence is it that you, in these happy days, pollute yourselves with blood since you have such an abundance of things necessary for your subsistence? You are indeed wont to call serpents, leopards, and lions savage creatures; but yet you yourselves are defiled with blood, and come nothing behind them in cruelty. What they kill is their ordinary nourishment; but what you kill is your better fare."

For we eat not lions and wolves by way of revenge; but we let these go, and catch the harmless and tame sort, and such as have neither stings nor teeth to bite with, and slay them which, may Jove help us, Nature seems to have produced for their beauty and comeliness only. But we are nothing put out of countenance by the beauteous gayety of the colors, or by the charmingness of their voices, or by the rare sagacity of the intellects, or by the cleanliness and neatness of diet, or by the discretion and prudence of those poor unfortunate animals; but for the sake of some little mouthful of flesh we deprive a soul of the sun and light, and of that proportion of life and time it had been born into the world to enjoy. And then we fancy the voices it utters and screams forth to us are not inarticulate sounds and noises, but the several deprecations, entreaties, and pleadings of each of them, as it were, saying, "I deprecate not thy necessity — if such there be — but thy wantonness. Kill me for thy feeding, but do not take me off for thy better feeding."— *Morals.*

POE, Edgar Allan, an American poet; born at Boston, Mass., January 19, 1809; died at Baltimore, Md., October 7, 1849. His father and mother, who were both members of the theatrical profession, died at Richmond, Va., leaving three orphans unprovided for. Edgar, the younger son, was

adopted by John Allan, a wealthy and childless merchant in Richmond. His adopted father took the boy to England in his fifth year, and placed him at a school near London, where he remained about five years. Some time after his return to Richmond he was entered as a student at the University of Virginia, where he gained notice for his marked ability, and, notwithstanding his slight figure, for his physical power and endurance. But he had formed irregular habits, and he was dismissed from the university. He went home for a while to Mr. Allan; then there was a quarrel, and Poe disappeared. It is said that he went to Europe with the design of taking part with the Greeks in their struggle against the Ottoman power. The story goes on to say that Poe, while on his way to Greece, found himself in great straits at St. Petersburg, where he was relieved by the American Minister, who furnished him with means of getting home again. Poe still had his home with Mr. Allan, who succeeded in obtaining for him an appointment as cadet in the Military Academy at West Point. A year had not passed before he was expelled from the academy. Mr. Allan, now a widower past middle age, married again. Poe deported himself in a manner that led to a complete rupture between him and his adopted father. Here occurs an almost total blank of three years in our knowledge of the life of Poe. The one certain thing is that in 1829 he published at Baltimore a little volume entitled *El Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems.* In 1833 we find him living at Baltimore. The proprietor of a newspaper had offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best prose tale, and another prize for the best poem. Both prizes were awarded to Poe. The tale was the *MS. Found*

in a Bottle. The poem was the following on *The Coliseum,* which certainly bears very slight resemblance to any other production of the author.

THE COLISEUM.

Vastness! and Age! and memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim night!
I feel ye now — I feel ye in your strength —
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the garden of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars.
Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the weed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, sceptre-like, into his marble home,
Lit by the warm light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones;
But stay! these walls — these ivy-clad arcades —
These mouldering plinths — these sad and blackened shafts —
These vague entablatures of this crumbly frieze —
These shattered cornices — this wreck — this ruin —
These stones — alas! these gray stones — are they all,
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the common Hours to fate and me?
"Not all!" the Echoes answer me; "not all!
Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever.
From us and from all Ruin, unto the wise
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallied stones.
Not all our power is gone — not all our fame —
Not all the magic of our high renown —
Not all the wonder that encircles us —
Not all the mysteries that hang upon,

And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in robe of more than glory!"

Regular literary occupation was soon thrown in Poe's way. He was employed in an editorial capacity for a couple of years upon the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond; then upon two Philadelphia magazines.

In 1844 Poe took up his residence in New York, where he engaged in journalistic labor. He published a number of prose tales, by which he came into much note, and endeavored at one time or another to set up a magazine or journal of which he should have the entire control. Only one of these, the *Broadway Journal,* came into actual being, and this had but a brief existence. Late in the summer of 1849 Poe set out upon a lecturing tour in Maryland and Virginia. At Richmond he renewed his acquaintance with a lady of considerable fortune. An engagement for a speedy marriage was entered upon, and Poe set out for New York to make the requisite preparations. He reached Baltimore October 2. It would be a couple of hours before the railroad train was to start for Philadelphia. He stepped into a restaurant, where it is said that he fell in with some former acquaintances. On the second morning afterward he was found in the streets in a half-conscious condition. He was taken to a public hospital, where he died. The spot of his burial was unmarked for more than a quarter of a century, when a monument was erected over his remains. Some of his tales show remarkable genius. Among the best are, *The Murder in the Rue Morgue; The Mystery of Marie Roget; The Fall of the House of Usher; Ligeia;* and *The Gold Bug.*

THE BELLS.

THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells —
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that overspinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impells
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum-bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-paced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone:
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory, in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells;

To the tolling of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

The poem upon which Poe's reputation most distinctively rests is *The Raven,* which was originally published in February, 1845, in the *American Review,* a short-lived periodical issued at New York. We do not think that there is in the English language any other poem of barely a hundred lines which has won for its author a fame so great.

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor;" I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore —
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently came your rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,"
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy — bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then he
fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one bur-
den bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and
bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease re-
clining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated
o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining with the lamplight gloat-
ing o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by those angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *Is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE HOUSE OF USHER.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was — but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the

mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant, eye-like windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium — the bitter lapse into every, day life — the hideous dropping-off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it — I paused to think — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all unsoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a merely different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows. . . .

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment — that of looking down within the tarn — had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my

eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn — a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine, tangled web-work from the eaves, yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

POLLOK, Robert, a British clergyman and poet; born at Moorehouse, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1799; died at Southampton, England, September 17, 1827. He was graduated from the University of Glasgow, where he also studied theology, and in 1827 became a licentiate of the United Secession Church. While a student he published anonymously three tales which were in 1833 republished under the title *Tales of the Covenanters.* His literary reputation rests wholly upon *The Course of Time* (1827), a poem in blank verse, which at the time was widely popular, being placed by some quite as high as *Paradise Lost,* to which it bears a general resemblance, the best passages being imitations of Milton.

OPENING INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are; Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unscaled, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens which made the pagan mountains shake,
And Zion's cedars bow: inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what; while I of things to come,
As past rehearsing, sing the Course of Time,
The Second Birth, and final Doom of Man.
  The Muse that soft and sickly wooes the ear
Of love, or chanting loud in windy rhyme
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not; such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase, severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant; uttering as 'tis

The essential truth: Time gone, the righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish: —
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

HOLY LOVE.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss;
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! Spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! Emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!
Essence that binds the uncreated Three!
Chain that unites creation to its Lord!
Centre to which all being gravitates!
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blessed, because it seeks no more;
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in its arms!
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still

In heaven! Sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise! The spring, the well,
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky!

THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks:
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend:
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear,
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.

With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
— *From The Course of Time.*

OCEAN.

Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill;
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestic, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man! unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance.
— *From The Course of Time, Book I.*

POLO, MARCO, an Italian traveler; born at Venice in 1254; died there in 1324. He was of a noble family of Dalmatian origin. His father and his uncle, merchants of Venice, had traveled extensively before his birth; and being intrusted with a mission from Kublai Khan to the Pope, they set out a second time for the East in 1271, taking

the youth with them. Young Marco became a favorite at the Court of the Mongols, where he lived many years, being intrusted with missions to the various neighboring rulers. His reports of these missions form the groundwork of the book wherein he informs us regarding the state of Central and Eastern Asia at the end of the thirteenth century. His first mission was to the Court of Annam or Tonquin, where he acquired much information concerning Tibet, Yunnan, Bengal, Mien, or Pegu, and the south of China. He next made an inventory of the archives belonging to the Court of the Sung dynasty, and was afterward Governor of Yang-tchow, in Eastern China. He accompanied the Mongol army to the attack on the kingdom of Pegu; and was then sent by Kublai as ambassador to Tsiampa, in Cochin-China. After seventeen years of service under the Mongol, he set out, in 1291, by way of the China Sea and the Indian Ocean, for Persia. He stayed at Teheran for some time; and learning that the Grand Khan was dead, he continued his journey westward, and arrived in Venice in 1295. The following year he fought his own galley in the battle off Curzola; was taken prisoner; and was imprisoned in a dungeon at Genoa. It was here that he compiled the account of his travels in the East, which he afterward revised with great care. Being liberated, he returned home, and became a member of the Grand Council of Venice. His work was of inestimable value as a stimulant and guide in geographical research; it encouraged the Portuguese to find the way to Hindustan round the Cape of Good Hope; and it roused the passion for discovery in the breast of Columbus, thus leading to the two greatest of modern geographical discoveries. And the researches of

modern travelers continually verify the correctness of observation and truthfulness of narration of Marco Polo. The first Italian edition appeared in 1496, and has been often reprinted. Critical editions have been edited by Baldelli (1827) and Bartoli (1864). There are about sixty translations, including several in English. One of the best in any language is the standard English translation by Colonel Yule (1871), entitled *The Book of Marco Polo.*

THE EMPEROR'S HUNT.

He takes with him full 10,000 falconers, and some 500 gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers to fly at the water-fowl. These are distributed about, hither and thither, one hundred together, or two hundred at the utmost, as he thinks proper. The Emperor is attended by full 10,000 men, disposed in couples; and these are called *Toscaol,* which is as much as to say "Watchers." They are posted from spot to spot, always in couples, and thus they cover a great deal of ground. Every man of them is provided with a whistle and hood, so as to be able to call in a hawk and hold it in hand. And when the Emperor makes a cast, there is no need of his following it up, for those men I speak of keep so good a lookout that they never lose sight of the birds, and if the hawks have need of help they are ready to render it.

All the Emperor's hawks, and those of the Barons as well, have a little label attached to the leg to mark, on which is written the names of the owner and keeper of the bird. In this way the hawk, when it is caught, is at once identified and handed over to its owner. If not, the bird is carried to a certain Baron, who is styled the *Bularguchi.* And I tell you that whatever may be found without a known owner, whether it be a horse, or a sword, or a hawk, or what not, it is carried to that Baron straightway, and he takes charge of it. And if the finder neglects to carry his trover to the Baron, the latter pun-

ishes him. Likewise the loser of any article goes to the Baron, and if the thing be in his hands it is immediately given up to the owner. Moreover, the said Baron always pitches on the highest spot of the camp, with his banner displayed, in order that those who have lost or found anything may have no difficulty in finding their way to him.

And so the Emperor follows this road leading along in the vicinity of the Ocean Sea, which is within two days' journey of his capital city Camboluc, and as he goes, there is many a fine sight to be seen, and plenty of the very best entertainment in hawking.

The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins, for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions. He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his Barons, who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the Barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: "Sire! Look out for Cranes!" Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he casts one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion, there as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise! So it is not without reason, I tell you, that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has!

PONCE DE LEON, Luis, a Spanish poet; born, probably at Granada, in 1527; died in 1591. In 1544 he entered the Order of St. Augustine at Salamanca, where he studied, took his degree in theology in 1560, and was appointed professor of theology in 1561. The reputation which he acquired as a learned commentator on the Bible induced some persons, who were envious of his success, to accuse him of having disregarded the prohibition of the Church, inasmuch as, at the request of a friend, he made a new translation of the Song of Solomon, and brought out prominently, in his arrangement of the verses, the true character of the original, that of a pastoral eclogue. This interpretation was not that adopted by the Church, and he was summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Valladolid to answer the charges of Lutheranism and of translating the sacred writings contrary to the decrees of the Council of Trent. The first accusation he quickly disposed of — for he had in reality no inclination to a foreign Protestantism; but the second was undoubtedly true, and he was imprisoned. After five years he was released, through the intervention of powerful friends, and was even reinstated in his chair at the university with the greatest marks of respect. The numerous auditory that assembled to witness the resumption of his lectures, were electrified when Ponce de Leon began with these simple words: "As we observed in our last discourse"— thus sublimely ignoring the cause and the duration of his long absence from his lecture-room. In 1580 he published a Latin commentary on the Song of Solomon, in which he explained the poem

directly, symbolically, and mystically. He lived fourteen years after his restoration to liberty; but his terror of the Inquisition never quite left him, and he was very cautious in regard to what he gave to the world during his lifetime. His poetical reputation was wholly posthumous, for though his *De los Nombros de Christo* (1583) and *La Perfecta Casada* (1583) are full of imagery, eloquence, and enthusiasm, yet they are in prose. His poetical remains were first published by Quevedo at Madrid in 1631, under the title *Obras Proprias, y Traduciones Latinas, Greigas y Italianas: con la Paraphrasi de Algunos Salmos y Capitulos de Job,* and have since been often reprinted. These consist of translations from Virgil's *Eclogues* and the *Georgics;* from the *Odes* of Horace, and other classical authors, and from the Psalms. His original poems are few, but they have given him a foremost place among the Spanish lyrists.

NOCHE SERENA.

When yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with a million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal estate,
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate:

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks; or thoughts which there intrude:

Thou so sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine!
My soul, a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine —
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One —
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round, and ask if spirits born of Heaven,
And bound to Heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And turn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread
But a mere point, compared with that vast space,
Around, above you spread —
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light.
See, in his orbit sure,
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night!

See how the pale moon rolls
Her silver wheel; and the scattering beams afar
On earth's benighted souls,
See Wisdom's holy star;
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War;

Or that benignant ray
Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair;
Or that serene display
Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air!

And circling all the rest,
See Saturn, father of the golden horns;
While round him, bright and blest,
The whole empyreum showers
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours!

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this —
Nor feel his spirit burn
To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

Ye fields of changeless green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers!
Thou Paradise serene!
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers!

POOL, MARIA LOUISE, an American novelist, born at Rockland, Mass., August 12, 1841; died there, May 19, 1898. She was for many years a regular contributor to the New York *Tribune* and New York *Evening Post.* She excelled in descriptions of New England life and character. Her novels include *In Buncombe County* (1886); *A Vacation in a Buggy* (1887); *Tenting at Stony Beach* (1888); *Rowena in Boston* (1892); *Mrs. Keats Bradford* (1892); *In a Dike Shanty* (1895); *Friendship and Folly* (1897); and *In the First Person* (1898).

A GIRL'S LETTER TO A GIRL.

"'My dear old fellow, I suppose there is stuff that martyrs are made of, but none of that stuff got into my make-up, so I don't mean ever to pose for that sort of

thing. That is, never again; but I've been doing it for the last four weeks.

"'You see, mamma would have me stay with her at Carlsbad. It has seemed as if I should die. And how horrid you would feel if you should have to tell people, "My dear cousin Prudence died at Carlsbad." Because, you see, they don't die at Carlsbad; they hustle off somewhere to die and be buried. And if I should give up the ghost here I should be thought quite odd. But I shouldn't care for that. Only I want to live, and I mean to. That's why I'm not going to stand it.

"'There hasn't been a man here that it would pay to speak to, much less to look at. I might just as well have been a nurse. I shouldn't have been so bored, for if I had really been one that knowledge would have sort of upheld me,—at least I think it would.

"'And mamma will have me with her when she takes the mud baths. I have to stay right there and see her step into the big tub of ground peat and sprudel water. And there are snakes in it; anyway, mamma feels just as if there were, and makes me feel so, which amounts to much the same thing, because if there were, they wouldn't be poisonous, you know. She sits up to her neck for half an hour. Black mud! Then a nurse comes and lifts out one arm; pours water over it. Then the other arm; pours water over it. Then mamma gradually rises and goes into a regular sprudel bath. I'm just pervading about as the dutiful daughter who is staying at Carlsbad with her mother. Every third day sprudel is omitted.

"'Mamma has me with her when she goes to the springs to drink. Drinks six glasses; stops after each glass to walk one-quarter of an hour. We walk one solid hour before breakfast. I go with the procession of drinkers, with mamma on my arm. Oh, that procession of drinkers solemnly walking the time out!

"'I always look to see if there are any new men. You know I must do something. And there are always some new ones. But they are watching themselves, their insides, you know, to see what the mud baths and the water are doing for them already. And I can tell you as a positive fact that a man who is watching to find what a

mud bath has done to him is as uninteresting as a dummy. You try it and see, if you don't believe me.

"'One day I did have a bit of a sensation. I was going along just as primmy as prim, with mamma on my arm, when I suddenly felt as if somebody were staring at me. So I turned my eyes, and there was Lord Maxwell gazing right at me. He was one of the procession of drinkers. He was limping. Perhaps he has rheumatism, or, rather, of course he has it, or he wouldn't be here.

"'I wonder if I flushed. I couldn't positively tell. But I bowed, and he raised his hat, and his face grew red. But the procession kept right on. If I should see him, he wouldn't talk of anything but how many glasses he had to drink; he wouldn't, because it can't be done here in Carlsbad.

"'Mamma converses a great deal about her food. For some reason she makes me listen, or pretend to listen. I know all about how she can eat bread, but no butter, and stewed fruits, and once in awhile an egg. You can skip this if you want to, but I can assure you I can't skip it: I have to take it three times a day, and sometimes in the night,— the talk about it, I mean. I have a bed in mamma's room, and I have to be wakened and told how mamma detests bread without butter; and she never did like eggs.

"'I've borne the whole thing like an angel, I do believe; particularly since Lord Maxwell came. He hasn't been very interesting, but I was hoping all the time he would be. He still wears red neckties in the morning. He has gone now. He thought some other mud might do more for him than this mud. And I've told mamma that she positively must get along now with her maid and her nurse. And she's a lot better, anyway. And I'm going to start from Antwerp; and I shall alight at Savin Hill about as soon as you get this. And you must receive me with frantic delight. My love to Aunt Letitia, and to Leander, and to Devil; and millions of kisses to your own self. But I'll give them to you. I "don't nohow expect" that Rodney Lawrence is to be in Massachusetts this summer. But if he should be with you, kind remem-

brances to him. I saw a man a few weeks ago from New York who said that Mr. Lawrence was bound to make his mark. I don't suppose he cares for compliments any more.

"'Ever your

"'PRUDENCE.'"

—*Friendship and Folly* (Copyright 1898, by L. C. PAGE & COMPANY).

POOLE, WILLIAM FREDERICK, an American librarian and bibliographer; born at Salem, Mass., December 24, 1821; died at Evanston, Ill., March 1, 1894. He was graduated from Yale College in 1849. While in college he prepared and published his *Index to Subjects in Reviews and Periodicals,* which afterward became the larger work *Index to Periodical Literature.* He organized the Bronson Library, Waterbury, Conn.; the Athenæum Library at St. Johnsbury, Vt.; those at Newton, at Easthampton, Mass., and that of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. He was librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library (1852–56), the Boston Athenæum (1856–69), of the Cincinnati Public Library (1869–73), the Chicago Public Library (1874–87), and the Walter L. Newbury Library, Chicago (1888). He was the author of *Cotton Mather and Salem Witchcraft* (1869); *The Popham Colony* (1871); *The Ordinance of 1787* (1876); *Anti-Slavery Opinions Before 1800* (1887); *The Battle of the Dictionaries* (1889); *Websterian Orthography* (1890), and for a short time was editor of *The Owl,* a literary monthly.

VALUE AND NECESSITY OF BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

My leading purpose in the preparation of this address was a discussion of the relations of the University Library to University Education. I wished to show that the study of bibliography and of the scientific methods of using books should have an assured place in the university curriculum; that a wise and professional bibliographer should be a member of the faculty and have a part in training all the students; that the library should be his class-room, and that all who go forth into the world as graduates should have such an intelligent and practical knowledge of books as will aid them in their studies through life, and the use of books be to them a perpetual delight and refreshment. Books are wiser than any professor and all the faculty; and they can be made to give up much of their wisdom to the student who knows where to go for it, and how to extract it.

I do not mean that the university student should learn the contents of the most useful books; but I do mean that he should know of their existence, what they treat of, and what they will do for him. He should know what at the most important general reference books which will answer not only his own questions, but the multitude of inquiries put to him by less-favored associates who regard him as an educated man. If a question arises as to the existence, authorship, or subject of a book, an educated man should know the catalogues or bibliographies by which he can readily clear up the doubt. The words Watt, Larousse, Graesse, Quérard, Hoefer, Kayser, Hinrichs, Meyer, Hain, and Vapereau should not be unmeaning sounds to him. He should know the standard writers on a large variety of subjects. He should be familiar with the best method by which the original investigation of any topic may be carried on. When he has found it, he appreciates, perhaps for the first time, what books are for, and how to use them. He finds himself a professional literary or scientific worker, and that books are the tools of his profession. It is one of the most delightful and inspiring incidents in a student's ex-

perience when he has discovered a key to the treasury of knowledge, a method by which he can do useful and practical work, and that he has a function in life. No person has any claim to be a scholar until he can conduct such an original investigation with ease and pleasure. This facile proficiency does not come by intuition, nor from the clouds. Where else is it to be taught, if not in the college or university? With it a graduate is prepared to grapple with his professional studies, to succeed in editorial work, or in any literary or scientific pursuit for which he may have the taste or qualification. . . .

During the past twenty years there has been a great advance in the study of bibliography in the leading universities. Among these may be especially mentioned Johns Hopkins, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, and Michigan. Good work is also being done in other institutions. None of the universities named has as yet quite come up to the high standard of having a professor of bibliography; but they are moving in that direction. In several universities the librarians give lectures on bibliography, and instructions to classes in the use of books. The development already reached is seen in the rapid increase of these libraries in the accession of the latest and best works on all the subjects taught in the university; by the professors citing these books, calling attention to them, taking them into the class-rooms, and by this method encouraging the students to make for themselves an independent and original investigation of any subject. As the work has been going on, money has been liberally contributed by the friends of the institutions for erecting suitable library buildings, procuring the necessary books, and conducting University Extension lectures.

Nothing more readily appeals to the popular sympathy than work of this kind, or forms a firmer bond of fraternity between the university and the community at large. The great universities which keep their hands on the popular pulse are those which receive the great endowments from private munificence. On some special subjects of universal interest no libraries in the land have such complete collections of recent books as some of the university libraries. Writers who would have access

to the most abundant materials must visit these libraries. By what other means can a great university exert a more beneficent influence and retain the affection and sympathy of the public and of its own graduates? — *The University Library.*

POPE, ALEXANDER, an English poet; born at London, May 21, 1688; died at Twickenham, May 30, 1744. He early manifested unusual capacity, especially in versifying. As he said of himself, "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." His *Ode on Solitude,* written before he had reached the age of twelve, is of much higher merit than any other poem of which we know, composed by one so young. He destroyed most of his earlier pieces, among which were a comedy, a tragedy, and an unfinished epic. Before he had reached the age of sixteen he had come to be known among the literati as a poet of rare genius. His first considerable work, *The Pastorals,* was published when he was twenty-one; but was written some five years earlier. His *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue,* first appeared in 1712 in Addison's *Spectator.* He had a decided taste for art; in 1713 he went to London, and for a year and a half studied painting under Jervas, a pupil of Reynolds; but his defective eyesight disabled him from going on in the profession.

In 1714 he issued proposals for publishing a translation of the *Iliad* in six volumes at a guinea a volume. The first volume appeared in 1715, the last in 1720. For this he received from the publisher £5,320, be-

sides large presents from individuals, the King giving £200 and the Prince of Wales £100. In all he must have received for this translation not less than £6,000; and as the purchasing value of money was then about three times greater than at present, his receipts may be estimated at about $90,000. With a part of the money thus earned he purchased the lease of a villa, with about five acres of ground, at Twickenham, which continued to be his residence during the remainder of his life, though he spent much of his time in London. His later days were mainly devoted, in conjunction with Warburton, to the preparation of a complete edition of his works, of which, however, he lived only to supervise the *Essay on Criticism,* the *Essay on Man,* and the *Dunciad,* to the last of which he made considerable additions. He was buried at Twickenham.

The following is a list of Pope's principal works, with the approximate date of their composition; but the dates are not always strictly accurate, as he not unfrequently kept pieces for years before publishing them: *The Pastorals* (1709); *Essay on Criticism* (1711); *The Messiah* (1712); *The Rape of the Lock* (1714); translation of the *Iliad* (1715–18); *Epistle of Eloise to Abelard* (1717); edition of *Shakespeare* (1725); translation of the *Odyssey* (1726); *The Dunciad* (1728; but considerably modified, and much enlarged, in 1742); *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington* (1731); *On the Abuse of Riches* (1732); *Essay on Man* (1732); *Imitations of Horace* (1733–37); *Epistle to Lord Cobham* (1733); *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1735). What was meant to be a complete edition of his *Works* was put together by his literary executor, Bishop Warburton (9 vols., 1751). But very con-

siderable additions — especially of his voluminous *Correspondence* — have since been made.

NUMBERS IN VERSE.

The most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though of the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
And praise the easy vigor of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. . . .

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

— *Essay on Criticism.*

The Rape of the Lock is styled "a Heroi-Comical Poem." The noble lover of Belinda surreptitiously cut from her head one of the long locks of hair which were the pride of her heart. Thereupon ensued a quarrel which became the talk of the town. Upon the slight canvas of this incident the poet has embroidered the gayest fancies. Belinda, unknown to herself, is attended by a troop of sylphs and sprites eager to do her service. They attend at her toilet, and see to it that she gets a good hand at "ombre," and perform numerous kindred offices.

BELINDA AT HER TOILET.

And now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers:
A heavenly image in the glass appears —
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride;
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil.

And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs — the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all her arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
See, by degrees, a pure blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labors not her own.
— *The Rape of the Lock, Canto I.*

BELINDA AT THE WATER PARTY.

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye is fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, yet never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes on gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks which graceful hung behind

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slave detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

— *The Rape of the Lock, Canto II.*

THE SEIZURE OF THE LOCK.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the lock: now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed.
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The joining joints the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!
Then flash the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heavens are cast
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach-and-six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or a small pillow grace a lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous waxlights in bright order blaze;

While nymphs take treats or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"
— *The Rape of the Lock, Canto IV.*

BORING RHYMESTERS.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden through the land.
What walks can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge;
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me.
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
  Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there one who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause.
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
  Friend to my life (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song);
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me — a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I.
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie!
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and "request of friends:"
"The piece, you think is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission — what you'll have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound:
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me — "But here's a letter,
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine." . . .
Why did I write? What sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink — my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed;
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease — my life,
To second, Arbuthnot, thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear. . . .
O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine;
Be no unpleasant melancholy mine.
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath.
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May heaven to bless these days preserve my friend:
Preserve him social, cheerful and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.

Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.
— *Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page described — their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits, know;
Or who could suffer, being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
What future bliss He gives thee not to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is* but always *to be* blest,
The soul (uneasy, and confined) from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
— *Essay on Man.*

THE UNIVERSAL CHAIN OF BEING

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same; —
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part:

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit. — In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

— *Essay on Man.*

The *Essay on Man* appears in the form of epistles to Bolingbroke. Lord Bathurst, who was apparently in a position to know, is said to have asserted that the work was really written by Bolingbroke; that is, it was written by Bolingbroke in prose, which Pope merely put into verse. However this may be, there is no question as to the manner in which *The Messiah* was put together by Pope, in his twenty-fourth year. Virgil, in his "Fourth Eclogue," addressed to Pollio, hails the expected birth of a babe for whom the poet predicts a magnificent future — a prediction which does not appear to have had any fulfilment. Pope takes this Eclogue, applies the thought of it to Christ, engrafting upon it images borrowed from Isaiah. The best two passages in *The Messiah* are one near the commencement and the magnificent close.

THE COMING MESSIAH.

Rapt into future times the bard begun: —
A virgin shall conceive — a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies!
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in self-silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid —
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light! Auspicious Babe, be born.
— *The Messiah.*

THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparking portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,

O'erflow thy courts. The Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!
— *The Messiah.*

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER: *deo. opt. max.*

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage —
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or Thee the Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy Grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
  Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest it best, bestowed or not,
  And let Thy will be done!

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
  All Nature's incense rise.

PRIDE.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride

For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind.
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend — and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky:
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

THE SCALE OF BEING.

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental power ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:

In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembance and Reflection, how allied;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

ADDRESS TO BOLINGBROKE.

Come then, my Friend, my Genius, come along;
O master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while, along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Showed erring pride, whatever is, is right?
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self love and social are the same;

That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is OURSELVES TO KNOW?
—*From Essay on Man.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying —
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly.
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

PORTER, JANE, an English novelist; born at Durham in 1779; died at Bristol, May 24, 1850. Her father, an officer in the army, died when his children were all young, and they were taken by their mother to Edinburgh, where the family resided several years, but subsequently made their home in London. Jane, the eldest child, wrote several novels, two of which, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and

The Scottish Chiefs (1810), had a high reputation in their day. They may properly be considered as the beginning of the English "historical novels." The chief character in *The Scottish Chiefs* is the idealized William Wallace; Thaddeus Sobieski, in *Thaddeus of Warsaw,* is the ideal Polish exile. "We have, alas!" says Mrs. Oliphant, "no such heroes nowadays. The race has died out; and we fear that a paladin so magnanimous might call forth the scoffs rather than the applause of a public accustomed to interest themselves in shabby personages of real life."

Miss Porter also wrote *The Pastor's Fireside* (1815); *Duke Christian of Luneberg* (1824); *Tales Round a Winter's Hearth* (1824); and *The Field of Forty Footsteps* (1828).

THADDEUS OF WARSAW AVOWS HIS LOVE.

Thaddeus saw all this, and with a flitting hope, instead of surrendering the hand he had retained, he made it a yet closer prisoner by clasping it in both his. Pressing it earnestly to his breast, he said, in a hurried voice, whilst his earnest eyes poured all their beams upon her averted cheek:

"Surely, Miss Beaufort will not deny me the dearest happiness I possess — the privilege of being grateful to her."

He paused; his soul was too full for utterance; and raising Mary's hand from his heart to his lips, he kissed it fervently. Almost fainting, Miss Beaufort leaned her head against a tree of the thicket where they were standing. She thought of the confession which Pembroke had extorted from her, and dreading that its fulness might have been imparted to him, and that all this was rather the tribute of gratitude than of love, she waved her other hand in sign for him to leave her.

Such extraordinary confusion in her manner palsied the warm and blissful emotions of the Count. He, too,

began to blame the sanguine representations of his friend; and fearing that he had offended her — that she might suppose he had presumed on her kindness — he stood for a moment in silent astonishment; then dropping on his knee (hardly conscious of the action), declared in an agitated voice his sense of having given this offence; at the same time he ventured to repeat, with equally modest energy, the soul-devoted passion he had so long endeavored to seal up in his lonely breast.

"But forgive me," added he, with increased earnestness, "forgive me in justice to your own virtues. In what has just passed, I feel that I ought to have expressed thanks to your goodness to an unfortunate exile; but if my words or manner have obeyed the more fervid impulse of my soul, and declared aloud what is its glory in secret, blame my nature, most respected Miss Beaufort, not my presumption. I have not dared to look steadily on any aim higher than your esteem."

Mary knew not how to receive this address. The position in which he uttered it, his countenance when she turned to answer him, were both demonstrative of something less equivocal than his speech. He was still grasping the drapery of her cloak, and his eyes, from which the wind blew back his fine hair, were beaming upon her full of that piercing tenderness which at once dissolves and assures the soul. She passed her hand over her eyes. Her soul was in a tumult. She, too, fondly wished to believe that he loved her, to trust the evidence of what she saw. His words were ambiguous; and that was sufficient to fill her with uncertainty. Jealous of that delicacy which is the parent of love, and its best preserver, she checked the overflowing of her heart; and whilst her concealed face streamed with tears conjured him to rise. Instinctively she held out her hand to assist him. He obeyed; and, hardly conscious of what she said, she continued:

"You have done nothing, Count Sobieski, to offend me. I was fearful of my own conduct — that you might have supposed — I mean, unfortunate appearances might have led you to suppose that I was influenced — was so far forgetful of myself ——"

"Cease, Madam! Cease, for pity's sake!" cried Thaddeus, starting back, and dropping her hand; every emotion which failed on her tongue had met an answering pang in his breast. Fearing that he had set his heart on the possession of a treasure totally out of his reach, he knew not how high had been his hope until he felt the depth of his despair. Taking up his hat, which lay on the grass, with a countenance from which every gleam of joy was banished, he bowed respectfully, and in a lower tone continued:

"The dependent situation in which I appeared at Lady Dundas's being ever before my eyes, I was not so absurd as to suppose that any lady could then notice me from any other sentiment than humanity. That I excited this humanity where alone I was proud to awaken it was in these hours of dejection my sole comfort. It consoled me for the friends I had lost; it repaid me for the honors that were no more. But that is past. Seeing no further cause for compassion, you deem the delusion no longer necessary. Since you will not allow me an individual distinction in having attracted your benevolence — though I am to ascribe it all to a charity as diffused as effective, yet I must ever acknowledge with the deepest gratitude that I owe my present home and happiness to Miss Beaufort. Further than this I shall not — I dare not — presume."

The words shifted all the Count's anguish to Mary's breast. She perceived the offended delicacy which actuated each syllable as it fell; and, fearing to have lost everything by her cold, and what might appear haughty, reply, she opened her lips to say what might better express her meaning; but her heart failing her, she closed them again, and continued to walk in silence by his side. Having allowed her opportunity to escape, she believed that all hopes of exculpation were at an end. Not daring to look up, she cast a despairing glance at Sobieski's graceful figure as he walked, equally silent, near her; his hat pulled over his forehead, and his long, dark eyelashes, shading his downward eyes, imparted a dejection to his whole air which wrapped her weeping heart round and round with regretful pangs. "Oh," thought she,

"though the offspring of but one moment, they will prey on my peace forever."

At the foot of a little wooded knoll, the mute and pensive pair heard the sound of some one on the other side approaching them through the dry leaves. In a minute after, Sir Richard Somerset appeared. — *Thaddeus of Warsaw.*

PORTER, NOAH, an American philosopher and philologist; born at Farmington, Conn., December 14, 1811; died at New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1892. He was graduated from Yale in 1831; taught a grammar-school at New Haven until 1833, when he became tutor at Yale, at the same time studying theology. He was pastor of Congregational churches at Milford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass., from 1836 to 1846, when he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Yale. In 1871 he succeeded Theodore D. Woolsey as President of Yale College, still retaining his professorship. His principal works are *The Educational Systems of the Puritans and the Jesuits* (1851); *The Human Intellect* (1868); *Books and Reading* (1870); *American Colleges and the American People,* and *The Science of Nature versus the Science of Man* (1871); *Science and Sentiments* (1882); *Elements of the Moral Sciences* (1883); *Kant's Ethics* (1886); *Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College* (1888). He was editor-in-chief of two editions of *Webster's Dictionary* (1864 and 1880), and *International Dictionary* in 1890.

THE IDEAL CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

It may be argued that in the present divided state of Christendom a college which is positively Christian must in fact be controlled by some religious denomination, and this must necessarily narrow and belittle its intellectual and emotional life. We reply — a college need not be administered in the interests of any religious sect, even if it be controlled by it. We have contended, at length, that science and culture tend to liberalize sectarian narrowness. We know that Christian history, philosophy, and literature are eminently catholic and liberal. No class of men so profoundly regret the divisions of Christendom as do Christian scholars; and, we add, their liberality is often in proportion to their fervor. While a college may be, and sometimes is, a nursery of petty prejudices and a hiding-place for sectarian bigotry, it is untrue to all the lessons of Christian thoughtfulness, if it fails to honor its own nobler charity, and will sooner or later outgrow its narrowness.

It may be still further urged that a Christian college must limit itself in the selection of its instructors to men of positive Christian belief, and may thus deprive itself of the ablest instruction. We reply — No positive inferences of this sort can be drawn from the nature or duties of a Christian college. The details of administration are always controlled by wise discretion. A seeker after God, if he has not found rest in faith, may be even more devout and believing in his influence than a fiery dogmatist or an uncompromising polemic. And yet it may be true that a teacher who is careless of misleading confiding youth, and who is fertile in suggestions of unbelief, may, for this reason, and this only, be disqualified from being a safe and useful instructor in any; that a Christian college, to be worthy of the name, must be the home of enlarged knowledge and varied culture. It must abound in all the appliances of research and instruction; its library and collections must be rich to affluence; its corps of instructors must be well trained and enthusiastic in the work of teaching. For all this, money is needed;

and it should be gathered into great centres — not wasted in scanty fountains, nor subdivided into insignificant rills. Into such a temple of science the Christian spirit should enter as into the shekinah of old, purifying and consecrating all to itself. In such a college the piety should inspire the science, and the culture should elevate and refine the piety, and the two should lift each the other upward toward God, and speed each other outward and onward in errands of blessing to man. . . .

We conclude — That no institution of the higher education can attain the highest ideal excellence in which the Christian faith is not exalted as supreme; in which its truth is not asserted with a constant fidelity, defended with unremitting ardor, and enforced with a fervent and devoted zeal, in which Christ is not honored as the inspirer of man's best affections, the model of man's highest excellence, and the master of all human duties. Let two instructions be placed side by side, with equal advantages in other particulars; let the one be positively Christian, and the other be consistently secular — and the Christian will assuredly surpass the secular in the contributions which it will make to science and culture, and in the men which it will train for the service of their kind. . . .

Christianity, both as a law and force, has the capacity and promise of a progressive renewal in the future. It has the capacity for constant development and progress. It can never be outgrown, because its principles are capable of being applied to every exigency of human speculation and action. It can never be dispensed with, because man can never be independent of God, the living God. We cannot predict what new strains are to be brought upon our individual or social life. There are signs that the bonds of faith and reverence, of order and decency, of kindliness and affection, which have so long held men together, are to be weakened, perhaps withered, by the dry-rot of confident and conceited speculation, or consumed by the fire of human passion.— *Fifteen Years in the Chapel of Yale College.*

PORTER, Sir Robert Ker, an English artist and traveler; born at Durham in 1775; died at St. Petersburg, May 4, 1842. He was a brother of Jane Porter, the novelist. He studied painting at the Royal Academy under Benjamin West; and early gained distinction for his great paintings, among the earlier of which were *Moses and Aaron; Christ Allaying the Storm; St. John Preaching in the Wilderness;* and among the more famous of his later pictures were *The Storming of Seringapatam; The Siege of Acre; Agincourt; The Battle of Alexandria; The Death of Sir Ralph Abercromby.* He went to Russia in 1804, where he became painter to the Emperor, and where he married the Princess Mary de Sherbatoff. He went with Sir John Moore to the Peninsula in 1808. Later he traveled in the East; and from 1826 to 1841 he was British Consul at Venezuela. While living at Caracas he painted *Christ at the Last Supper; Our Saviour Blessing the Little Children* and *Ecce Homo.* He died very suddenly while on a visit to Russia. His literary works include *Travels in Russia and Sweden* (1809); *Letters from Portugal and Spain* (1809); *The Campaign in Russia* (1815); *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, and Ancient Babylonia* (1821), and *The Porter Correspondence,* being his diary and letters to his sister, published after his death.

AN EVENING MEAL IN BAGDAD.

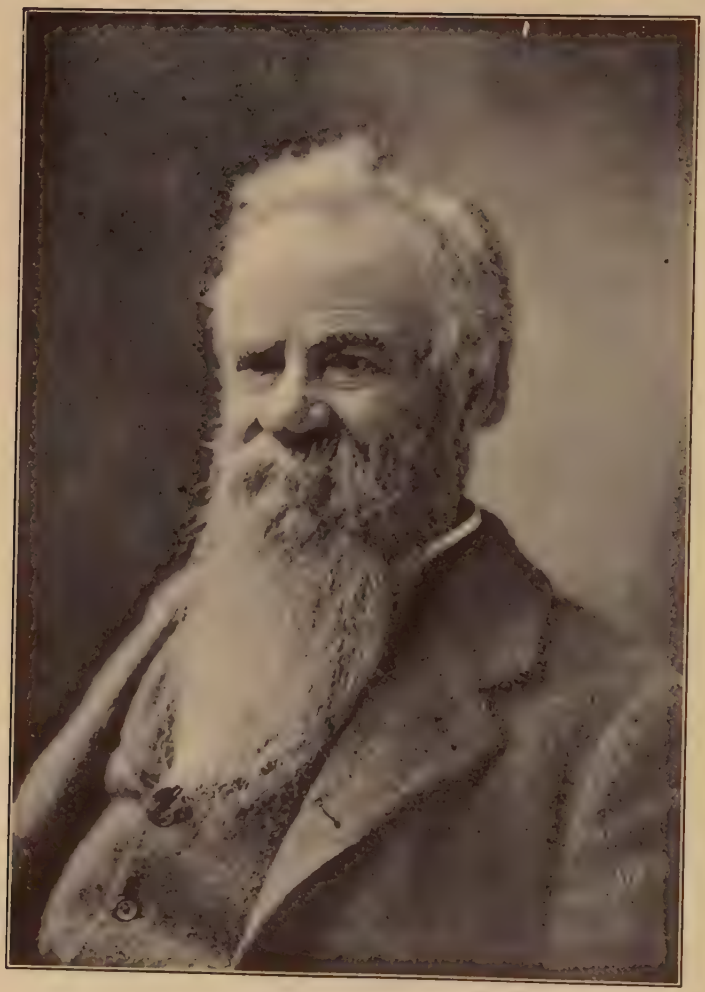
When all are assembled in some gay saloon of Bagdad, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the

entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced, when pillaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherberts of every fabric and flavor, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between the second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narguilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. No respite is given to the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds.

As soon as daylight appears the faithful slaves rouse their respective mistresses to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the mutterings of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before.

BAGDAD LADIES.

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer, the ample pelisse is made of the most costly



JOHN WESLEY POWELL.

shawls, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray color. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, etc., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak-Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak-Ajemi. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat, button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

POWELL, JOHN WESLEY, an American scientist and philosopher; born at Mount Morris, N. Y., March 24, 1834; died at Haven, Me., September 23, 1902. He was educated at Illinois and Wheaton colleges, and later studied at Oberlin. He served throughout the Civil war, and in 1865, was appointed Professor of Geology and Curator of the Museum at the Illinois Wesleyan University, and later became Professor of Geology at the Illinois Normal University. In 1868 he explored the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and in 1870 made a geological and topographical survey of the Colorado River. He was largely instrumental in the establishment in 1879 of the United States Geological Survey, and from 1881 to 1894 he was chief director of the survey. He also

you are compelled to brace yourself against the force and lean back. Any one can make such an experiment and see that the void pulls him down. If you climb a tree the higher you reach the harder the pull; if you are at the very top of a tall pine you must cling with your might lest the void below pull you off."

Thus my dusky philosopher interpreted a subjective fear of falling as an objective force; but more, he reified void and imputed to it the force of pull. I afterward found these ideas common among other wise men of the dusky race, and once held a similar conversation with an Indian of the Wintun on Mount Shasta, the sheen of whose snow-clad summit seems almost to merge into the firmament. On these dizzy heights my Wintun friend expounded the same philosophy of gravity.

Now, in the language of Chuar's people, a wise man is said to be a traveler, for such is the metaphor by which they express great wisdom, as they suppose that a man must learn by journeying much. So in the moonlight of the last evening's sojourn in the camp on the brink of the canyon, I told Chuar that he was a great traveler, and that I knew of two other great travelers among the seers of the East, one by the name of Hegel, and another by the name of Spencer, and that I should ever remember these three wise men, who spoke like words of wisdom, for it passed through my mind that all three of these philosophers had reified void and founded a philosophy thereon.— *Truth and Error.* (Copyright 1898, by THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

PRAED, ROSA MURRAY-PRIOR ("MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED"), a British novelist; born at Bromelton Station, Queensland, Australia, March 27, 1852. She is in direct descent from Colonel Murray-Prior, who served in the 18th Hussars at Water-

loo, and her father was an Australian squatter, who took active part in political life in Queensland. She spent her early life in Australia, and was married in 1872 to Campbell Mackworth Praed, a nephew of the poet Praed. In 1876 she removed to London. Her first book was *An Australian Heroine* (1880). It was followed by *Policy and Passion* (1881); *Nadine* (1882); *Moloch* (1883); *Zero* (1884); *Affinities* (1885); *Australian Life* (1885); *The Head Station* (1885); *The Brother of the Shadow* (1886); *Miss Jacobsen's Chance* (1886); *The Bond of Wedlock* (1887); *Longleat of Kooralbyn* (1887); *Ariane* (1888); *The Romance of a Station* (1891); *The Soul of Countess Adrian* (1891); *The Romance of a Chalet* (1892); *Outlaw and Lawmaker* (1893); *Christina Chard* (1894); *Mrs. Tregaskis* (1895); *Nulma* (1897); and *My Australian Girlhood,* an autobiography (1902). She has also written several novels in collaboration with Justin McCarthy.

AFFINITIES.

Mrs. Borlase was joined in her temporary studio by Esmé Colquhoun. She had asked him to come. Her attitude was one of expectancy. She stood by the fireplace, her face turned sideways to him as he entered, holding a screen of feathers between her cheeks and the blaze. Her robe of pale-green plush, confined at the waist with an old enamelled girdle, and with soft lace falling away from her neck and arms, suited the almost girlish lines of her figure, while its color harmonized with her golden hair and dead-white skin. There was a luxuriousness in her dress, in the subdued light, the rich draperies of the chimney-piece, the faintly scented atmosphere, which was more than pleasing, in contrast with the bleak wintry landscape from which a little while before they had entered.

Upon a little table near her there stood in a blue china bowl the crushed bouquet of hot-house blossoms, still fragrant, which she had carried upon the previous night. Esmé Colquhoun took up the bouquet, which was composed almost entirely of yellow roses, and drew forth one of the flowers with a preoccupied air.

"I have hurt you," he repeated with remorse in his voice. And then he rose and looked down yearningly upon her. "Christine, are you still so proud? Will you always face the world with your frank cynicism — your high-spirited independence — artist and woman of the world in one, giving just so much and giving no more? Christine, will you accept no sacrifice? Will you make none — not even now?"

Christine returned his gaze unshrinkingly; but a tear rose and lay on her lower lashes, held there glittering.

"No, Esmé — not even now. There can never be any question of sacrifice between you and me."

"There should be none. You are right. Love should be a free sacrament, and its own justification." . . .

She laughed a little, joyous laugh. "How much more so if you were confined in a prison! Applause and adulation are the breath of existence to you. The love and loyalty of one woman would never satisfy your nature, except under conditions which would enable you to take impressions from numerous other sources. You will secure for yourself these conditions. I want you to love your wife; I want you to have the world's incense as well. I want you to touch every point possible in existence. You are the true creature of your own philosophy. You require a thousand sensations in quick succession, and you must analyze each before you can decide whether it is worth experiencing. You profess to worship the ideal; but in reality you are an utter materialist. You have all the weakness, all the inconsistency, all the greatness of a poetic nature. The greatness and the fire kindle in my intellect a spark of the incense you crave. The weakness and the inconsistency touch my woman's heart and make me love you. Being what we both are, sorrow and evil can only come from indulging in our love. This I pointed out to you before you went away; and

now I am going to place it beyond our power of indulgence."

"That is impossible. You cannot crush down your love for me, nor can I, married or free, prevent myself from loving you. I would not try to do so. You are my inspiration. You are to me the ideal woman."

She was silent for several moments, and her head dropped upon her breast. Presently she looked up, with a strange smile upon her lips and a bright light in her eyes.

"I will remain so. An ideal love is a great and glorious possession. An ideal love is divine and actual, and it exists, it *must* exist, apart from material life. Are not love, faith, will, forces more potent than brute strength? Ah, my Esmé! you a poet and an artist, know, as I do, that the realities of existence are not the things we see and touch. Human passion is but the stream in which pure, divine passion is reflected. The more muddy the stream the more distorted the image. Drag down the star and it disappears. Oh, teach the world this truth in your books! Let me try to show it dimly forth in my pictures. It is the force of our inner lives. It is the pearl of great price, which has been given to us artists. Let us cherish the Ideal." . . .

Her voice vibrated with a passionate tremor. She rose and moved away from him, all the time her gaze never forsaking his face. An exceeding softness and beauty crept over her features, and she went on in a more gentle tone: "I will be your ideal, Esmé. When you need sympathy in your work, ask it from me. When you have beautiful dreams, tell them to me. When the fire burns within you, come to me and I will fan it into flame. Give your love to Judith Fountain. She has attracted you already. In time, she will captivate you completely; for she has a subtle charm that must appeal to your artistic perceptions. She can reinstate you in popular favor. She is rich, and can supply the sensuous atmosphere — of dim rooms, Oriental perfumes, soothing music, without which you have often said to me your muse is dumb. But give *me* your soul."

Colquhoun seemed infected by her enthusiasm. His

dramatic instinct seized the conception of a sublime *rôle*. The poet is a paradox. In a moment, he may ascend from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven. His mind seems the tenement of some fantastic Protean spirit with a passion for impersonation, to which truth and falsehood are of equal value. His potentialities appear capable of manifesting themselves in either good or evil as the wind blows or the sun shines.

"You are a noble woman," he said slowly. "You are very strong. If we could have been married we might have conquered the world together. What is it that you are going to do?"

"I am going away in a day or two. I shall leave you here with Judith Fountain."

"And I — what am I to do?"

"What your impulses prompt," she answered, with the least touch of bitterness. "It is not for me to guide them."

"I think," he said, after a minute's pause, "that perhaps your enthusiasm gilds merely trite facts and commonplace sentiment. That is the way with us — we artists. Is your star anything higher than the respect of the world?"

"Oh!" she cried. "You can't see. You don't comprehend. It is my own self-respect. It is your love. If you were a god, Esmé — instead of being a poet; and I an angel, and not a battered, hardened woman of the world, we would fly aloft and seek our star."

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH, an English poet; born at London, July 26, 1802; died there, July 15, 1839. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won many prizes for Greek odes and epigrams, and for clever verses in English, and was chief contributor

to the *Etonian,* a monthly paper. He was called to the bar in 1829, and in 1830 was returned to Parliament for St. Germain, in Cornwall, and subsequently for several other constituencies. His poetical works were written rather for amusement than as serious efforts; but they manifest keen wit and a great mastery in versification. A complete edition was issued in 1864, edited by his sister, Lady Young, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. Praed wrote many charades which are among the cleverest in our language.

CHARADE: "CAMP-BELL."

Come from my *First,* ay, come;
  The battle dawn is nigh,
And the screaming tramp and the thundering drum
  Are calling thee to die.
Fight, as thy father fought;
  Fall, as thy father fell.
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
  So forward, and farewell.

Toll ye my *Second,* toll;
  Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
  Beneath the silent night;
The helm upon his head,
  The cross upon his breast;
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed;
  Now take him to his rest.

Call ye my *Whole:* go call
  The lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall
  With a noble song to-day.
Ay, call him by his name;
  No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
  On the turf of a soldier's grave.

CHARADE: "KNIGHTHOOD."

Alas for that unhappy day
When chivalry was nourished,
When none but friars learned to pray,
And beef and beauty flourished!
And fraud in kings was held accurst,
And falsehood sin was reckoned,
And mighty chargers bore my *First*,
And fat monks wore my *Second*.

Oh, then I carried sword and shield,
And casque with flaunting feather,
And earned my spurs on battle-field,
In winter and rough weather;
And polished many a sonnet up
To ladies' eyes and tresses,
And learned to drain my father's cup,
And loose my falcon's jesses.

But dim is now my grandeur's gleam;
The mongrel mob grows prouder;
And everything is done by steam,
And men are killed by powder;
And now I feel my swift decay,
And give unheeded orders,
And rot in paltry state away,
With Sheriffs and Recorders.

The following is a good example of Praed's more serious productions:

THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
Saint Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,

Was always shown across the green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
  Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
  Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle:
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
  Upon the parlor-steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
  "Our master knows you — you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Doctor Brown,
  Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
  Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed —
  Pundist or Papist, Saint or Sinner —
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
  And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend,
  And twenty curious scraps of knowledge; —
If he departed as he came,
  With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
  And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
  It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the lawns which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;

And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome or from Athanasius.
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The heart and hand that planned them;
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for "Sylvanus Urban."

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack for joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a knack for smoking.
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That, if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter

The clammy lips of fever smiled
  The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
  Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;
From him I learned the Rule of Three,
  Cat's-cradle, Leap-frog, and *Quæ genus.*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
  To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig
  When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! In vain I look
  For haunts in which my boyhood trifled —
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
  The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled.
The church is larger than before;
  You reach it by a carriage, entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
  And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
  The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
  Whose phrase is very Ciceronian —
Where is the old man laid? — Look down,
  And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN,
  Vir non donandus lauru."

PRATT, ELLA FARMAN, an American juvenile writer; born in New York in 1844. She was married in 1877 to C. S. Pratt. She was the editor of the juvenile magazine *Wide Awake,* and later of *Little Folks.* Among her books are *A Little Woman* (1873); *Anna Maylie* (1873); *A*

Girl's Money (1874); *A White Hand* (1875); *The Cooking Club of Tuwhit Hollow* and *Mrs Hurd's Niece* (1876); *Good-for-nothing Polly* (1877); *How Two Girls Tried Farming* (1879); *Queer People* (1881); *Sugar Plums* (1885); *Home Primer* (1890); *Chicken Little* (1902), and *Little Owls at Red Gates* (1903).

PLANNING.

Louise did not wait for my mysterious three days to expire. The afternoon of the second she came down to the school-house. It was just after I had "dismissed."

"Now, Miss Dolly Shepherd!" demanded she.

Well, I had gone through the new plan in detail, had thought and thought, read and read, had found there was no sex in brains; for out of the mass of agricultural reading I saw that even I, should I have the strength, could, in one way or another, reduce whatever was pertinent to practice. I resolutely had cast money-making out of the plan, but I believed we could raise enough for our own needs; and I had thought, "Oh, Lou Burney, if we should be able to establish the fact that women can buy land and make themselves a home, just as men do, what a ministry of hope even our humble lives may become!"

In my earnestness I had tried various absurd little experiments. In my out-of-door strolls I think I had managed to come upon every farming implement on the place. Out of observation, I had lifted, dragged turned, flourished, and pounded. I had pronounced most of them as manageable by feminine muscles as the heavy kettles, washing-machines, mattresses, and carpets that belong to a woman's indoor work. I had hoed a few stray weeds back of the tool-house, a mullein and a burdock (which throve finely thereafter), and found it as easy as sweeping, and far daintier to do than dinner-dish-washing — and none of it was to be done "over the stove!" To be sure there was the hot sun, but there was also the fresh air. I felt prepared to talk.

"Well, Lou," I said, "we will try the out-of-doors plan, and very much as we at first talked. We will even have some berries. Only we will, from the very first, make our daily bread and butter the chief matter, and just do whatever else we can; meanwhile I don't see, any more than you, how these women who have done so well with fruit-raising managed *whilst*. But this is the way *I* have planned for us, for whom there shall be no dreary *whilst*, as we will begin at once:

"We will take our moneys"—I had three hundred of my own—"and go up into the great Northwest and make the best bargain we can for a little farm, which, however, shall be as big as possible, for, from the very beginning, we must keep a horse, and a cow, and a pig, and some hens. Don't open your eyes so wide, dear—I got it all from you. It is your own idea—I have only put it into practical working order. Keeping a cow, you know, will enable us to easily keep the pig; so keeping a cow means smoked ham and sausage for our table, our lard, our milk, our cream, and our butter. As you said, we must either have such things, or else have something to sell right away. There will also be, as I have planned it, butter, eggs, and poultry with which to procure groceries, grains, and sundries. There will also be, in the winter, a surplus of pork to sell. We shall also raise some vegetables. We can also the first year grow corn to keep our animals, and for brown bread for ourselves. We will, among the first things we do, set out an orchard and a grape arbor, make an asparagus bed, and have a row of bee-hives. Meanwhile, having thus secured the means of daily life, I have other and greater plans for a comfortable old age."

These I also disclosed. She made no comment upon them, but reverted gravely to the animals.

"I should think we might do it all, Dolly, only the horse; do we need a horse? Be sure, now, Dolly, for a horse would be a great undertaking. You know we would have to keep a nice one, if we kept any, not such a one as women in comic pictures always drive. Be very sure, now, Dolly."

"I am. For we must cultivate our own corn and po-

tatoes. I can see that, in small farming, hiring labor would cost all the things would come to, just as business women have told us it is in other work, you know. Besides, how could we ever get to mill, or church, or store? Only by catching rides; our neighbors would soon hate us."

"And who would drive?" asked Lou.

I paused. "You would have to, I suppose," I said at last. I felt she could; and I also felt that I couldn't. Lou nodded.

"Yes, because you will have to be the one to go to the neighbors to borrow things," she said, as if balancing our accounts.

"We shall live within ourselves," said I. "What we don't have we will go without."

Lou said there would be some comfort in that kind of being poor, and grew jolly and care-free presently, and said "we would go at once."—*How Two Girls Tried Farming.*

PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON, an American journalist; born at Preston, Conn., December 18, 1802; died at Louisville, Ky., January 22, 1870. He was graduated from Brown University in 1823, and in 1828 established the *New England Weekly Review,* at Hartford, Conn., which he conducted for two years, when he went West, and soon became editor of the Louisville *Journal.* Under his editorial management the *Journal* became one of the leading papers in the country, the fearless exponent of Henry Clay Whigism, the violent opponent of the Democratic party, and the receptacle of Prentice's inexhaustible wit and satire. He wrote many poems which appeared in his own journal and other periodi-

cals, but no complete collection of them has been made. A volume entitled *Prenticeana; or, Wit and Humor in Paragraphs,* was published in 1860; and an enlarged edition, with a *Memoir,* in 1870.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Gone! gone forever! like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being; and its last, low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo. . . .
Yet, why muse
Upon the Past with sorrow? though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty — yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past; in their bright round
The seasons come and go, and the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet;
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day: and still
Man will remain to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections; Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.
Weep not that Time
Is passing on; it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!

Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his might of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom; and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her Western home:
And, lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,
And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The Day-spring! — see, 'tis brightening in the heavens
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free;
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing! Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour — and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deepest tones are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,

The spirits of the season seem to stand —
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks — and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.
'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope and joy and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.
The Year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day — and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain-crag. But Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void: yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

PRENTISS, Elizabeth Payson, an American juvenile writer; born at Portland, Me., October 26, 1818; died at Dorset, Vt., August 13, 1878. After receiving her education in Portland and Ipswich, she was a teacher for several years, and in 1845 was married to George Lewis Prentiss, Professor of Theology and Church Polity in Union Theological Seminary. After the death of her two children, Mrs. Prentiss devoted herself to writing. Her chief book, *Stepping Heavenward,* which was published first in the Chicago *Advance* in 1869, has been translated into various languages. Her other works are: the *Little Susy Series* (1853–56); *The Flower of the Family* (1854); *Only a Dandelion, and Other Stories* (1854); *Fred, Maria, and Me* (1868); *The Percys* (1870); *The Home at Greylock* (1876); *Pemaquid, a Story of Old Times in New England* (1877), and *Avis Benson, with Other Sketches* (1878).

LAST WORDS.

Everybody wonders to see me once more interested in my long-closed Journal, and becoming able to see the dear friends from whom I have been in a measure cut off. We cannot ask the meaning of this remarkable increase of strength.

I have no wish to choose. But I have come to the last page of my Journal, and, living or dying, shall write in this volume no more. It closes upon a life of much childishness and great sinfulness, whose record makes me blush with shame, but I no longer need to relieve my heart with seeking sympathy in its unconscious pages, nor do I believe it well to go on analyzing it as I have done. I have had large experience of both

joy and sorrow; I have seen the nakedness and the emptiness, and I have seen the beauty and sweetness of life. What I have to say now, let me say to Jesus. What time and strength I used to spend in writing here, let me spend in praying for all men, for all sufferers, for all who are out of the way, for all whom I love, and their name is Legion, for I love everybody. Yes, I love everybody! That crowning joy has come to me at last. Christ is in my soul; He is mine; I am as conscious of it as that my husband and children are mine; and His spirit flows forth from mine in the calm peace of a river, whose banks are green with grass and glad with flowers. If I die, it will be to leave a wearied and worn body and a sinful soul, to go joyfully to be with Christ, to be weary, and to sin no more. If I live, I shall find much blessed work to do for Him. So, living or dying, I shall be the Lord's.

But I wish, oh, how earnestly, that whether I go or stay, I could inspire some lives with the joy that is now mine. For many years I have been rich in faith; rich in an unfaltering confidence that I was beloved of my God and Saviour. But something was wanting; I was ever groping for a mysterious grace, the want of which made me often sorrowful in the very midst of my sacred joy, imperfect when I most longed for perfection. It was that *personal love to Christ* of which my precious mother so often spoke to me, which she had often urged me to seek upon my knees. If I had known then, as I know now, what this priceless treasure could be to a sinful human soul, I would have sold all that I had to buy the field wherein it lay hidden. But not till I was shut up to prayer and to the study of God's word by the loss of earthly joys — sickness destroying the flavor of them all — did I begin to penetrate the mystery that is learned under the cross. And, wondrous as it is, how simple is this mystery! To love Christ, and to know that I love Him — this is all.

And when I entered upon the sacred yet ofttimes homely duties of married life, if this love had been mine, how would that life have been transfigured! The petty faults of my husband under which I chafed would

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

not have moved me; I should have welcomed Martha and her father to my home and made them happy there; I should have had no conflicts with my servants, shown no petulance to my children. For it would not have been I who spoke and acted, but Christ who lived in me.

Alas! I have had less than seven years in which to atone for a sinful, wasted past, and to live a new and Christ-like life. If I am to have yet more, thanks be to Him who has given me the victory that life will be Love. Not the love that rests in the contemplation and adoration of its object; but the love that gladdens, sweetens, solaces other lives.— *Stepping Heavenward.*

PRESCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING, an American historian; born at Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796; died at Boston, Mass., January 28, 1859. He was graduated from Harvard in 1814. His studies in literature led to the publication of several essays in the *North American Review,* which were in 1845 collected into a couple of volumes entitled *Miscellanies.*

As early as 1825 he had fixed upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain as the subject of his first historical work. The history of the *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,* after fully ten years of continuous labor, was published in 1837. The next six years were devoted to the *History of the Conquest of Mexico* (1843), and the four subsequent years to the *History of the Conquest of Peru* (1847). After a visit to Europe, he set himself to writing the history of the *Reign of Philip II. of Spain,* for which he had already made an extensive collec-

tion of documents. Of this work Volumes I. and II. appeared in 1855, and Volume III. in 1858. The work was to have consisted of six volumes, but the remaining three were never written. A revised edition of Prescott's *Works,* edited by John Foster Kirk, who had been his secretary for more than ten years, was published in 1875. The *Life of Prescott* has been written by George Ticknor Curtis (1864) and by Ogden (1904).

EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM SPAIN

The edict for the expulsion of the Jews was signed by the Spanish sovereigns at Granada, March 30, 1492. The preamble alleges, in vindication of the measure, the danger of allowing further intercourse between the Jews and their Christian subjects, in consequence of the incorrigible obstinacy with which the former persisted in their attempts to make converts of the latter to their own faith, and to instruct them in their heretical rites, in open defiance of every legal prohibition and penalty. When a college or corporation of any kind — the instrument goes on to state — is convicted of any great or detestable crime, it is right that it should be disfranchised; the less suffering with the greater, the innocent with the guilty. If this be the case in temporal concerns, it is much more so in those which affect the eternal welfare of the soul.

It finally decrees that all unbaptized Jews, of whatever age, sex or condition, should depart from the realm by the end of July next ensuing; prohibiting them from returning to it on any pretext whatever, under penalty of death and confiscation of property. It was moreover interdicted to every subject to harbor, succor, or minister to the necessities of any Jew after the expiration of the term fixed for his departure. The persons and property of the Jews, in the meantime, were taken under the royal protection. They were allowed to dispose of their effects of every kind on their own account, and to

carry the proceeds along with them, in bills of exchange, or merchandise not prohibited, but neither in gold nor silver. . . .

While the gloomy aspect of their fortunes pressed heavily on the hearts of the Israelites, the Spanish clergy were indefatigable in the work of conversion. They lectured in the synagogues and public squares, expounding the doctrines of Christianity, and thundering forth both argument and invective against the Hebrew heresy. But their laudable endeavors were in a great measure counteracted by the more authoritative rhetoric of the Jewish Rabbins, who compared the persecutions of their brethren to those which their ancestors had suffered under Pharaoh. They encouraged them to persevere, representing that the present afflictions were intended as a trial of their faith by the Almighty, who designed in this way to guide them to the promised land, by opening a path through the waters, as he had done to their fathers of old.

The more wealthy Israelites enforced the exhortations by liberal contributions for the relief of their indigent brethren. Thus strengthened, there were found but very few, when the day of their departure arrived, who were not prepared to abandon their country rather than religion. This extraordinary act of a whole people for conscience's sake may be thought, in the nineteenth century, to merit other epithets than those of "perfidy, incredulity, and stiff-necked obstinacy," with which the worthy curate of Los Palacios, in the charitable feeling of that day, had seen fit to stigmatize it.

When the period of departure arrived, all the principal routes through the country might be seen swarming with emigrants — old and young, the sick, men, women, and children, mingled promiscuously together — some mounted on horses or mules, but far the greater part undertaking the painful pilgrimage on foot. The sight of so much misery touched even the Spaniards with pity, though none might succor them; for the Land-inquisitor, Torquemada, enforced the ordinance to that effect, by denouncing heavy ecclesiastical censures on all who should presume to violate it.

The fugitives were distributed along various routes, being determined by accidental circumstances much more than any knowledge of the respective countries to which they were bound. Much the largest division — amounting, according to some estimates, to 80,000 souls, passed into Portugal, whose wise monarch, John the Second, dispensed with his scruples so far as to give them a free passage through his dominions, on their way to Africa, in consideration of a tax of a *cruzado* a head. He is even said to have silenced his scruples so far as to allow certain ingenious artisans to establish themselves permanently in the kingdom. . . .

The whole number of Jews expelled from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella is variously computed from 160,000 to 800,000 souls; a discrepancy indicating the paucity of authentic data. Most modern writers, with the usual predilection for startling results, have assumed the latter estimate; and Llorente has made it the basis of some important estimates in his *History of the Inquisition.* A view of all the circumstances will lead us without much hesitation to adopt the more moderate computation. There is little reason for supposing that the actual amount would suffer diminution in the hands of either Jewish or Castilian authority; since the one might naturally be led to exaggerate in order to heighten sympathy with the calamities of his people; and the other to magnify, as far as possible, the glorious triumph of the Cross.

The detriment incurred by the state, however, is not founded so much on any numerical estimate as on the subtraction of the mechanical skill, intelligence and general resources of an orderly, industrious population. In this view, the mischief was incalculably greater than that inferred by the mere number of the exiled. And although even this might have been gradually repaired in a country allowed the free and healthful development of its energies, yet in Spain this was so effectually counteracted by the Inquisition, and other causes in the following century that the loss may be deemed irretrievable. . . .

It cannot be denied that Spain at this period surpassed most of the nations of Europe in religious en-

thusiasm, or, to speak more correctly, in bigotry. This is doubtless imputable to the long war with the Moslems, and its recent glorious issue, which swelled every heart with exaltation, disposing it to consummate the triumphs of the Cross by purging the land from a heresy which, strange as it may seem, was scarcely less detested than that of Mohammed. Both the sovereigns partook largely of these feelings. With regard to Isabella, moreover, it must be borne constantly in mind that she had been used constantly to surrender her own judgment, in matters of conscience, to those spiritual guardians who were supposed in that age to be its rightful depositaries, and the only causists who could safely determine the doubtful line of duty. Isabella's pious disposition, and her trembling solicitude to discharge her duty, at whatever cost of personal indignation, greatly enforced the precepts of education. In this way her very virtues became the source of her errors. Unfortunately she lived in an age and station which attached to these errors the most momentous consequences.— *Ferdinand and Isabella.*

IN SIGHT OF THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.

The Spaniards, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma. They had not advanced far when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico — or Tenochitlan, as more commonly called by the natives — which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them.

In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate

distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore and cedar; and, beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens: for flowers — in such demand for their religious festivals — were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of the surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in the midst — like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls — the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters — the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."

High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck — the rival capital of Tezcuso; and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry girdling the valley around like a rich setting which Nature has devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquistadors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low; and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility, when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins; even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture. What then must have been the emotions of the Spaniards when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld all these fair scenes in their pristine

magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah; and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the Promised Land!"

But these feelings of admiration were very soon followed by others of a very different complexion, as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded — as they had done on some former occasions — to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the General. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armor told of battles won and difficulties surmounted; while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey.

By argument, entreaty, and menace, Cortes endeavored to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of a retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honor as dear to them as fortune; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the General had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step, once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.— *Conquest of Mexico.*

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold

and silver. Round the monarch's neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command. As the leading lines of the procession entered the great square, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the plaza in silence, and not a Spaniard was visible. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the plaza, Atahuallpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vincente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his Breviary (or, as other accounts say, a Bible) in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and approaching the Inca told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The Friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity; and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his Fall, to his subsequent Redemption, to the Crucifixion, and the Ascension when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth.

This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle — good and wise men who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all Powers and Potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish Emperor — the most mighty monarch in the world — to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The Friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians, now proffered to him — the only one by which he could hope for sal-

vation; and, furthermore to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your Emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity — then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains — "my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children."

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The Friar pointed as authority to the book which he held. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult which he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The Friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you."

Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air — the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as rushing from the avenues of the halls in which they

were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing fire through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors.

They made no resistance, as indeed they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed the boundary of the plaza. It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight — or rather massacre — continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay; that they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their

horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down another taking the place of a fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro as the mighty press swayed backward and forward; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some mariner who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary of the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the fray, at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca," and stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound in his own hand from one of his own men — the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever around the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some of his cavaliers who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.—*Conquest of Peru.*

PRESTON, Harriet Waters, an American novelist and translator; born at Danvers, Mass., in 1843. She has made many translations from the French, especially from Sainte-Beuve and De Musset, and is particularly noted for her translation of Mistral's *Mirèio* (1873). Among her own works are *Aspendale* (1870); *Love in the Nineteenth Century* (1874); *Troubadours and Trouvères* (1876); *Is That All?* (1878); *A Year in Eden* (1886); *A Question of Identity* (1887); *The Guardians* (1888), and *Private Life of the Romans* (1893). For several years she has resided in England, and has furnished critical essays to American periodicals, notable among which is an article upon "Russian Novelists," in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ.

The re-reading and readjustment of Christianity proposed by Count Leo Tolstoï in his *Ma Réligion* has its fantastic features. It recalls the earliest presentation of that doctrine, at least in this, that it can hardly fail to prove a "stumbling-block" to one-half of the well-instructed world, and an epitome of foolishness to the other. It consists merely in a perfectly literal interpretation of the fundamental principles, Resist not evil; Be not angry; Commit no adultery; Swear not; Judge not. Even the qualification which our Lord himself is supposed to have admitted in the passage, "Whosoever is angry with his brother *without a cause*," and in the one excepted case to the interdict against divorce, our amateur theologian rejects as the glosses of uncandid commentators, or the concessions of an interested priesthood.

He then proceeds to show that the logical results of his own rigid interpretations, if they were reduced to practice,

would be something more than revolutionary. They would involve the abolition of all personal and class distinctions; the effacement of the bounds of empire; the end alike of all the farce of formally administered justice and of the violent monstrosity of war; the annihilation of so much even of the sense of individuality as is implied in the expectation of personal rewards and punishments, here or hereafter. For all this he professes himself ready. The man of great possessions and transcendent mental endowments, the practised magistrate, the trained soldier, the consummate artist, the whilom statesman, having found peace in the theoretic acceptance of unadulterated Christian doctrine, as he conceives it, offers himself as an evidence of its perfect practicability.

Ma Réligion was given to the world as the literary testament of the author of *Guerre et Paix* and *Anna Karénine*. From the hour of the date that was inscribed upon its final page — Moscow, February 22, 1884 — he disappeared from the field of his immense achievements and the company of his intellectual and social peers. He went away to his estates in Central Russia, to test in his own person his theories of lowly mindedness, passivity, and universal equality. He undertook to live henceforth with and like the poorest of his own peasants, by the exercise of a humble handicraft. Those who knew him best say that he will inevitably return some day; that this phase will pass, as so many others have passed with Tolstoï; and that we need by no means bemoan ourselves over the notion that he has said his last word at fifty-seven. Indeed, he seems to have foreshadowed such a return in his treatment of the characters of Bezouchof and Lenine, with both of whom we instinctively understand the author himself to be closely identified. We are bound, I think, to hope that Tourguéneff's last prayer may be granted — those of us at least who are still worldly minded enough to lament the rarity of great talents in this last quarter of a century.

And yet, there is a secret demurrer; there are countercurrents of sympathy. A suspicion will now and then arise of something divinely irrational; something — with all reverence be it said — remotely Messianic in the sac-

rifice of this extraordinary man. The Seigneur would become a slave, the towering intelligence a folly, if by any means the sufferer may be consoled, the needy assisted. Here, at any rate, is the consistency of the apostolic age. And is it not time, when all is said, when we have uttered our impatient protest against the unconditional surrender of the point of honor, and had our laugh out, it may be, at the flagrant absurdity of *any* doctrine of non-resistance, a quiet inner voice will sometimes make itself heard with inquiries like these: "Is there anything, after all, on which you yourself look back with less satisfaction than your own self-permitted resentments, your attempted reprisals for distinctly unmerited personal wrong? What is the feeling with which you are wont to find yourself regarding all public military pageants and spectacles of warlike preparation? Is it not one of sickening disgust at the ghastly folly, the impudent anachronism, of the whole thing? — In Europe, at all events, the strain of the counter preparations for martial destruction, the heaping of armaments on one side or the other, has been carried to so preposterous and oppressive a pitch that even plain, practical statesmen like Signor Bonghi at Rome are beginning seriously to discuss the alternative of general disarmament, the elimination altogether of the appeals to arms from the future international policy of the historic states.—*Russian Novelists.*

PRESTON, Margaret Junkin, an American poet; born at Philadelphia in 1825; died at Baltimore, Md., March 28, 1897. Her father, Rev. George Junkin, was the founder of Lafayette College, Easton, Penn. She married Professor John T. L. Preston, of the Military Institute at Lexington, and her sister became the wife of "Stonewall"

Jackson, then a professor in the Institute. In 1856 Mrs. Preston published *Silverwood; a Book of Memories;* subsequently she has written many in verse, contributing frequently to periodicals North and South. Her collected poems are *Beechenbrook* (1865); *Old Songs and New* (1870); *Cartoons* (1876); *For Love's Sake: Poems of Faith and Comfort* (1886); *Colonial Ballads, Sonnets and Other Verses* (1887), and *Aunt Dorothy* (1890).

DEDICATION TO OLD SONGS AND NEW.

Day-duty done — I've idled forth to get
  An hour's light pastime in the shady lanes,
  And here and there have plucked with careless pains
These way-side waifs — sweetbrier and violet
  And such-like simple things that seemed indeed
  Flowers — though, perhaps, I knew not flower from weed.

What shall I do with them? They find no place
  In stately vases where magnolias give
  Out sweets in which their faintness could not live;
Yet, tied with grasses, posy-wise, for grace,
  I have no heart to cast them quite away,
  Though their brief bloom should not outlive the day

Upon the open pages of your book
  I lay them down. And if within your eye
  A little tender mist I may descry,
Or a sweet sunshine flicker in your look,
  Right happy shall I be, though all declare
  No eye but love's could find a violet there.

THE MORROW.

Of all the tender guards that Jesus drew
  About our frail humanity to stay
  The pressure and the jostle that alway

Are ready to disturb whate'er we do,
And mar the work our hands would carry through,
None more than this environs us each day
With kindly wardenship:—"Therefore I say,
Take no thought for the morrow."— Yet we pay
The wisdom scanty heed, and, impotent
To bear the burden of the imperious Now,
Assume the Future's exigence unsent.
God grants no overplus of power; 'tis shed
Like morning manna. Yet we dare to bow
And ask—"Give us to-day our Morrow's bread!"

MORNING.

It is enough. I feel this golden morn,
As if a royal appanage were mine,
Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investiture. What princess, palace-born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
Themselves so grandly; when the mountains shine
Transfigured; when the air exalts like wine;
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?
So, satisfied with all the goodliness
Of God's good world — my being to its brim
Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
Than bliss of beauty, passionately glad
Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape dim —
"Who dares," I cry, "in such a world be sad?"

NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
And gaze abroad into the blank, blank space,
Where earth and sky no more have any place,
Wiped from existence by the expunging rain;
And, as I hear the worried winds complain,
A darkness darker than the murk whose trace
Invades the curtained room, is on my face,
Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain;
My swelling aspirations viewless sink
As yon cloud-blotted hills; hopes that shone bright

As planets yester-eve, like them, to-night
  Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists before.
"O weary world," I cry, "how dare I think
  Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more?

SAINT CECILIA.

Haven't you seen her? and don't you know
Why I dote on the darling so?
Let me picture her as she stands
There, with the music-book in her hands,
  Looking as ravishing, rapt, and bright
  As a baby Saint Cecilia might,
  Lisping her bird-notes — that's Belle White.

Watch as she raises her eyes to you —
Half-crushed violets dipped in dew,
Brimming with timorous, coy surprise
(Doves have just such glistening eyes);
  But, let a dozen of years have flight,
  Will there be then such harmless light
  Warming these luminous eyes — Belle White?

Look at the pretty, feminine grace,
Even now, on the small young face;
Such a consciousness as she speaks,
Flushing the ivory of her cheeks;
  Such a maidenly, arch delight
  That she carries me captive quite,
  Snared with her daisy chain — Belle White.

Many an ambushed smile lies hid
Under that innocent, downcast lid;
Arrows will fly with silvery tips,
Out from the bow of those arching lips,
Parting so guilelessly, as she stands
There with the music-book in her hands,
  Chanting her bird-notes, soft and light,
  Even as Saint Cecilia might,
  Dove with folded wings — Belle White!

PRIESTLEY, Joseph, an English physicist and theologian; born at Fieldhead, Yorkshire, March 13, 1733; died at Northumberland, Penn., February 6, 1804. He was educated at an endowed school near his birthplace and at a Nonconformist academy at Daventry, where he studied for the ministry. By private study he became proficient in the modern languages, Hebrew, and the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic. In 1755 he was ordained an Independent minister at Needham Market, Suffolk, but having become a Unitarian in his views, he left that church in 1758. It was while preaching and teaching that he made his researches in chemistry. His first published works, *Scripture Doctrine of Remission* and the *Rudiments of English Grammar,* appeared in 1761. His first scientific work, *The History and Present State of Electricity, with Original Experiments,* was published in 1767, *The Doctrine of Phlogiston established, and that of the Composition of Water refuted,* in 1800. Among his chief theological works are *The Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion* and *A History of the Corruptions of Christianity and a General History of the Christian Church to the Fall of the Western Empire.* His chief metaphysical work is *Disquisitions Relating to Matter and Spirit.* The works of Dr. Priestley comprise twenty-five octavo volumes.

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

In order to understand the nature and origin of those corruptions of Christianity which now remain, it will be proper to consider those which took their rise in a more

early period, and which bore some relation to them, though they are now extinct, and therefore, on that account, are not, of themselves, deserving of much notice. The doctrine of the *deification of Chris*t, which overspread the whole Christian world, and which is still the prevailing opinion in all Christian countries (but which is diametrically opposite to the genuine principles of Christianity, and the whole system of revealed religion), was preceded by that system of doctrines which is generally called *Gnosticism.* For these principles were introduced in the very age of the apostles, and constituted the only heresy that we find to have given any alarm to them, or to the Christian world in general, for two or three centuries.

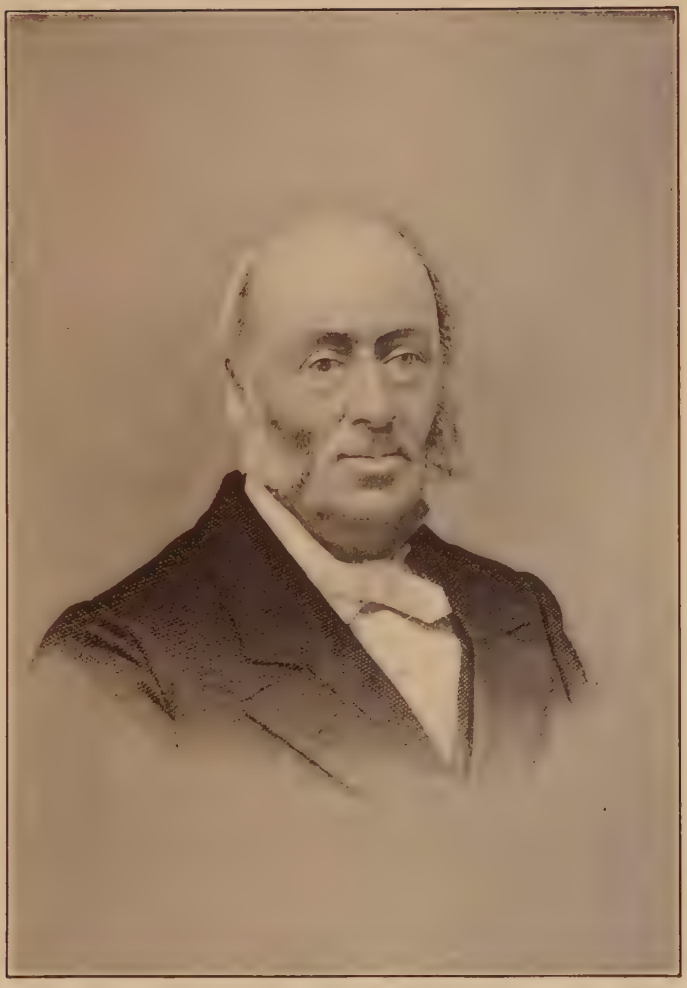
That these principles of the Gnostics were justly considered in a very serious light, we evidently perceive by the writings of the apostles. For that the doctrines which the apostles reprobated were the very same with those which were afterward ascribed to the Gnostics cannot but be evident to every person who shall compare them in the most superficial manner.

The authority of the apostles, which, in all its force, was directly pointed against the principles of these Gnostics, seems to have borne them down for a considerable time, so that they made no great figure till the reign of Adrian, in the beginning of the second century. But at that time, some persons of great eminence, and very distinguished abilities, having adopted the same, or very similar principles, the sect revived, and in a remarkably short space of time became very prevalent. —*History of Corruptions of Christianity.*

PRIME, Samuel Irenæus, an American journalist and clergyman; born at Ballston, N. Y., November 4, 1812; died at Manchester, Vt., July 18, 1885. He was graduated from Williams College in 1829, studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary, and entered the Presbyterian ministry. He retired from pastoral labor in 1840, and joined the staff of the New York *Observer,* a religious journal, of which he subsequently became editor and proprietor. For several years he also conducted the department known as the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's Magazine.* He made several foreign tours, and published *Travels in Europe and the East* (1855); *Letters from Switzerland* (1860); *The Alhambra and the Kremlin* (1873). Among his separate works are *The Old White Meeting-house,* reminiscences of a country congregation (1845); *Life in New York; Annals of the English Bible; Thoughts on the Death of Little Children; Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray; The Bible in the Levant; The Power of Prayer,* and *Five Years of Prayer and the Answers.* He wrote many works of a devotional character, and several series of his newspaper contributions have been collected and published separately under the title of *The Irenæus Letters* (1880–85).

SAMUEL HANSON COX.

His faculty for using large words was remarkable. It was attributed to a slight impediment in his speech, which led him to take a word that he could utter without difficulty in preference to a smaller one on which he was inclined to stumble; but that was not the reason. In writing he had the same habit; and, if possible, he



S. IRENAEUS PRIME.

made use of larger words than he did in public speech. He was as natural as he was brilliant; and he was the most brilliant clergyman of his generation. As flashes of lightning vanish in an instant, so the coruscations of his splendid genius were transient; beautiful, magnificent for the moment, but gone as suddenly as they came. There is melancholy in the thought that the best and brightest things he ever said are not on record, and, with his contemporaries, will pass from the memory of man. They passed even from his own memory, most of them, as soon as they were spoken.

He was always ready — or, as he would say, *semper paratus,* and was never taken at a disadvantage. The best illustration of his readiness is his famous address before the Bible Society in London, which I will not repeat, it is so familiar. But it is hardly probable that a more splendid example of extempore rhetoric can be found in the whole range of English literature.

In the later years of his life, when his powers were not at their best and brightest, he went into St. Paul's Methodist Church in New York, to worship there as a stranger. He was recognized by a gentleman, who went to the pulpit and informed the preacher that Dr. Cox was in the congregation. He was invited to preach; and taking a text, which he gave in two or three languages, he preached two hours with such a variety of learning, copiousness of illustration, and felicity of diction, as to entertain, delight, instruct, and move the assembly. This habit of long preaching grew upon him, and he became tedious in his old age; many others do likewise. It is the last infirmity of great preachers.

Especially is this true of those who, like Dr. Cox, are fond of preaching expository sermons. There is no convenient stopping-place for a man who takes a chapter, and attempts a sermon on each clause and word. Dr. Cox rarely approved of the translation of the Bible before him. His Greek Testament was always at hand, and after a severe, and sometimes a fierce denunciation of the text in the Received Version, he would give his own rendering, and enforce that with the ardor of genius and the power of Christian eloquence.—*The Irenæus Letters.*

PRIME, William Cowper, an American lawyer, journalist and traveler, brother of Samuel I. Prime; born at Cambridge, N. Y., October 31, 1825; died at New York, February 14, 1905. He was graduated from Princeton in 1843; studied law, and after having been admitted to the bar in 1846, practiced in New York until 1861, when he became one of the editors of the New York *Journal of Commerce*. In 1855 he visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and in 1857 published *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia* and *Tent Life in the Holy Land*. He published several volumes, partly made up from his articles in periodicals. Among these are *The Owl-Creek Letters* (1848); *The Old House by the River* (1853); *I Go a-Fishing* (1873); *Holy Cross* (1879); *Along New England Roads* (1892), and *Among the Northern Hills* (1895). He devoted much attention to archæology, numismatics, and ceramics, and published *Coins, Medals, and Seals* (1861); *Pottery and Porcelain of All Times and Nations* (1878), and an annotated edition of the hymn "O Mother dear, Jerusalem." He was the literary executor of General George B. McClellan, editing *McClellan's Own Story*, to which he prefixed a biographical sketch (1886).

PISCATORIAL MEDITATIONS.

While I listened to the wind in the pine-trees, the gloom had increased, and a ripple came stealing over the waters. There was a flapping of one of the lily-pads as the first wave struck them; and then, as the breeze passed over us, I threw two flies on the black ripple. There was a swift rush, a sharp dash and plunge in the water. Both were struck at the instant, and then

I had work before me that forbade me listening to the voice of the pines. It took five minutes to kill my fish, two splendid specimens, weighing each a little less than two pounds. Meantime the rip had increased, and the breeze came fresh and steady. It was too dark now to see the opposite shore, and the fish rose at every cast; and when I had half a dozen of the same sort, and one that lacked only an ounce of being full four pounds, we pulled up the killeck and paddled homeward round the wooded point.

The moon rose, and the scene on the lake became magically beautiful. The mocking laugh of the loon was the only cause of complaint in that evening of splendor. Who can sit in the forest in such a night, when earth and air are full of glory — when the soul of the veriest blockhead must be elevated, and when a man begins to feel as if there were some doubt whether he is even a little lower than the angels — who, I say, can sit in such a scene and hear that fiendish laugh of the loon, and fail to remember Eden and the Tempter? Did you ever hear that laugh? If so, you know what I mean. That mocking laugh rang in my ears as I reeled in my line, and, lying back in the bottom of the canoe, looked at the still and glorious sky.

"Oh, that I could live just here forever," I said, "in this still forest home, by the calm lake, in this undisturbed companionship of earth and sky! Oh, that I could leave the life of labor among men, and rest serenely here, as my sun goes down in the sky!"

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!" laughed the loon across the lake, under the great rock of the old Indian. Well, the loon was right; and I was, like a great many other men, mistaken in fancying a hermit's life, or what I rather desired — a life in the country, with a few friends — as preferable to life among crowds of men. There is a certain amount of truth, however, in the idea that man made cities and God made the country.

Doubtless we human creatures were intended to live upon the products of the soil, and the animal food which our strength or sagacity would enable us to procure. It was intended that each man should, for himself and

those dependent upon him, receive from the soil of the earth such sustenance and clothing as he could compel it to yield. But we have invented a system of covering miles square of ground with large flat stones, or piles of brick and mortar, so as to forbid the product of any article of nourishment, forbidding grass or grain or flowers to spring up, since we need the space for our intercommunication with each other in all the ways of traffic and accumulating wealth, while we buy for money, in what we call markets, the food and clothing we should have procured for ourselves from the common mother earth. Doubtless all this is a perversion of the original designs of Providence. The perversion is one that sprang from the accumulation of wealth by a few, to the excluding of the many, which in time resulted in the purchasing of the land by the few, and the supply of food in return for articles of luxury manufactured by artisans who were not cultivators of the soil. But who would listen now to an argument in favor of returning to the nomadic mode of life?—*I Go a-Fishing.*

PRINGLE, THOMAS, a British poet; born at Blaiklaw, Teviotdale, January 5, 1789; died at London, December 5, 1834. He was graduated from the University of Edinburgh, and was appointed to a small position under the government. In 1816 he wrote *The Autumnal Excursion,* a poem which secured for him the friendship of Sir Walter Scott. In 1817 he commenced the publication of the Edinburgh *Monthly Magazine,* out of which subsequently grew *Blackwood's Magazine.* This and other literary enterprises which he had undertaken proving unsuccessful, he, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to South Africa in 1820, and es-

tablished a little settlement among the Kaffirs. He soon went to Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, where he set up a private school, and became the editor of the *South African Journal.* This paper was discontinued in consequence of the censorship of the Colonial Governor. Pringle returned to Great Britain in 1826, and became secretary to the African society. His *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa* was published in 1835, soon after his death; and a collection of his *Poems,* edited by Leitch Ritchie, appeared in 1838. His poems are much admired for their elegance.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I turn to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that long since have fled
Flit over the brain like the ghost of the dead;
And my native land whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood — the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh flowers of Eden unfolding to view: —
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
A-weary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert, afar from man! . . .

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;

By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the koodoo and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in the wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbock's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna and Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;

But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread — void of living sight or sound.
And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

PRIOR, MATTHEW, an English poet and diplomat; born at East Dorset, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. In 1686 he was graduated from Cambridge, where he formed an intimacy with Charles Montague, afterward Earl of Halifax. To ridicule Dryden's *Hind and Panther,* Prior and Montague wrote a poem entitled *The City Mouse and the Country Mouse.* In 1700 he produced *Carmen Seculare,* a poetical panegyric on William III., which Johnson calls "one of his most splendid compositions." He held various civil and diplomatic positions, and was returned to Parliament in 1701. In 1711 he was made Ambassador at Paris; but when the Whigs came into power, in 1714, he was recalled, and imprisoned on a charge of treason. After his release he published by subscription a folio volume of his *Poems,* from which he realized 4,000 guineas — equivalent to some $60,000 at the present time. Lord Harley added an equal sum for the purchase of an

estate. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory, for which he left £500 in his will. Prior's poems are graceful, and contain many clever epigrams.

TO A VERY YOUNG LADY OF QUALITY.

Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, the numerous band
  That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
  To show their passion by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
  Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
  The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality nor reputation
  Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five-year-old befriends my passion,
  And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms' beds
  With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
  In papers round her baby's hair:

She may receive and own my flame,
  For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
  And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas! when she shall tear
  The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
  And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
  'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
  When she begins to comprehend it.

FOR HIS OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then, take Matt's word for it — the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are:
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life parti-colored — half pleasure — half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments, industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here;
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true. . . .

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same:
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not: — yet prithee, be kind to his fame.

EPIGRAMS.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit

To publish it to all the nation —
Sure, John and I are quit.

Yes, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE ("MARY BERWICK"), an English poet, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter; born at London, October 30, 1825; died there, February 3, 1864. Early in 1853 *Household Words* received a poem, bearing the signature "Mary Berwick," which Charles Dickens, the editor, thought "very different from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit." The author was requested to send more; and she soon became a frequent contributor. It was not until nearly two years after that Dickens learned that "Mary Berwick" was Adelaide Procter, whom he had known from childhood, and who was the daughter of one of his oldest literary friends. With the exception of a few early verses, a little volume entitled *A Chaplet of Verses,* published in 1862 for the benefit of a charitable association, all of her poems originally appeared in periodicals edited by Dickens, who

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

prefixed a biographical introduction to a complete edition issued shortly after her death.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

Girt round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven lies on our earth below.

Midnight is there: and Silence enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town.
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, from off their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages o'er the deep.
Mountain, and lake, and valley, a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night, three hundred years ago

Far from her home and kindred a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children would clustering round
her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's
throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: — the valley more peaceful year by
year,
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed
seemed near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down
in talk.

The men seemed strange and altered, with looks cast
on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered
round.
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow, with strangers from the
town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down;
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange, uncertain
gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below
the stream.

At eve they all assembled; then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted; the board was nobly
spread.
The Elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker; ere one more day is
flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our
own!"

The women shrank in terror (yet Pride, too, had her part;)
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz; once more her towers arose;
What were the friends around her? — only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains, reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her — though shouts rang forth again;
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the plain.
Before her eyes one vision; and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step, she sped.
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger that fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native land.

Out — out into the darkness; faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut-wood is past.
She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow? —
(Scarcely the wind beside them could pass them as they go.)

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh faster!" — Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check? —
The steed draws back in terror; she leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness. The bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness, and looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam;
And see: in the far distance shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her; and now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gates of Bregenz, just as the midnight rings;
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished; and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving the charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour;
"Nine!" "Ten!" "Eleven!" he cries aloud, and then
— Oh crown of fame! —

When midnight pauses in the skies, he calls *the Maiden's name.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

SOWING.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain,
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not.
A table will be spread.
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard earned bread?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it;
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day,
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest,
You have sown to-day in tears.

THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us around
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;

So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest —
Nor ever shall until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER ("BARRY CORNWALL"), an English poet; born at Leeds, November 21, 1790; died at London, October 4, 1874. He was educated at Harrow, was for a while employed in the office of a solicitor in the country, from which he went to London, entered Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1831. From 1832 to 1861 he was a commissioner of lunacy. He commenced his literary career in 1819 by the publication of *Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems.* The next year he published *A Sicilian Story.* His tragedy *Mirandola,* produced at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1821, met with success. This was followed by several other volumes, lyrical and dramatic, including *The Flood of Thessaly* (1823), and *English Songs and Other Small Poems* (1825). He also wrote *Life of Edmund Kean* (1835) and *Life of Charles Lamb* (1866). In 1851 he published a collection of *Essays and Tales in Verse.* He is, however, best known by his numerous lyrics.

THE SEA.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range

THE SEA.

But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded Sea!

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
  Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three;
(One is lost — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
  We've not proud or soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
  Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime.
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep,
  We love, we droop, we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
  Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep? —
  Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
  To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong;
We fight and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, erelong,
Stone-dead we lie;
O Life! is all thy song
"Endure and — die?"

TO ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Child of my heart! my sweet, beloved First-born!
Thou dove, who tidings bringst of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers
Are past, or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,
No spot, no blemish — pure and unforlorn!
Untouched, untainted! O my Flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
Welcome — a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold;
New hope springs upward, and the bright world seems
Cast back into a youth of endless Springs!
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams

PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN, an American poet; born at Henniker, N. H., October 10, 1838. She received her early education at Concord, N. H., subsequently taking up her residence at Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1858 she published a volume of *Life Thoughts,* consisting mainly of passages from the discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. She became a frequent contributor to periodicals, and in 1867 published a volume of *Poems, National and Miscellaneous.* Shortly afterward she accompanied a party of friends on an extensive foreign tour, visiting Egypt and the

Holy Land, traversing every country in Europe except Portugal. In Russia she traveled by routes not usually taken by tourists; of this portion of her tour she gave a poetical account in her *Russian Journey* (1873). In 1888 she compiled *A Genealogy of the Storrs Family.* Her later works include *The Song of the Ancient People* (1892); and *Mountain Maid and Other Poems* (1900).

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
And slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door
Sad welcomed by the lingering rose,
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang,
I entered — wall and rafter rang,
Down dropped the moon, and clear and high
September's wind went wailing by;
"Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago!"

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where, glad of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening cold. . . .

My hand was on the latch, when lo!
'Twas lifted from within! I know
I was not wild, and could I dream?
Within I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And, smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father in his ancient chair!

Oh, the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast!
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the long years had brought to me.

Then, by his side, his hand in mine,
I tasted joy, serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers, in June's enchanted air,
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes! . . .

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars;
Within, the wood-fire faintly glowed,
Weird on the wall the shadows showed,
Till in the east a pallor born,
Told midnight melting into morn. . . .

'Tis true, his rest this many a year
Has made the village church-yard dear;
'Tis true, his stone is graven fair,
"Here lies, remote from mortal care."
I cannot tell how this may be,
But well I know he talked to me.

TAKE HEART.

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves:
And cold upon her rosy prime
Fell down the Autumn's frosty rime;
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
  The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The may-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
  And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
  Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart! thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
  To greet thee in the immortal year!

PROCTOR, RICHARD ANTHONY, an English astronomer; born at Chelsea, March 23, 1834; died at New York, September 12, 1888. He was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1860, and devoted himself especially to the study of astronomy, and to elucidating its leading facts and principles, frequently in popular lectures. He visited America for this purpose several times, and in 1885 became a citizen of the United States. Among his most important astronomical works are *Saturn and Its System* (1865); *Handbook of the Stars* (1866); *Half-hours with the Telescope* (1868); *Other Worlds than Ours* (1870); *Myths and Marvels of Astronomy* (1877); *Old and New Astronomy* (1888). He also published several works of a semi-scientific character, among which are *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, three series (1871, 1873, 1878); *The Great Pyramid; Observatory, Tomb, Temple* (1883); *How to Play Whist* (1885); *Chance and Luck* (1887), and numerous *Essays* upon miscellaneous topics.

PRAYER AND WEATHER.

Some say, "The weather may be changed in response to prayer, not by controlment of the Laws of Nature, but by means of them." Let them try to think what they really mean by this, and they will see what it amounts to. What sort of law do they understand by a Law of Nature? Do they suppose that somewhere or other in the chain of causation, on which weather and weather-changes depend, there is a place where the Laws of Nature do not operate in a definite way, but might act in one or other of several different ways? This would correspond to the belief of the savage, that an eclipse of the sun is not caused by the operation of definite natural laws. In point of fact — speaking from the scientific point of view — prayer that coming weather may be such and such is akin to prayer that an unopened letter may contain good news. So regarded, it is proper enough. But prayer proceeding on the assumption that, in the natural order of things, bad weather would continue, and that in response to prayer it will be changed, is improper and wrong for all who consider and understand what it implies. What real difference is there between praying that weather may change, and praying that a planet or comet may take a specified course, except that we have not yet mastered the laws according to which the weather varies, while we have mastered those which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies?

The savage who sees the sun apparently encroached upon, or, as he thinks, devoured, prays lustily that the destruction of the great luminary may be prevented. He would doubtless regard an astronomer who should tell him that the sun would disappear in a very little while — let him pray his hardest — as a very wicked person. One who was not quite so well informed as the astronomer, but not quite so ignorant as the savage, might not know how near the eclipse would be to totality, yet he would see the absurdity of praying for what he knew to be a natural phenomenon. He would reason

that, if the eclipse was *not* going to be total, prayer that it might not be so must be useless, unless a miracle was to be performed in response to it. The meteorologist of to-day is in somewhat the position of our supposed middle-man: he knows the progress of a bad season is a natural phenomenon, and that to pray for any change, howeved desirable the change may be, is to pray for what is either bound to happen or bound not to happen, unless a miracle is prayed for. . . .

The possible influence of prayer in modifying the progress of events is a purely scientific question. On the other hand, the propriety of the prayerful attitude — which really expresses only desire, coupled with submission, is a religious question on which I have not touched at all. As a scientific question the matter has been debated over and over again, with no particular result, because the student of science can have only one opinion on the subject.— *Miscellaneous Essays.*

PRUDHOMME, Sully, a French poet; born at Paris, March 16, 1839. He was educated at the Lycée Bonaparte, and received his degrees of Bachelor of Science and of Literature. Compelled by ophthalmia to abandon engineering, he studied law; law proving distasteful to him, he chose literature as his profession. He was one of the original "Parnassiens," or "impossibles," a set of young authors who professed a devotion to art for art's sake. His first volume, *Stances et Poèmes* (1865), which includes that *chef d'œuvre "Le Vase Fêlé,"* was highly praised by Sainte-Beuve. Among his later volumes of poetry are *Les Épreuves* (1866); *Les Solitudes* (1869); *Les Destins* (1872); *La France* (1874); *Les Vaines Tendresses* (1875); *La Justice* (1878); *La Bonheur* (1888).

He published several volumes of philosophic verse, including a translation of a part of Lucretius's *De Natura,* with an able preface. His *Expression in the Fine Arts* (1884) has a high value. He is a member of the French Academy.

Prudhomme has been called the French Matthew Arnold. Graceful translations of several of his poems have been given by E. and R. E. Prothero in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of June, 1890.

THE MISSAL.

A Missal of the first King Francis' reign,
Rusted by years, with many a yellow stain,
And blazons worn, by pious fingers pressed —
Within whose leaves, enshrined in silver rare,
By some old goldsmith's art in glory dressed,
Speaking his boldness and his loving care,
This faded flower found rest.

How very old it is! You plainly mark
Upon the page its sap in tracery dark.
"Perhaps three hundred years?" What need be said?
It has but lost one shade of crimson dye;
Before its death, it might have seen that flown;
Needs naught save wing of wand'ring butterfly
To touch the bloom — 'tis gone.

It has not lost one fibre from its heart,
Nor seen one jewel from its crown depart;
The page still wrinkles where the dew once dried,
When that last morn was sad with other weeping;
Death would not kill — only to kiss it tried,
In loving guise above its brightness creeping,
Nor blighted as it died.

A sweet, but mournful, scent is o'er me stealing,
As when with Memory wakes long-buried feeling;
That scent from the closed casket slow ascending

Tells of long years o'er that strange herbal sped.
Our bygone things have still some perfume blending,
And our lost loves are paths, where Roses' bloom,
Sweet e'en in death, is shed.

At eve, when faint and sombre grows the air,
Perchance a lambent heart may flicker there,
Seeking an entrance to the book to find,
And, when the Angelus strikes on the sky,
Praying some hand may that one page unbind,
Where all his love and homage lie —
The flower that told his mind.

Take comfort, knight, who rode to Pavia's plain,
But ne'er returned to woo your love again;
Or you, young page, whost heart rose up on high
To Mary and thy dame in mingled prayer!
This flower which died beneath some unknown eye
Three hundred years ago — you placed it there,
And there it still shall lie.
— *Les Épreuves; translation of* E. *and* R. E. PROTHERO.

PULCI, LUIGI, an Italian poet; born at Florence, August 15, 1432; died there, October 27, 1487. While a member of the household of Lorenzo the Magnificent, he composed an epic poem, *Il Morgante Maggiore,* based on the tales of Roland. Into this work he introduced many words of the Tuscan dialect. It has been claimed that Shakespeare's familiarity with Pulci's verse is evidenced in his creation of Iago and Othello. Lord Byron also greatly admired Pulci's work and translated the first canto of *Il Morgante Maggiore,* which he published with *Beppo* and *The Vision of Judgment.*

MORGANTE.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "O giant celebrated,
Know that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes." . . .

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there where'er they chose,
The abbot showed a chamber where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
One of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
In all commands," was the reply, "straightway."
Upon his shoulders a great tub he laid,
And went on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepared
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head:
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite through,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.

Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
  Against the giant rushed in fierce career.
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
  Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
  He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
  Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
  The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder and there were
  The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
  Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando seeing him so soon appear
  With the dead boars, and with the brimful vase,
Marvelled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
  Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork.
All animals are glad at sight of food.
  They lay their brevaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
  That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork;
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

—*Il Morgante Maggiore.*

PURCHAS, Samuel, an English clergyman and editor; born at Thaxted, Essex, in 1577; died at London in September, 1626. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1604 became Vicar of Eastwood; subsequently went to London, where he was made Rector of St. Martin's and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He busied himself in the compilation of a vast series of voyages and travels, many of which would otherwise have been lost. His principal works are *Purchas, his Pilgrimage, or Relations of the World, and the Religions Observed in all Ages and Places Discovered unto this Present* (1613); *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas, his Pilgrims, containing a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travels, by Englishmen and Others* (5 vols. fol., 1625); *Microcosmos, or the History of Man: a Series of Meditations on Man in all Ages and Stations* (1627). In the Preface to his first collection he gives an account of the materials of which he had made use.

PURCHAS'S AUTHORITIES.

This, my first Voyage of Discovery, besides mine own poor stock laid thereon, hath made me indebted to above twelve hundred authors, of one or other kind, in I know not how many hundreds of their treatises, epistles, relations, and histories, of divers subjects and languages, borrowed by myself; besides what (for want of authors themselves) I have taken upon trust of other men's goods in their hands.

The following, from the *Pilgrims,* is a good example of Purchas's own style:

THE SEA.

Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable. It is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; united by traffic, of all nations; it presents the eye with diversified colors and motions; and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a rich field for the most dreadful fights of war. It yields diversity of fish and fowls for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergris for delight; "the wonders of the Lord in the deep" for instruction, variety of creatures for use, mutliplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirtsy earth healthful moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and, sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince; springs, lakes, rivers to the earth. It hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldiers; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapors, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds; most immense difformed, deformed, unformed monsters. At once (for why should I detain you?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the

mind; the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts — navigation.

PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER, a Russian poet; born at Moscow, May 26, 1799; died at St. Petersburg, January 29, 1837. He entered the government service in 1817 in the ministry of foreign affairs, but in 1820 he was retired to southern Russia because of his liberal opinions. In 1826 Nicholas I. allowed his return to St. Petersburg, where he was made imperial historiographer. After laboring in the archives of Peter the Great he wrote the *History of the Revolt of Pugachev* (1836). In the following year he died from a wound received in a duel, and the Czar appropriated 150,000 rubles to settle his affairs and publish his works. These included *Eugenie Onyegin,* a metrical narrative; and *Boris Godunov,* a tragedy. His poems were published in English in 1888, and his prose tales in 1896. Turner's *Translations from Pushkin* appeared in 1899.

Pushkin has been called the great national poet of Russia. He performed a signal service for Russian literature and language.

THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

All night beside our guns we lay,
  Nor tent nor fire was there;
Our arms we whetted for the fray,
  And prayed our whispered prayer.
The tempest raged till morning red;
I, while a gun-car propped my head,
  Spoke in my comrade's ear:

"Brother, hearest thou how fierce and fast,
Like freedom's war-song, yon wild blast?"
But, wrapped in dreams of years long past,
My comrade did not hear.

The drums beat loud — the mist-cloud dun
'Gan eastward lighter grow,
And launched from unexpected gun,
Come greeting from the foe.
Then spoke our chief before our line:
"Moscow's behind us, children mine!
Moscow we die to shield;
'Twas thus our brethren did the deed!"
And, one and all, we vowed to bleed,
And well that promise did we heed
On Borodino's field.

I shudder at the thought — ah, me!
Poltava, Rymni — there
In hope of glory battled we,
But here in grim despair.
We closed our ranks without a sound,
Guns thundered, bullets whistled round,
I crossed myself — when nigh
My comrade fell, all bleeding red;
I panted to avenge the dead,
And from my leveled gun the lead
With deadly aim did fly.

"March, forward march!" No more I know
Of what befell that day;
Six times we yielded to the foe,
Six times the foe gave way;
And shadowy banners waved above,
And shadowy foes against us strove,
And fire through smoke did rain;
Full on the guns the horsemen broke,
The wearied arm refused its stroke,
Then rushing balls their flight did choke
In hills of gory slain.

There dead and living mingled lay,
  The cold night gathered round,
And all who yet survived the fray
  In deepest gloom were drowned;
The roaring cannon ceased to boom,
But guns that beat amid the gloom,
  Showed where the foe withdrew.
How welcome was the morning red!
"Now God be praised!" I inly said,
For shivering on a couch of dead,
  I lay the long night through.

There, in death's sleep, our bravest lay,
  Beneath the fatal shade;
How gallant and how staunch that day!
  Alas! that could not aid.
But ever in the roll of Fame,
Above Poltava's, Rymulk's name
  Rings Borodino's praise.
Sooner the prophet's tongue shall lie,
Sooner shall fade Heaven's shining eye,
Than from our Northern memory
  Shall time that field erase.

PYLE, HOWARD, an American juvenile writer and artist; born at Wilmington, Del., March 5, 1853. He studied art in Philadelphia, and removed to New York in 1876, where he wrote and illustrated for magazines. In 1879 he returned to Wilmington. He is one of the best authors in juvenile fiction, and has adopted a quaint style for the designs of his illustrations. He is the author of the text and drawings of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* (1883); *Pepper and Salt* (1885); *Within the Capes* (1885); *The Wonder Clock* (1887); *The Rose*

of Paradise (1887); *Otto of the Silver Hand* (1889); *A Modern Aladdin* (1891); *Jack Ballister's Fortune* (1894); *Twilight Land* (1895); *Semper Idem* (1902), and *Rejected of Men,* a novel (1903).

THE TREASURE RESTORED.

I cannot tell the bitter disappointment that took possession of me when my search proved to be of so little avail; for I had felt so sure of finding the jewel or some traces of it, and had felt so sure of being able to secure it again, that I could not bear to give up my search, but continued it after every hope had expired.

When I was at last compelled to acknowledge to myself that I had failed, I fell into a most unreasonable rage at the poor, helpless, fever-stricken wretch, though I had but just now been doing all that lay in my power to aid him and to help him in his trouble and sickness. "Why should I not leave him to rot where he is?" I cried in my anger; "why should I continue to succor one who has done so much to injure me and to rob me of all usefulness and honor in this world?" I ran out of the cabin, and up and down, as one distracted, hardly knowing whither I went. But by and by it was shown me what was right with more clearness, and that I should not desert the poor and helpless wretch in his hour of need: wherefore I went back to the hut and fell to work making a broth for him against he should wake, for I saw that the fever was broken, and that he was like to get well.

I did not give over my search for the stone in one day, nor two, nor three, but continued it whenever the opportunity offered and the pirate was asleep, but with as little success as at first, though I hunted everywhere. As for Captain England himself, he began to mend from the very day upon which I came, for he awoke from his first sleep with his fever nigh gone, and all the madness cleared away from his head; but he never once, for a long while, spoke of the strangeness of caring for him in his sickness, nor how I came to be there, nor of my

reasons for coming. Nevertheless, from where he lay he followed me with his eyes in all my motions whenever I was moving about the hut. One day, however, after I had been there a little over a week, against which time he was able to lie in a rude hammock, which I had slung up in front of the door, he asked me of a sudden if any of his cronies had lent a hand at nursing him when he was sick, and I told him no.

"And how came you to undertake it?" says he.

"Why," said I, "I was here on business, and found you were lying nigh dead in this place."

He looked at me for a little while, in a mightily strange way and then suddenly burst into a great, loud laugh. After that he lay still for a while, watching me, but presently he spoke again. "And did you find it?" says he.

"Find what?" I asked, after a bit, for I was struck all aback by the question, and could not at first find one word to say. But he only burst out laughing again.

"Why," says he, "you psalm-singing, Bible-reading, strait-laced Puritan skippers are as keen as a sail-needle; you'll come prying about in a man's house looking for what you would like to find, and all under pretence of doing an act of humanity, but after all you find an honest devil of a pirate is a match for you."

I made no answer to this, but my heart sank within me; for I perceived, what I might have known before, that he had observed the object of my coming thither.

He soon became strong enough to move about the place a little, and from that time I noticed a great change in him, and that he seemed to regard me in a very evil way. One evening when I came into the hut, after an absence in the town, I saw that he had taken down one of his pistols from the wall, and was loading it and picking the flint. He kept that pistol by him for a couple of days, and was forever fingering it, cocking it, and then lowering the hammer again.

I do not know why he did not shoot me through the brains at this time; for I verily believe that he had it upon his mind to do so and that more than once. And now, in looking back upon the business, it appears to me to be little less than a miracle that I came forth from

this adventure with my life. Yet, had I certainly known that death was waiting upon me, I doubt that I should have left the place; for in truth, now that I had escaped from the *Lavinia,* as above narrated, I had nowhere else to go, nor could I ever show my face in England, or amongst my own people again.

Thus matters stood, until one morning the whole business came to an end so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a long while I felt as though all might be a dream from which I should soon awake. We were sitting together silently, he in a very moody and bitter humor. He had the pistol lying across his knees as he used to do at that time.

Suddenly he turned to me as though in a fit of rage. "Why do you stay about this accursed fever-hole?" cried he; "what do you want here, with your saintly face and your godly airs?"

"I stay here," said I bitterly, "because I have nowhere else to go."

"And what do you want?" said he.

"What, you know," said I, "as well as I myself."

"And do you think," said he, "that I will give it to you?"

"No," said I, "that I do not."

"Look'ee, Jack Mackra," said he, very slowly, "you are the only man hereabouts who knows anything of that red pebble" (here he raised his pistol, and aimed it directly at my bosom); "why shouldn't I shoot you down like a dog, and be done with you forever? I've shot many a better man than you for less than this."

I felt every nerve thrill as I beheld the pistol set against my breast, and his cruel, wicked eyes behind the barrel; but I steeled myself to stand steadily, and to face it.

"You may shoot if you choose, Edward England," said I, "for I have nothing more to live for. I have lost my honor and all except my life, through you, and you might as well take that as the rest."

He withdrew the pistol, and sat regarding me for a while with a most baleful look, and for a time I do believe that my life hung in a balance with the weight of

a feather to move it either way. Suddenly he thrust his hand into his bosom, and drew forth the ball of yarn which I had observed, amongst other things, in his pocket. He flung it at me with all his might, with a great cry as though of rage and anguish. "Take it," he roared, "and may the devil go with you! And now, away from here, and be quick about it, or I will put a bullet through your head even yet."

I knew as quick as lightning what it was that was wrapped in the ball of yarn, and leaping forward I snatched it up and ran as fast as I was able away from that place. I heard another roar, and at the same time the shot of a pistol and the whiz of a bullet, and my hat went spinning off before me as though twitched from off my head. I did not tarry to pick it up, but ran on without stopping; but even yet, to this day, I cannot tell whether Edward England missed me through purpose or through the trembling of weakness; for he was a dead-shot, and I myself once saw him snap the stem of a wine-glass with a pistol bullet at an ordinary in Jamaica.

As for me, the whole thing had happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that I had no time either for joy or exultation, but continued to run on, bareheaded, as though bereft of my wits; for I knew I held in my hand not only the great ruby, but also my honor, and all that was dear to me in my life.

But although England has so freely given me the stone, I knew that I must remain in that place no longer. I still had between five and six guineas left of the money which I had brought ashore with me when I left the *Lavinia*. With this I hired a French fisherman to transport me to Madagascar, where I hoped to be able to work my passage either to Europe or back to the East Indies.

As fortune would have it, we fell in with an English bark, the *Kensington*, bound for Calcutta, off the north coast of that land, and I secured a berth aboard of her, shipping as an ordinary seaman; for I had no mind to tell my name, and so be forced to disclose the secret of the great treasure which I had with me.— *The Rose of Paradise.*

PYTHAGORAS.

PYTHAGORAS, a Grecian philosopher; born on the island of Samos, about 570 B.C.; died about 504 B.C. Beyond these facts we know almost nothing of his life, except that he travelled widely, going at least as far as Egypt. It is altogether uncertain whether the doctrine of metempsychosis and some others propounded by the later Pythagoreans were taught by him. What we really know of his teachings is their ethical phase. They are embodied in the thirty-nine *Symbols* ("Ensigns" or "Watchwords") of *Pythagoras;* and, although there is no good reason for supposing that he ever committed his teachings to writing, it may be fairly assumed that the *Symbols* are the words of Pythagoras, handed down from generation to generation of his followers. In some of these *Symbols* the meaning intended to be conveyed is clearly shown by the words themselves, though leaving much room for amplification and comment. In others, while the words are perfectly intelligible, and convey a meaning, this is wholly different from the real esoteric meaning, which could be known only by an interpretation. We present sufficient of these *Symbols* to show their general character; when necessary appending the interpretations given by several ancient writers to certain enigmatical passages.

THE "SYMBOLS" OF PYTHAGORAS.

Symbol 1.— *When you go to the Temple, worship; neither do nor say anything concerning your life.*

Symbol 4.— *Decline the highways, and take the footpaths.*

Symbol 6.— *Above all things, govern your tongue when you worship the gods.*

Symbol 7.— *When the winds blow, worship the noise.*— "This," says Iamblichus, "implieth that we ought to love the similtude of divine nature and powers; and when they make a reason suitable to their efficiency, it ought to be exceedingly honored and reverenced."

Symbol 8.— *Cut not fire with a sword.*

Symbol 10.— *Help a man to take up a burthen, but not to put it down.*

Symbol 16.— *Wipe not a seat with a torch.*—This is interpreted to mean: "We ought not to mix things proper to Wisdom with those which are proper to Animality. A torch, in respect of its brightness, is compared to Philosophy; a seat, in respect of its lowness, to Animality."

Symbol 19.— *Breed nothing that hath crooked talons.*

Symbol 24.— *Look not in a glass by candle-light.*

Symbol 25.— *Concerning the gods, disbelieve nothing wonderful; nor concerning divine doctrine.*

Symbol 34.— *Deface the print of a pot in the ashes.*— This is variously interpreted. According to Iamblichus, "It signifies that he who applies his mind to Philosophy must forget the demonstrations of Corporeals and Sensibles, and wholly make use of demonstrations of Intelligibles; by *ashes* are meant the dust or sand in mathematical tables, where the demonstrations and figures are drawn." But Plutarch gives a much more simple interpretation. He says, "It adviseth that upon the reconcilement of enmities, we utterly abolish, and leave not the least print of remembrance of them."

Symbol 37.— *Abstain from beans.*— This Symbol has received almost innumerable explanations. According to Iamblichus, "It adviseth to beware of everything that may corrupt our discourse with the gods and prescience." — Aristotle gives wide room for choice of interpretation. He says: "Pythagoras forbade beans, for that they resemble the gates of Hades; or, for that they breed worms; or, for that they are oligarchic, being used in suffrages." This last is the explanation accepted by Plutarch, who tells us that "The meaning is, Abstain from suffrages,

which of old were given by beans." Clemens Alexandrinus agrees with Plutarch.— But far more exhaustive is the explanation of Porphyrus, the Syrian, who lived wellnigh a thousand years after Pythagoras, who says, "He interdicted beans, because the first beginning and generation being confused, and many things being commixed and concrescent together and compulsified in the earth by little and little, the generation and discretion broke forth together, and living creatures being produced together with plants, then out of the same pulsification arose both men and beans; whereof he alleged manifest arguments. For if anyone should chew a bean, and having mixed it small with his teeth, lay it abroad in the warm sun, and so leave it for a little time, returning to it, he shall perceive the scent of human blood. Moreover, if at any time when beans sprout forth the flower, one shall take a little of the flower, which then is black, and put it into an earthen vessel, and cover it close, and bury it in the ground ninety days, and at the end take it up and take off the cover, he shall find either the head of an infant or *gunaikos aidoion*."

Symbol 39.— *Abstain from flesh.*

The *Golden Verses* of Pythagoras, or rather of the Pythagoreans, are of very ancient, though of altogether uncertain, date. One might style them the Nicene Creed of Pythagoreanism, in its purely ethical aspect.

THE GOLDEN VERSES.

First, in their ranks, the Immortal Gods adore —
Thy oath keep; next great Heroes; then implore
Terrestrial Dæmons, with due sacrifice.
Thy parents reverence, and near allies.
Him that is first in virtue make thy friend,
And with observance his kind speech attend;
Nor, to thy power, for light faults cast him by:
Thy power is neighbor to Necessity.
These know, and with attentive care pursue;

But anger, sloth, and luxury subdue:
In sight of others, or thyself, forbear
What's ill; but of thyself stand most in fear.
Let Justice all thy words and actions sway;
Nor from the even course of Wisdom stray;
For know that all men are to die ordained.
Crosses that happen by divine decree
(If such thy lot) bear not impatiently;
Yet seek to remedy with all thy care,
And think the Just have not the greatest share.
'Mongst men discourses good and bad are spread;
Despise not those, nor be by these misled.
If any some notorious falsehood say,
Thou the report with equal judgment weigh.
Let not men's smoother promises invite,
Nor rougher threats from just resolves thee fright.
If aught thou shouldst attempt, first ponder it —
Fools only inconsiderate acts commit;
Nor do what afterward thou may'st repent:
First know the thing on which thou'rt bent.
Thus thou a life shalt lead with joy replete.
Nor must thou care of outward health forget.
Such temperance use in exercise and diet,
As may preserve thee in a settled quiet.
Meats unprohibited, not curious, chuse:
Decline what any other may accuse.
The rash expense of vanity detest,
And sordidness: a mean in all is best.
Hurt not thyself. Before thou act, advise,
Nor suffer sleep at night to close thy eyes
Till thrice thy acts that day thou hast o'errun.
How slipped? what duty left undone? —
Thus, thy account summed up from first to last,
Grieve for the ill, joy for what good hath past.
These study, practise these, and these affect;
To Sacred Virtue these thy steps direct: —
Eternal Nature's fountain I attest,
Who the *Tetractis* on our souls imprest.
Before thy mind thou to this study bend,
Invoke the gods to grant it a good end.
These, if thy labor vanquish, thou shalt then

Know the connexure both of gods and men;
How everything proceeds, or by what stayed;
And know (as far as fit to be surveyed)
Nature alike throughout; that thou may'st learn
Not to hope hopeless things, but all discern;
And know those wretches whose perverser wills
Draw down upon their hearts spontaneous ills,
Unto the good that's near them deaf and blind;
Some few the cure of these misfortunes find.
This only is the Fate that harms, and rolls
Through miseries successive human souls.
Within is a continual hidden sight,
Which we to shun must study, not excite.
  Great Jove! how little trouble should we know,
If thou to all men wouldst their Genius show! —
But fear not thou — man come of heavenly race,
Taught by diviner Nature what to embrace,
Which, if pursued, thou all I named shall gain,
And keep thy soul clean from thy body's stain.
In time of prayer and cleansing, meats denied
Abstain from; thy mind's reins let Reason guide;
Then, stripped of flesh up to free æther soar,
A deathless god — divine — mortal no more.

—*Translation of* THOMAS STANLEY.

Q

QUARLES, Francis, an English poet; born at Rumford, Essex, in 1592; died at London, September 8, 1644. He was for a while cup-bearer to Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and wife of the Elector of the Palatinate, who was subsequently for a few months the nominal King of Bohemia. Through her the English Crown devolved upon the House of Hanover, after the deposition of the Stuarts. Quarles afterward went to Ireland as secretary to Archbishop Usher. Still later he became chronologer to the city of London. When the troubles broke out between the Parliament and King Charles I., Quarles embraced the royalist cause, and suffered severely in consequence. He was a favorite poet in his day. His principal works are the *Divine Emblems* (1635) and the *Enchiridion* (1641). He also wrote *Hadassa* and a *History of Samson.*

Quarles was the writer of the fine Westminster Abbey epitaph on Drayton, once attributed to rare Ben Jonson himself:

> Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
> What they and what their children owe
> To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust

We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory and preserve his story;
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Maker's creature — therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse — she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me:
Her full-mouthed quire sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal compared to Thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature;
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without Thy presence Heaven's no Heaven to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflection,
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection;

Without Thy presence Heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven to me?

The brightest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet sadness;
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pains, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be
Nor have they being when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of Heaven — Heaven unpossessed of Thee.

QUILLER-COUCH, Arthur Thomas ("Q.") an English novelist; born at Cornwall, November 21, 1863. He was educated at Oxford, where he was classical lecturer in 1886 and 1887. His first novel, *Dead Man's Rock* (1887), at once established his reputation as a writer of romance. In 1889 he joined the staff of *The Speaker*, a London periodical, but in 1891 returned to Cornwall, where he devoted himself to novel writing. His published works include *Noughts and Crosses* (1891); *The De-*

lectable Duchy (1893); *The Golden Pomp* (1895); *Ia* (1896); *Adventures in Criticism* (1896); *The Ship of Stars* (1899); *Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts* (1900); *The Laird's Luck* (1901); *The Westcotes* (1902); *The White Wolf* (1902); *The Adventures of Harry Revel* (1903); *Hettie Wesley* (1903); *Two Sides of the Face* (1904); *Shakespeare's Christmas and Other Stories* (1905), and *Shining Ferry* (1905).

Quiller-Couch also completed *St. Ives,* the novel left unfinished by Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE TRENOWETH WILL.

Whatever claims this story may have upon the notice of the world, they will rest on no niceties of style or aptness of illustration. It is a plain tale, plainly told; nor, as I conceive, does its native horror need any ingenious embellishment. There are many books that I, though a man of no great erudition, can remember, which gain much of interest from the pertinent and appropriate comments with which the writer has seen fit to illustrate any striking situation. From such books an observing man may often draw the exactest rules for the regulation of life and conduct, and their authors may therefore be esteemed public benefactors. Among these, I, Jasper Trenoweth, can claim no place; yet I venture to think my history will not altogether lack interest — and this for two reasons. It deals with the last chapter — I pray Heaven it be the last — in the adventures of a very remarkable gem — none other, in fact, than the Great Ruby of Ceylon; and it lifts, at least in part, the veil which for some years has hidden a certain mystery of the sea. For the moral, it must be sought by the reader himself in the following pages.

To make all clear, I must go back half a century, and begin with the strange and unaccountable will made in the year of grace 1837 by my grandfather, Amos Trenoweth, of Lantrig, in the county of Cornwall. The old farmhouse of Lantrig, heritage and home of the Trenoweths

as far as tradition can reach — and Heaven knows how much longer — stands some few miles north-west of the Lizard, facing the Atlantic gales from behind a scanty veil of tamarisks, on Pedn-glâs, the northern point of a small sandy cove, much haunted of old by smugglers, but now left to the peaceful boats of the Polkimbra fishermen. In my grandfather's time, however, if tales be true, Ready-Money Cove saw many a midnight cargo run, and many a prize of cognac and lace found its way to the cellars and store-room of Lantrig. Nay, there is a story — but for its truth I will not vouch — of a struggle between my grandfather's lugger, the *Pride of Heart,* and a certain revenue cutter, and of an unowned shot that found a preventive officer's heart. But the whole tale remains to this day full of mystery, nor would I mention it save that it may be held to throw some light on my grandfather's sudden disappearance no long time after. Whither he went none clearly knew. Folks said to fight the French; but when he returned suddenly some twenty years later, he said little about sea fights, or, indeed, on any other subject; nor did many care to question him, for he came back a stern, taciturn man, apparently with no great wealth, but also without seeming to want for much, and at any rate indisposed to take the world into his confidence. His father had died meanwhile, so he quietly assumed the mastership at Lantrig, nursed his failing mother tenderly until her death, and then married one of the Triggs of Mullyon, of whom was born my father, Ezekiel Trenoweth.

I have hinted, what I fear is but the truth, that my grandfather had led a hot and riotous youth, fearing neither God, man, nor devil. Before his return, however, he had "got religion" from some quarter, and was confirmed in it by the preaching of one Jonathan Wilkins, as I have heard, a Methodist from "up the country," and a powerful mover of souls. As might have been expected in such a man as my grandfather, this religion was of a joyless and gloomy order, full of anticipations of hell fire and conviction of the sinfulness of ordinary folk. But it undoubtedly was sincere, for his wife Philippa believed in it, and the master and mistress of Lantrig were alike

the glory and strong support of the meeting-house at Polkimbra until her death. After this event, her husband shut himself up with the tortures of his own stern conscience, and was seen by few. In this dismal self-communing he died on the 27th of October, 1837, leaving behind him one mourner — his son Ezekiel, then a strong and comely youth of twenty-two.

This brings me to my grandfather's will, discovered among his papers after his death; and surely no more perplexing document was ever penned, especially as in this case any will was unnecessary, seeing that only one son was left to claim the inheritance. Men guessed that these dark years of seclusion and self-repression had been spent in wrestling with memories of a sinful and perhaps a criminal past, and predicted that Amos Trenoweth could not die without confession. They were partly right, from knowledge of human nature; and partly wrong, from ignorance of my grandfather's character.

The will was dated "June 15, 1837," and ran as follows:

I, Amos Trenoweth, of Lantrig, in the Parish of Polkimbra, and County of Cornwall, feeling, in this year of Grace Eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, that my Bodily Powers are failing and the Hour drawing near when I shall be called to account for my Many and Grievous Sins, do hereby make Provision for my Death, and also for my son Ezekiel, together with such Descendants as may hereafter be born to him. To this my son Ezekiel I give and bequeath the Farm and House of Lantrig, with all my Worldly Goods, and add my earnest hope that this may suffice to support both him and his Descendants in Godliness and Contentment, knowing how greatly these excel the Wealth of this World and the Lusts of the Flesh. But, knowing also the mutability of earthly things, I do hereby command and enjoin that, if at any time He or his Descendants be in stress and tribulation of poverty, the Head of our Family of Trenoweth shall strictly and faithfully obey these my Latest Directions. He shall take ship and go unto Bombay, in India, to the house of Elihu Sanderson, Esquire, or his Heirs, and there, presenting in person this my last Will and Testament, together with the Holy Bible now lying in the third drawer

of my Writing-desk, shall duly and scrupulously execute such instructions as the said Elihu Sanderson or his Heirs shall lay upon him.

"Also I command and enjoin, under pain of my Dying Curse, that the Iron Key now hanging from the Middle Beam in the Front Parlor be not touched or moved, until he who undertakes this Task shall have returned and have crossed the threshold of Lantrig, having duly performed all of the said Instructions. And furthermore that the said Task be not undertaken lightly or except in direst Need, under pain of Grievous and Sore Affliction. This I say, knowing well the Spiritual and worldly Perils that shall beset such an one, and having myself been brought near to Destruction of Body and Soul, which latter may Christ in His Mercy avert.

"Thus, having eased my mind of great and pressing Anguish, I commend my soul to God, before Whose Judgment Bar I shall be presently summoned to stand, the greatest of sinners, yet not without hope of Everlasting Redemption, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"AMOS TRENOWETH."

Such was the will, written on stiff parchment, in crabbed and unscholarly characters, without legal forms or witnesses; but all such were needless, as I have pointed out. And, indeed, my father was wise, as I think, to show it to nobody, but go his way quietly as before, managing the farm as he had managed it during the old man's last years. Only by degrees he broke from the seclusion which had been natural to him during his parents' life-time, so far as to look about for a wife — shyly enough at first — until he caught sight of the dark eyes of Margery Freethy one Sunday morning in Polkimbra Church, whither he had gone of late for freedom, to the no small tribulation of the meeting-house. Now, whether this tribulation arose from the backsliding of a promising member, or the loss of the owner of Lantrig — who was at the same time unmarried — I need not pause here to discuss. Nor is it necessary to tell how regularly Margery and Ezekiel found themselves in church, nor how often they caught each other's eyes straying from the prayer-book. It is enough that at the year's end Margery answered

Ezekiel's question, and shortly after came to Lantrig " for good."

The first years of their married life must have been very happy, as I gather from the hushed joy with which my mother always spoke of them. I gather also that my first appearance in this world caused more delight than I have ever given since — God forgive me for it. But shortly after I was four years old everything began to go wrong. First of all, two ships, in which my father had many shares, were lost at sea; then the cattle were seized with plague, and the stock gradually dwindled away to nothing. Finally, my father's bank broke — or, as we say in the West, " went scat "— and we were left all but penniless, with the prospect of having to sell Lantrig, being without stock and lacking means to replenish it. It was at this time, I have since learned from my mother, that Amos Trenoweth's will was first thought about. She, poor soul, had never heard of the parchment before, and her heart misgave her as she read of peril to soul and body sternly hinted at therein. Also, her best-beloved brother had gone down in a squall off the Cape of Good Hope, so that she always looked upon the sea as a cruel and treacherous foe, and shuddered to think of it as lying in wait for her Ezekiel's life. It came to pass, therefore, that for two years the young wife's tears and entreaties prevailed; but at the end of this time, matters growing worse and worse, and also because it seemed hard that Lantrig should pass away from the Trenoweths, while, for aught we knew, treasure was to be had for the looking, poverty and my father's wish prevailed, and it was determined, with the tearful assent of my mother, that he should start to seek this Elihu Sanderson, of Bombay, and, with good fortune, save the failing house of the Trenoweths. Only he waited until the worst of the winter was over, and then, having commended us both to the care of his aunt, Elizabeth Loveday, of Lizard Town, and provided us with the largest sum he could scrape together — and small indeed it was — he started for the port of Plymouth one woful morning in February, and then sailed away in the good ship *Golden Wave* to win his inheritance.—*Dead Man's Rock.*

QUINCY, Josiah, an American statesman, historian and orator; born at Boston, Mass., February 4, 1772; died at Quincy, Mass., July 1, 1864. He was graduated from Harvard in 1790, and soon afterward entered upon the practice of law in Boston. In 1804 he was elected to Congress, holding that position till 1813, when he declined a re-election, and was thereupon chosen to the State Senate, of which he was a member until 1820. He opposed the measures of the dominant party wth energy and decision. His speech against the admission of Louisiana, in 1811, was a notable effort. He was Mayor of Boston for six years, ending in 1828, when he declined a re-election. In 1829 he was called to the Presidency of Harvard University, a position which he resigned in 1845. On September 17, 1830, that being the close of the second century from the first settlement of Boston, Mr. Quincy delivered in that city a *Bi-Centennial Address.* Besides his *Speeches* in Congress and the Legislature, and Orations delivered on various occasions, he published several books, among which are *Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr.,* his father (1825); *History of Harvard University* (1840); *History of the Boston Athenæum* (1851); *Life of John Quincy Adams* (1858); *Essays on the Soiling of Cattle* (1859).

THE LESSONS TAUGHT BY NEW ENGLAND HISTORY.

What lessons has New England, in every period of her history, given to the world! What lessons do her condition and example still give! She has proved that all the variety of Christian sects may live together in harmony under a government which allows equal privileges to all, exclusive pre-eminence to none. She has proved

that ignorance among the multitude is not necessary to order; but that the surest basis of order is the information of the people. She has proved the old maxim to be false that "no government except a despotism, with a standing army, can subsist where the people have arms." . . .

Such are the true glories of the institutions of our fathers. Such the natural fruits of that patience in toil, that frugality of disposition, that temperance of habit, that general diffusion of knowledge, and that sense of religious responsibility, inculcated by the precepts and exhibited in the example of every generation of our ancestors. . . .

What then, in conclusion, are the elements of the liberty, prosperity, and safety which the inhabitants of New England at this day enjoy? In what language, and concerning what comprehensive truths, does the wisdom of former times address the inexperience of the future? These elements are simple, obvious, and familiar.

Every civil and religious blessing of New England — all that here gives happiness to human life, or security to human virtue — is alone to be perpetuated in the form and under the auspices of a free Commonwealth.— The Commonwealth itself has no other strength or hope than the intelligence and virtue of the individuals that compose it.— For the intelligence and virtue of individuals there is no other human assurance than laws providing for the education of the whole people.— These laws themselves have no strength or efficient sanction except in the moral and accountable nature of man, disclosed in the records of the Christian faith; the right to read, to construe, and to judge concerning which belongs to no class or caste of men; but exclusively to the individual, who must stand or fall by his own acts and his own faith, and not by those of another.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history — the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages, is this: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the

principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

Men of Massachusetts! Citizens of Boston! descendants of the early emigrants! consider your blessings; consider your duties. You have an inheritance acquired by the labors and sufferings of six successive generations of ancestors. They founded the fabric of your prosperity in a severe and masculine morality, having intelligence for its cement, and religion for its ground-work. Continue to build on the same foundation, and by the same principles; let the extending temple of your country's freedom rise in the spirit of ancient times, in proportions of intellectual and moral architecture — just, simple, and sublime. As from the first to this day, let New England continue to be an example to the world of the blessings of a free government, and of the means and capacity of man to maintain it. And in all times to come, as in all times past, may Boston be among the foremost and the boldest to exemplify and uphold whatever constitutes the prosperity, the happiness, and the glory of New England.— *From The Boston Bi-Centennial.*

QUINTILIANUS, Marcus Fabius, a Roman rhetorician and critic; born in Spain about A.D. 40; died about 118. He was educated at Rome, where he became an advocate and teacher of oratory, and opened a school, which flourished for more than twenty years under his charge. Among his pupils were the younger Pliny and two grandnephews of Domitian, who invested him with the consular dignity. He also had a large allowance from the imperial treasury, granted by Vespasian, the father of Domitian. He has come down to after ages by his *Institutiones Oratoriæ*. This work, which is divided into

twelve books, comprises a complete system for the training of a young orator from the time when he is placed in the care of a nurse, through school, and his strictly professional studies, until he is fairly launched into practice. It contains instructions as to the method of examining witnesses, sifting testimony, and preparing the plea. The cardinal idea running through the whole is that the true orator must be a good man. This principle is enunciated at the very outset, is continually repeated, and is emphatically set forth in the closing paragraphs. Our quotations are in the translation of Patsall.

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

The perfect orator must be a man of integrity — a good man — otherwise he cannot pretend to that character; and we therefore not only require in him a consummate talent for speaking, but all the virtuous endowments of the mind. An honest and upright life cannot, in my opinion, be restricted to Philosophers alone, for the man who acts in a real civil capacity — who has talents for the administration of public and private concerns, who can govern cities by his counsels, maintain them by his laws, and meliorate them by his judgments — cannot be anything but the Orator.

Though I shall use some things contained in books of philosophy, I assert that they belong by right to our work, and in a peculiar manner to the art of Oratory. And if often I must discuss some questions of moral philosophy — such as Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and the like — scarce a cause being found in which there may not be some debate or other upon these subjects — and all requiring to be set in a proper light by invention and elocution — shall it be doubted that whenever the force of genius and a copious dissertation are required, there in a particular degree is pointed out the business of the Orator? — *Institutiones, Book I.*

HINTS FOR THE EARLIEST TRAINING OF THE ORATOR.

Nurses should not have an ill accent. Their morals are first to be inspected; next the proper pronunciation of their words ought to be attended to. These are the first the child hears, and it is their words his imitation strives to form. We are naturally tenacious of the things we imbibe in our younger years. New vessels retain the savor of things first put into them; and the dye by which the wool loses its primitive whiteness cannot be effaced. The worse things are, the more stubbornly they adhere. Good is easily changed into bad; but when was bad ever converted into good? Let not the child, even while an infant, accustom himself to a manner of speech which he must unlearn.— *Institutiones, Book I.*

HOW SOON EDUCATION SHOULD BEGIN.

Some were of opinion that children under seven years of age ought not to be made to learn, because that early age can neither conceive the meaning of methods, nor endure the restraints of study. But I agree with those — as Chrysippus — who think that no time ought to be exempted from its proper care; for though he assigns three years to the nurse, he judges that even then instruction may be of singular benefit. And why may not years, which can be mended by manners, be improved also by learning? I am not ignorant that one year will afterward effect as much as all the time I speak of will scarce be able to compass. What better can they do, when once they can speak? They must necessarily do something. Or why must we despise this gain, how little soever, till seven years have expired? For, though the advantage of the first years be inconsiderable, a boy will, notwithstanding, learn a greater matter that every year in which he has learned a less. Such yearly advances will at length make up something considerable; and the time well spent and saved in infancy will be an acquisition to youth. The following years may be directed by the same precepts, that whatever is to be learned may not be

learned too late. Let us not, therefore, lose this first time; and the rather because the elements of learning depend upon memory, which most commonly is not only very ripe, but also very retentive in children.— *Institutiones, Book I.*

THE TRAINING IN BOYHOOD.

As the boy grows up, he must insensibly be weaned from all infantile toys and indulgences, and begin to learn in earnest. Let the future orator, who must appear in the most solemn assemblies, and have the eyes of a whole republic fixed on him, early accustom himself not to be abashed at facing a numerous audience; the reverse of which is a natural consequence of a recluse and sedentary life. His mind must be excited, and kept in a state of constant elevation; otherwise retreat and solitude will force it to droop in languor. It will contract rust, as it were, in the shade; or, on the contrary, become puffed up with the vanity of self-love; for one that compares himself with none cannot help attributing too much to himself. Afterward, when obliged to make a show of his studies, he is struck mute; he is blind in daylight; everything is new to him; and the reason is because he has breathed only the air of his cabinet, and learned in private what he was to transact before the world.— *Institutiones, Book I.*

EMULATION TO BE ENCOURAGED.

I remember a custom observed by my masters, not without success. They distributed the pupils into classes, and every one declaimed in his place, which was more advanced, according as he had excelled others, and made a greater progress. Judgment being to be passed on the performances, the contention was great for the respective degrees of excellence; but to be the first of the class was esteemed something very grand. This was not a division to continue always. Every thirtieth day renewed the contest, and made the vanquished more eager for again entering the lists. He who had the superiority slackened

not his care; and he who was worsted was full of hopes to wipe off the disgrace. I was persuaded that this gave us a more ardent desire and a greater passion for learning than all the advice of masters, care of tutors, and wishes of parents.— *Institutiones, Book I.*

Much the greater portion of the *Institutiones* is devoted to instructions and suggestions to the orator, for the performance of his duties after he had entered upon his career of an advocate, which it is assumed was the one for which he had been preparing himself.

EXAMINING WITNESSES.

A principal constituent of the interrogation is to have a knowledge of the nature of the witness. If he is timid, terrify him; silly, lead him into deception; ambitious, puff up; tedious, make him more disgustful by his prolixity. But if the witness should be found prudent and consistent with himself, he is either to be set aside instantly as an obstinate enemy; or is to be refuted, not by questioning him in form, but by holding some short dialogue with him. Or, if possible, his ardor is to be cooled by some pleasantry; and if some handle can be made of his vicious conduct in life, he may on that account be charged home, and branded with infamy. Honest and modest witnesses should meet with mild treatment; for, often proof against rude behavior, they relent by affability and complaisance.— *Institutiones, Book IV.*

WHEN A GOOD MAN MAY DEFEND A BAD CAUSE.

It cannot be doubted, if the wicked can be reclaimed and brought to a better course of life — as it is granted they sometimes may — that it would be more to the advantage of the commonwealth to have them saved than punished. If, therefore, the orator is convinced that the delinquent will approve himself for the future a man of integrity, will he not use his best endeavors to save him from the rigor of the law; and still come within our

definition that "an Orator is an honest man, skilled in the art of speaking?"

It is not less necessary to teach and to be informed how things difficult to be proved ought to be treated; as frequently the best causes resemble bad ones; and a man may be accused unjustly, though all appearances are against him. In a case of this sort, the defence is to be conducted as if there were no real guilt. There are also many things common to good and bad causes, as witnesses, letters, suspicions, prejudices; and probabilities are corroborated and refuted in much the same way as truth. Therefore, everything may be made to tend in the pleading to the good of the cause, and so far as it will be able to bear; yet always with a reserve to the purity of intention.— *Institutiones, Book XII.*

CONCLUSION OF THE "INSTITUTIONES."

It is difficult to perfect so great a work as becoming the Orator, and none yet have brought it to perfection. Yet one should think it a fully sufficient invitement to the study of sciences that there is no negation in nature against the practicability of a thing which has not hitherto been done; since all the greatest and most admirable works have had some time or other in which they were first brought to a degree of perfection. For by how much Poetry is indebted for its lustre to Homer and Virgil, by so much Eloquence is to Demosthenes and Cicero. And, indeed, what is now excellent was not so at first. Now, though one should despair of reaching to the height of perfection — a groundless despair in a person of genius, health, talents, and who has masters to assist him — yet it is noble, as Cicero says, to have a place in the second or third rank.

Let us therefore, with all the affections of our heart, endeavor to attain the very majesty of Eloquence, than which the immortal gods have not imparted anything better to mankind; and without which all would be mute in nature, and destitute of the splendor of a present glory and future remembrance. Let us likewise always make a continued progress toward perfection; and by so doing

we shall either reach the height, or at least shall see many beneath us.

This is all, as far as in me lies, I could contribute to the perfection of the art of eloquence; the knowledge of which, if it does not prove of any great advantage to studious youth, will at least — what I more ardently wish for — give them a more ardent desire for doing well.— *Institutiones, Book XII.*

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